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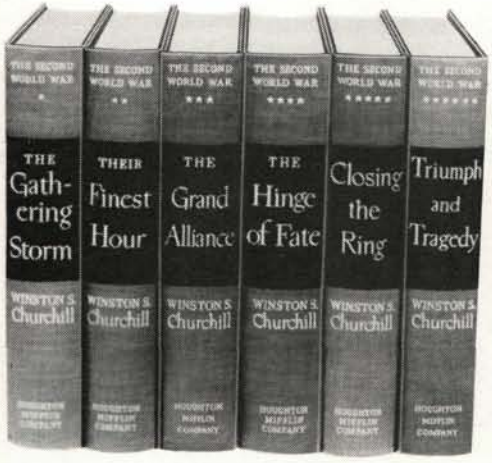

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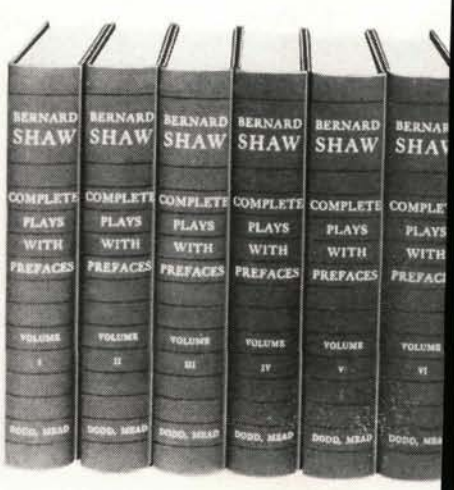

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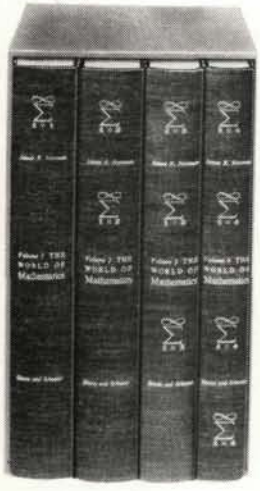

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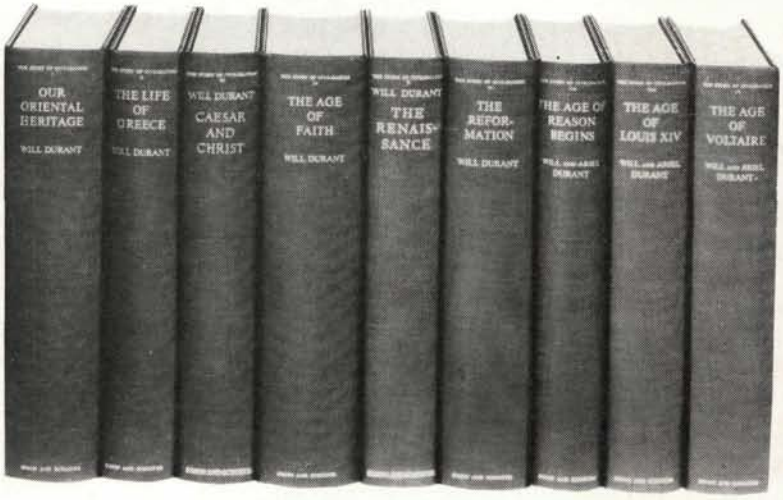

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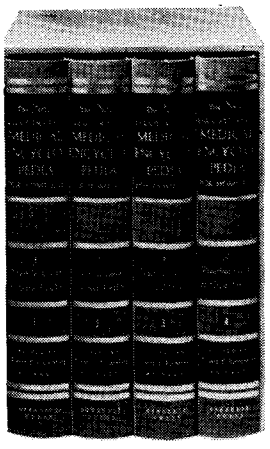

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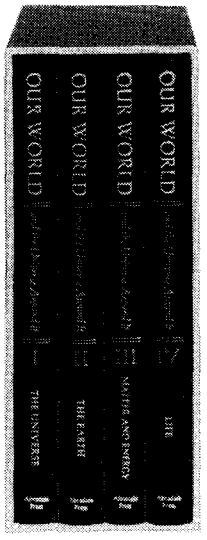

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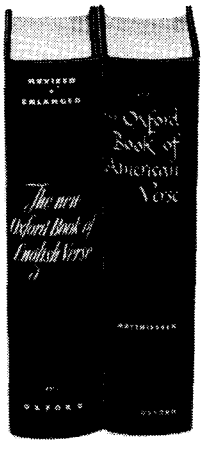

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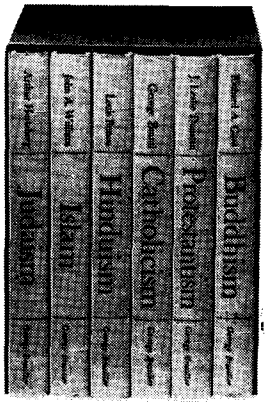

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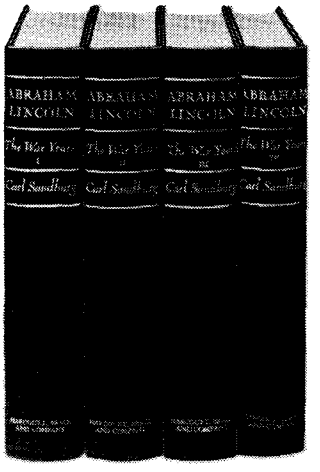

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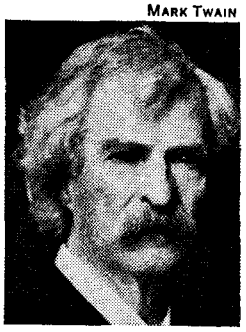
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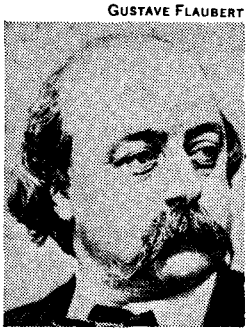
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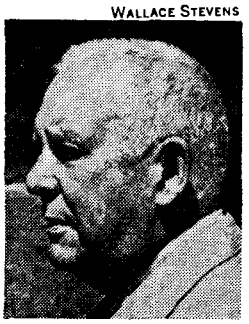
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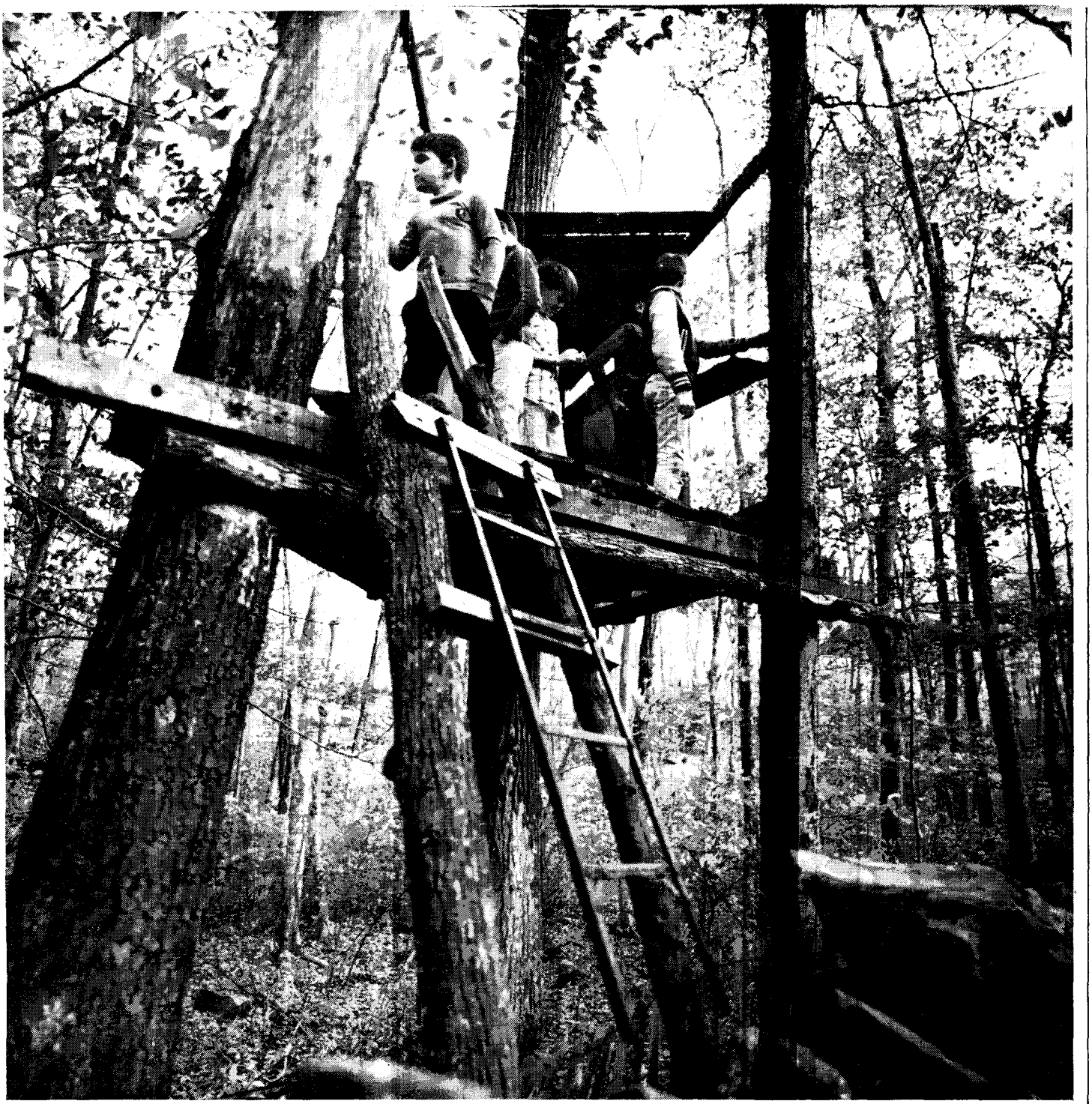

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Edited by Martin Levin

The Thief

IN ONE of the rooms of the Tchaikovsky Museum in Moscow there is on display a small, rather old book. The book is in Italian. There is a note attached to it that says: "This book was stolen by my brother Peter from the Library of the Palace of Doges in Venice. Modest Tchaikovsky."

Modest Tchaikovsky was the great composer's brother. A writer of sorts, he wrote some of the librettos for Tchaikovsky's operas.

The story of how the book came into Tchaikovsky's possession is told by Mikhail Popello-Davydov, the last prerevolutionary director of the Bolshoi Theatre, in his unpublished memoirs. In 1877 Tchaikovsky traveled through Europe, and in December of that year he stopped in Venice. From the very outset he conceived a tremendous dislike for the City of Canals. He found it, as he wrote to Modest, "exceedingly repulsive."

Venice, he thought, was a "vile city, obnoxious and indecent"; he could never become accustomed to it. The reason he accepted it nevertheless was that he found its indolent quietude conducive to creative work; he was composing a symphony then—his Fourth.

He was very poor, and that was another reason he did not mind staying in Venice where one could get along on very little. However, he had to forego the pleasure of hearing the great coloratura Adelina Patti in a presentation of *The Barber of Seville* offered in Venice on the fifteenth of December, 1877. He had no money for a ticket.

His recreation was to walk to the Palace of Doges and relax in its magnificent library among the massively ornate bookcases.

One day as Tchaikovsky was standing in front of one of the bookcases he noticed that the molding in one corner had become unglued. He pushed up the molding and there, through the opening, he spotted the back of a book.

He decided to get the book.

At first, though, he had compunctions. It was his legal training, perhaps. Tchaikovsky had graduated from Saint Petersburg Law Institute and worked for a short time in the Ministry of Justice. But his desire to get the book was too strong to resist.

He tried to push a finger through the opening under the loose molding and get hold of the book. But the opening was too narrow. However, men of genius are undaunted. The next day he came to the library armed with a special hook and some wire. He waited for the guard to leave the room and went to work. It took some time but success came at last—and the book was out!

He slipped it under the lining of his jacket, and nonchalantly went out. No one stopped him. Back in his hotel room he buried the book among his belongings in his suitcase and braced himself for an unpleasant meeting with the Venetian police. No one came.

Preoccupied with the symphony, Tchaikovsky forgot about the book until the time came to return to Russia and he began to pack. Petrified at the sight of the stolen article, the composer took it back to the Palace of Doges. Alas, the molding had been fixed. It was impossible to put the book back.

His first impulse was to go to the authorities and make a clean breast of his "crime." But then he thought better of it. A confession would no doubt be a noble move. But it would cause complications, perhaps a delay in his departure, and he was most anxious to terminate his foreign travels and return to his beloved Russia. Besides, it was a time when Russia's popularity in Italy (and generally in the West) was at a low ebb.

Again he placed the book behind the lining of his jacket and left the palace—unsuspected. The book safely back in the suitcase, well buried between pieces of underwear and multitudinous notes, Tchaikovsky left Venice. There was no unpleasantness at the customs.

The stolen book was brought safely to Russia. Only a handful of people knew about it. The great composer was ashamed of his fling at crime. Small time, true, but crime nonetheless.

—M. K. Argus.

Booked for Trouble

Oooo! Pfua!

NOW as Mr. Leopold Bloom sat in the dining room of the Ormond Hotel, Ormond Quay, Dublin, on the afternoon of June 16, 1904, there came to his mind the musical sound of falling water: "Diddle iddle addle addle oodle oodle. Hiss."

I have read these words in Joyce's *Ulysses* many times but never with the feeling that Joyce has rendered the sound successfully. Nor is the Italian *Ulisse*, as the translation is called, any better: *"Plim plim plem plem plom plom. Sssssss!"*

Is Bloom's ear at fault? I suspect it is.

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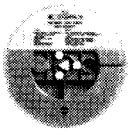

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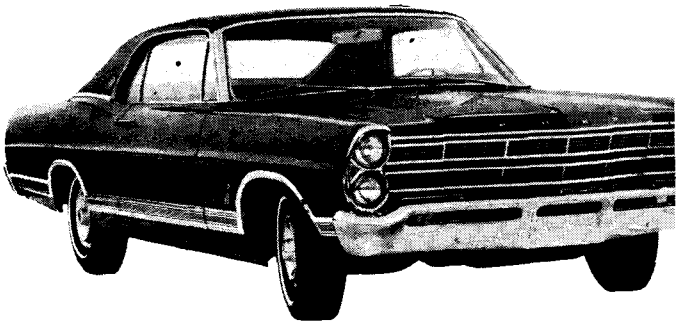

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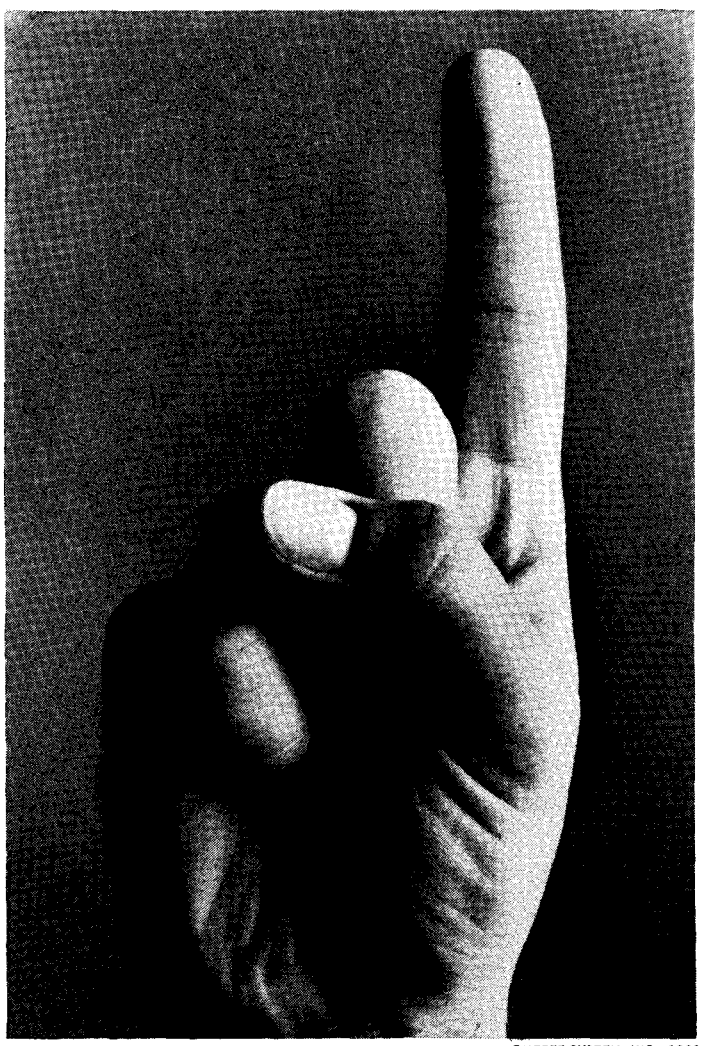
No. 2 says he tries harder. Than who?



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HARVARD

Certainly Stephen Dedalus, walking on the strand at Sandymount, heard with greater accuracy the music of the rising tide: "seesoo, hrss, rsseeiss, ooos," and as the water washed among the rocks, the contrapuntal "flop, slop, slap." To translators who no doubt were as familiar with Vivaldi and Puccini as with the plash of waves on Italy's shores, "seesoo, hrss, rsseeiss, ooos" must have come as a delightful surprise. Here was no question of change, no "*plom plom*" for "oodle oodle." The tide in *Ulisse* whispers "*siisuu, hrss, rssiiiss, uuus.*" But then, disappointingly, after a good start with "flop" the translators turn inexplicably to "*blop blap.*" I prefer "slop, slap" to "*blop, blap.*"

I also prefer Joyce's "Jog jig jogged" (Blazes Boylan's jaunting cart carrying him to Eccles Street and Molly Bloom) to the Italian "*Trotta trin trottò.*" On the other hand when I am faced with the mock narrator in Barney Kiernan's tavern and hear him saying "hoik! phthook!" I am in a quandary. "Hoik! phthook!" Excellent! Rude, forceful, smelling of peat and malt and of the Liffey, where from its sluice in Wood quay wall the Poodle river hung out in fealty a tongue of liquid sewage as the viceregal procession passed. Could Italian ingenuity improve "hoik! phthook!"? I think so. I rather like "*Oooo! Pfua!*"

Italy has many treasures but a share in Davy Jones's locker is not one of them. When Italians drown at sea (*Ulisse* is our authority), they go down, down, down to the belly of a marine serpent. And if the dog wants a bone is there a Mother Hubbard to go to the cupboard? No. Alas, no. *Mamma Pazienza* goes.

To return to the mock narrator in Barney Kieran's and a word on Black Liz the hen. "Ga Ga Gara. Klook Klook Klook. (She lays eggs for us. When she lays eggs she is so glad.) Gara. Klook Klook Klook. . . . Ga ga ga ga Gara. Klook Klook Klook."

Black hens are pretty much the same all over, but language separates them. No Italian hen ever says Ga Ga Gara, or utters even one Klook. There is more melody in Italy's chicken coops:

"*Co Co Cocco. Coccodè Cocco dè. (Le fa per noi, le uova. E quando le fa è così contenta.) Cocco. Coccodè Cocco dè . . .Co Co Cocco Cocco. Coccodè Cocco dè.*"

I know that the dog, being man's best friend, always tries to make himself agreeable in foreign countries, consulting with alien dogs, quickly learning the language and the customs, etc., and so I was not surprised when I read in *Ulisse* Simon Dedalus's imitation of a beagle giving tongue: "*Bulbul! Burblblbrurblb*!" That is precisely the sound in *Ulysses*. Beagles are smart dogs and better than fair linguists.

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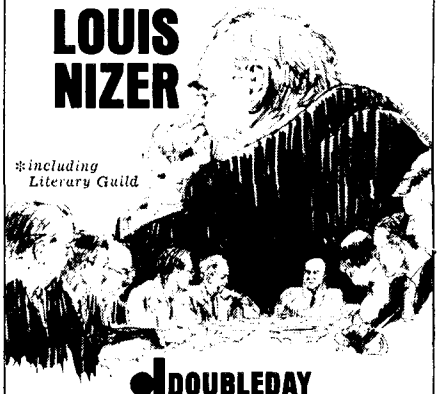

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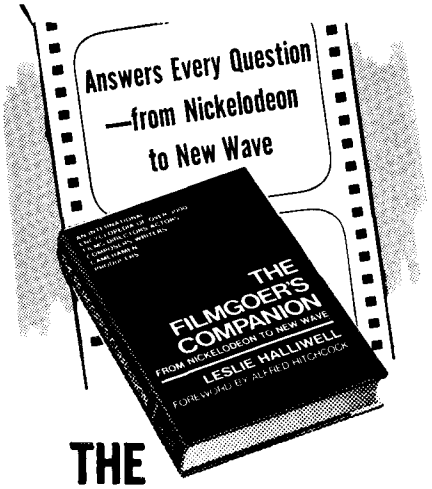

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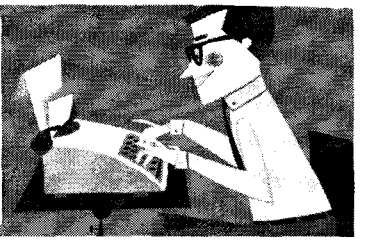

Take a Letter

MR. NEIL SIMON,
BILTMORE THEATER,
EUGENE O'NEILL THEATER,
PALACE THEATER,
PLYMOUTH THEATER,

Wherever You Are:

WITH FOUR plays you've written now running simultaneously on Broadway, it is difficult to zip you down at any given code number. It's been a long time since I wrote you—if ever—but over the years I've often thought about it. God, how I've thought about it!

And I've never forgiven myself for not having written you this letter when your first play, *Come Blow Your Horn,* was a Broadway hit five or six seasons ago. Let me say, Neil, I was glad for you. Anybody will tell you that I went around saying "I'm glad for Neil Simon. He wrote a hit play; beginner's luck. Now he can use that as entrée to get a job writing a situation comedy for TV."

But what did you do? I'll tell you what you did. It was less than a year later that I read an item on the theater page which said you were writing another play, *Barefoot in the Park.* I rushed to my typewriter to pen you a note. I had it all thought out up here:

"Neil, you got a cushy thing going for you — playwright. Lightning doesn't strike twice. Don't look a gift horse in the mouth. It is better to be thought a one-shot playwright than to write a second play and remove all doubt."

Instead I had to write a humorous lead-in to a Kraft commercial for Perry Como and I forgot about the letter. The next thing I read was that *Barefoot in the Park* did not turn out autobiographical at all! Another hit!

That was when I went into a sharp decline and started saying: "How about that Neil Simon? He sure lives dangerously." I worked it into every conversation. You'd be surprised how many dinners I began eating alone. I don't blame anyone. I wasn't fit company. How could I be when I saw so clearly what was coming?

What was coming was *The Odd Couple,* followed by that book you wrote for the musical *Sweet Charity.* Two more hits! Four in a row! Which brings me to the point of this letter. Bet you were thinking it didn't have one.

It has to do with a cardinal rule of the theater — even more cardinal than not whistling in a dressing room. It was first pronounced by wise old Titus Maccius Plautus, so fondly remembered for the many comedies he wrote (*Amphitruo, Mercator, Menaechmi,* and, of course, *Miles Gloriosus*), who first said it in an interview with Walter Kerr:

"The more hit plays you write in a row, the more certain you can be, when you write a play which is not as enthusiastically received as your hit plays were, that you are going to feel terrible."

A rule as old as the Roman theater itself. And any country which has given us those two beautiful actresses, Sophia Loren, can't be all wrong.

But more contemporarily there's the theater of Shakespeare, who wrote *Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, Hamlet, A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Hits, all of them. But in between he dashed off *Troilus and Cressida, Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Two Gentlemen of Verona,* and *Titus Andronicus*—all plays which did not attract theater parties.

G. B. Shaw contributed such hits as *Arms and the Man, The Doctor's Dilemma, Candida, My Fair Lady.* But not successionally. He tempered his hits with *Mrs. Warren's Profession, John Bull's Other Island, How He Lied to Her Husband* and, of course, *Annajanska.* We know how fast they folded, don't we?

What I'm trying to say, Neil, is that the fall after a long succession of hits is very steep. I worry about depression overtaking you. The theater can ill afford to lose you. One hit at a time, maybe two. Then you sneak in your *Mrs. Warren's Profession.* If you don't care for that situation-comedy job in TV which I envisioned for you.

You'd proved yourself, Neil boy. You could even make a musical out of *Miss Liberty.* But man cannot live by success alone.

Money-wise it can't mean much now. Look at David Merrick and *Breakfast at Tiffany's* after all those successive hits. Sure, he took a financial shellacking there. But look at it this way—a couple of flops between you and David Merrick and our government loses in taxes enough money to keep from bombing civilians in Hanoi for a *whole day*! Right, Neil? —GOODMAN ACE.

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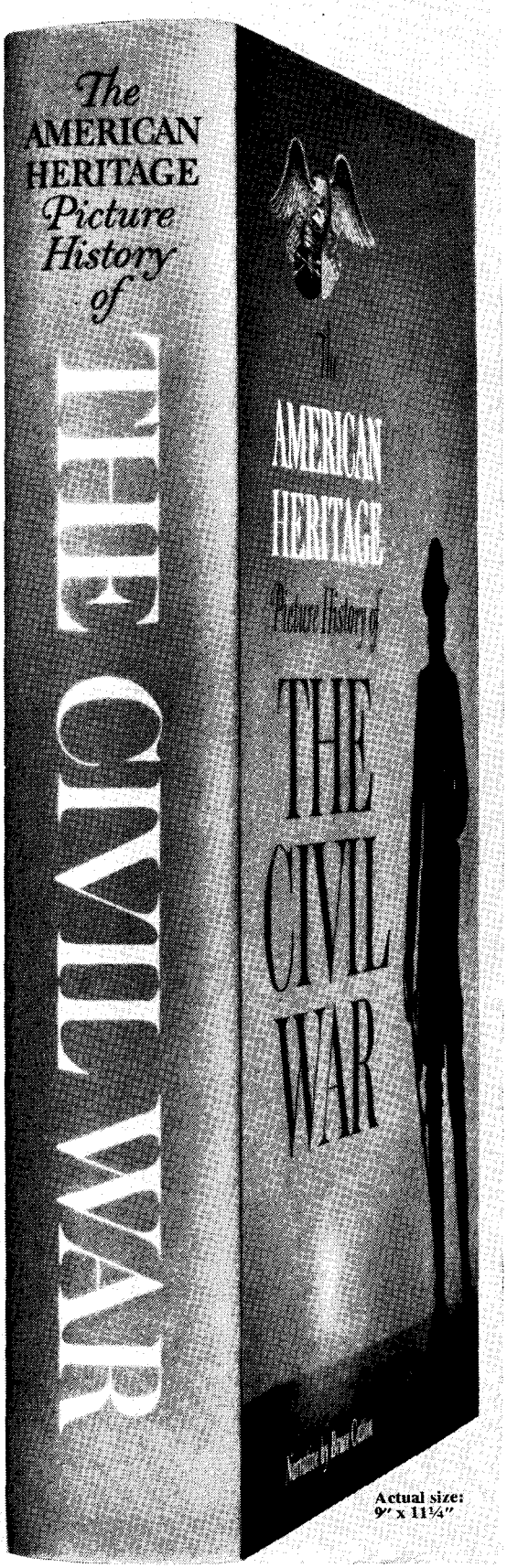

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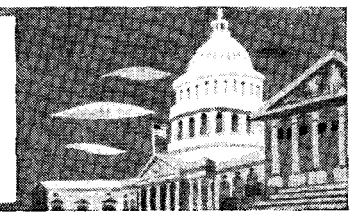
State of Affairs



A New Missile Race?

WASHINGTON.

EVERY SO OFTEN in weapons development the defense catches up with the offense. And ever since the advent of the missile age the experts have been wondering how long it would take to find an effective method of intercepting ballistic missiles. To illustrate the hopelessness of this task, it was compared to trying to hit a fly in space. But there is now growing speculation that the experts may be getting closer to the development of an antidote, and as a consequence the pressures in Washington have grown in favor of building a defensive network against ballistic missiles. What really triggered these pressures were reports that the Russians are in the process of constructing anti-ballistic missile defenses around Moscow and Leningrad.

This new situation has set off an intellectual explosion among military and civilian experts. Is what Sir Winston Churchill called "the balance of terror," which it had been generally assumed is the key to peace between the super-powers, in danger of being upset? Will it be possible to avoid this new turn in the spiral of the arms race? Is it in fact possible for humanity to stop the goosesteps of weapons technology? President Johnson and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara are extremely anxious to try. But a new factor, apart from technological progress—if that is the right word for it in this connection—has emerged, and that is the development of Communist China's nuclear capability.

It has become fairly commonplace knowledge that once a country has a nuclear power station it will have enough plutonium to cook up a few primitive bombs. Even low-grade plutonium will insure a bang. Neither the technical nor the manpower requirements are too difficult to overcome. First the French and now the Chinese have proven this. In fact—and this has not been stressed publicly—the Chinese have already overtaken the French in a surprisingly short time. The Chinese devices tested have contained some quantities of highly enriched uranium, which determines the difference between a primitive atomic bomb and one that can really pack a punch in the confines of a warhead. Up to now, only the United States, the Soviet Union, and the British have been in this class. The more primitive bombs which almost any country with a nuclear power station can develop, are not serious deterrents. They are a threat only among countries equally unsophisticated in their technical means or against the "dispossessed."

Whether a better understanding of the complexities of building a really sophisticated nuclear weapon would help to satisfy the appetite among the smaller countries which are secretly hoping to build their own nuclear weapons is uncertain. Some experts think it would. Few people, for instance, realize that the smallest separation plants for the production of highly enriched uranium such as the British plant at Capenhurst or the French one at Pierrelatte, extend over more than forty acres. The costs of such a plant are prohibitive and its operation and maintenance fantastically complicated. And since the French have had considerable difficulty in producing enough highly enriched uranium, the experts have been puzzled about how the Chinese have managed to forge ahead of the French in a relatively short time. Their surprising progress has caused many re-evaluations in competent quarters in Washington.

Prior to the State of the Union Message, the President had before him three alternatives: 1) to proceed with a full scale ABM defense system at the cost of close to $40 billion over ten years; 2) a compromise proposal designed to satisfy those who are pressing for a comprehensive system and those who believe that there is no need to rush into something whose real effectiveness is still in doubt; and 3) waiting until diplomatic soundings show whether the Soviet Union is willing to discuss this subject rationally with a view toward imposing an agreed upon moratorium. The President, for the time being, has decided in favor of the third alternative, and these soundings will be the first business of the newly reappointed Ambassador to the Soviet Union, Llewellyn Thompson.

It will be Mr. Thompson's task to convince the Kremlin that the United States and the Soviet Union have a common interest in imposing on themselves a freeze of anti-missile systems. Apart from the implications of the new arms race, the forbidding costs

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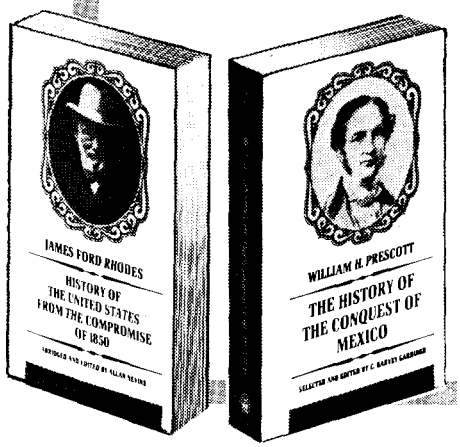
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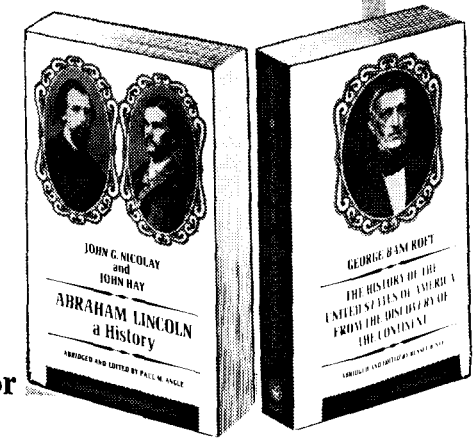
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should be persuasive enough, it is hoped. The Russians, as Mr. Brezhnev has stated publicly, have made "important steps" in anti-ballistic missile development, and last November Marshal Krylov declared that the Soviet Union is now capable of mid-course interception of intercontinental ballistic missiles.

Theoretically, there are three moments when a missile could be "killed": on launching, in mid-course, and when it re-enters the atmosphere. The United States first experimented with interception close to the terminal phase with the anti-missile called the Nike-Zeus. Because of serious doubts about the effectiveness of this system, it was abandoned. The next stage was to postpone interception until just after re-entry into the atmosphere. The Sprint, a missile with high acceleration, was developed, together with new high-speed radars. Again, there were serious disadvantages, the worst being that because of the late interception, relatively close to the ground, only smaller nuclear anti-missile warheads could be used; otherwise the danger of damage on the ground is too great.

Since then, however, a new method of intercepting warheads has been developed, this time above the atmosphere, where very much bigger warheads can be detonated with a much wider destructive range and the kind of power that can destroy a whole incoming cluster of objects without the missile's having to be able to distinguish between the serious weapon and the decoys. This is the system now proposed as an ABM thin defense against Communist China. It consists of a highly sophisticated radar system backed by large high-speed computers and long-range missiles with warheads in the megaton range. The rationale behind it is that Chinese long-range offensive weapons will become "meaningful" in 1975 and that this thin screen will be effective enough to protect the United States against them until about 1985.

In recent underground tests both the United States and the Soviet Union are said to have detonated nuclear explosions larger than any previous underground blasts, and the assumption is that both sides are now testing heavy warheads for anti-missiles. These tests are the underground rumblings of the new ABM weapons race. It is out of control because the test-ban agreement of 1963 excluded underground testing. This loophole was never closed and there is doubt whether the Russians, with their inborn mistrust, will respond to the new American overtures. Their problem is also more complicated because they not only need to protect themselves against American missiles but also British and French ones. And their calculation about

(*Continued on page 77*)

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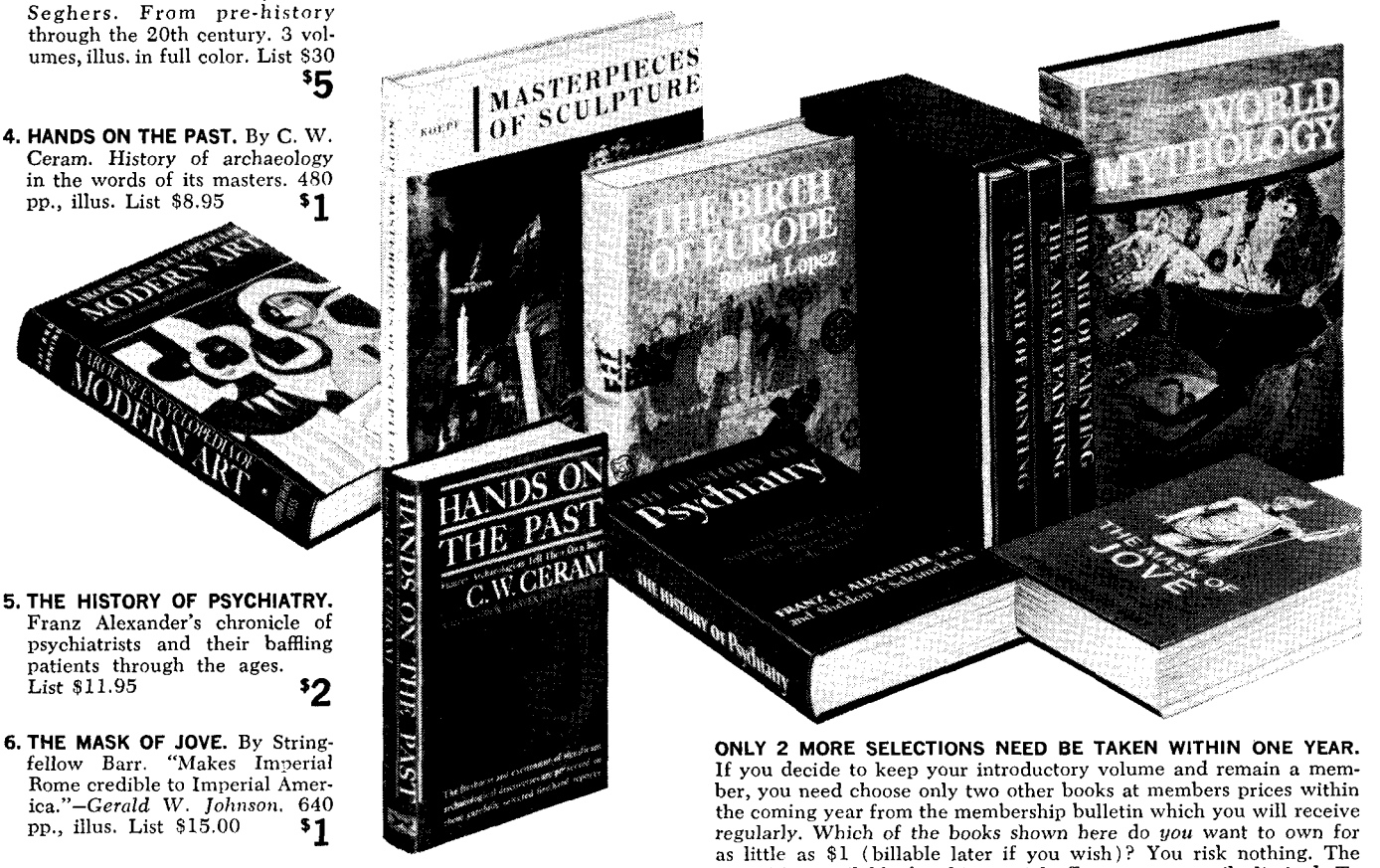

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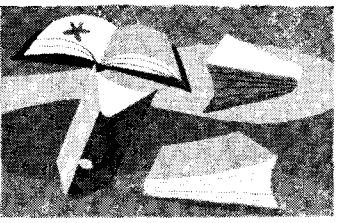
Trade Winds



A bus roared through a puddle in a busy street in Caracas, Venezuela, and splashed muddy water all over Police Sgt. Ovidio Reyes. Sergeant Reyes pulled out his gun and fired six shots into the side of the bus. Then he jumped aboard and beat up the driver.

That's all well and good for cops in Caracas, but what are we unarmed New Yorkers supposed to do?

There's a charming story in the December issue of *American Heritage* magazine about the Thanatopsis Pleasure and Inside Straight Club. That was the fancy name for the gang of colorful people who played poker in the Algonquin Hotel in the Twenties—people such as Harold Ross, Alexander Woollcott, Franklin P. Adams, and our own John T. Winterich.

The story was written by Heywood Hale Broun, whose father was a loyal club member. Broun could be counted on to contribute much of the witty dialogue. On one rainy night, when he was served some indifferent wine, Broun remarked, "Oh, well, any port in a storm."

Last fall I complained here that someone ought to design a decent-looking gas station [TRADE WINDS, Oct. 22, 1966]. Some people have come to the defense of gas stations. The Shell Oil Company sent color photos of its ranch-style service station, which has been built in West Coast places such as Atherton, California, and Portland, Oregon.

In University City, Missouri, there is a service station (company not mentioned) which is so lovely that it was featured in the society section of a newspaper.

The Carriage Stop, a Citgo station in Duxbury, Massachusetts, is a Cape Cod-style structure that Bay Staters point to proudly.

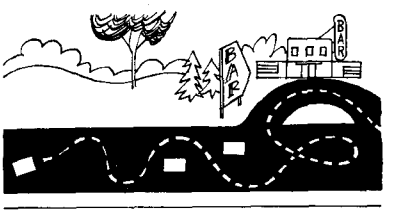
The Conoco station in Durango, Colorado, is designed to blend in with a renovation project called Rio Grande Land.

And in the planned community of Reston, Virginia, the Gulf station looks like a modern museum of art, or something.

You see, TRADE WINDS makes things happen.

I was interested to note that a study of the relationship of drinking and driving revealed that drivers who have had a drink are safer drivers than those who have drunk no alcohol at all. It was a part of a six-year survey of problems of alcoholism paid for by the Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc. Scientists looked at a cross section of accidents and drivers in Michigan and discovered that motorists who have had a cocktail or a bottle of beer are safer drivers than others.

These findings came to mind the other day when I was driving from New York to Boston. Somehow I didn't feel confident behind the wheel, so I stopped at a tavern to renew my driver dexterity



with a martini. I had never done anything like that before in my life, but I knew that now science was with me. Furthermore, I was encouraged by the fact that a gentleman at the bar was doing the same thing. He hadn't heard about the Licensed Beverage Industries study, so I told him.

"Aw," he said, "I knew that all the time. Why would they waste money on that? Why do you think there are so many bars and grills along the highways? It's so us drivers can drive more safely. Take me, I haven't had any accidents for a long time."

"Well," I said, "It's a surprise to me."

"It's the nondrinking driver that gets in trouble," my friend went on. "He hesitates. He tries to think things out. After a stiff one, I find I can steer through much narrower places than before. As for tailgating, which you know is a major cause of accidents, I don't have to worry. I just keep far ahead of anyone that's behind me."

"Do you take a bottle of beer or a cocktail?" I asked, thinking of the LBI report.

"Both. I start out with a beer. Then, when I find myself slipping, I stop off for some form of hard liquor. Then back to beer, and so on, till I get where I'm going. Like now—I'm on my way to Boston. Sure, I lose a little time this way. But I'll get there just as soon as the accident-prone nondrinkers."

I went back to New York and took

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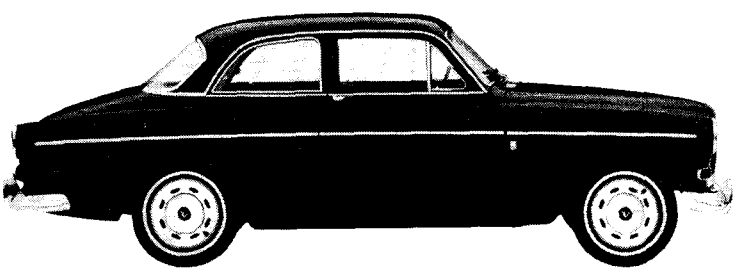

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the train to Boston. I hope the Licensed Beverage Industries doesn't make a study of locomotive engineers.

Sharps and Flats: Able Abel Green, editor of *Variety,* has added to his list of improbable couples: Ginger and Will Rogers, Dolley and Guy Madison, Ella and Scott Fitzgerald, Bette and Jefferson Davis, and Tokyo and Billy Rose.

► A lot of people have had their names become a part of the language, like boycott and quisling. But only one has made it twice. There's Melba toast and peach Melba.

► Don't sneer at the riots in India over the cows. Imagine the riots in New York if they tried to ban dogs.

► So far eight publishers have rejected a book the Boston Strangler has written about Gerold Frank.

► Have you heard the night riders' "Jingle Bells"? "What fun it is to ride and sing a slaying song tonight!"

► W. C. Fields said, "I am free of all prejudice. I hate everyone equally."

► At the Pentagon you will find John Alden, in the Air Force Office of Director of Planning, and Priscilla Alden, in the Army Material Command.

► Cinderella first came to light in the seventeenth century when Charles Perrault, a French author, collected some old tales in a book. One of them was "Cendrillon," and when it was translated into English, someone goofed on the slipper, which was called *la pantoufle en vair,* meaning slipper of fur. But *vair—fur—was confused with verre* – glass. They're both pronounced the same. I have always thought that if a girl went dancing in glass slippers she'd cut her feet to ribbons. Now we know she didn't.

► Nathan Shalit says that on Halloween he saw a flying sorcerer.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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In fact, if everything weren't absolutely A-1 now, do you think we'd be talking about it?

The February '67 issue of *Road Test Magazine,* for instance, a kind of consumer guide for car buyers, rates the Renault 10 ahead of all other imports in its class.

Unfortunately, the problem doesn't end with former owners. Some people who know nothing about our troubles of a few years back have also sworn off Renault.

Oh it's nothing personal, mind you. They simply hate all little foreign cars.

Typically, they've ridden around in a friend's little car. (Those people know who they are and they know what little cars we're talking about.)

So they're absolutely certain that any car for $1647* has to be a noisy, hard-riding little machine.

Anyway, with all the swearing going on for one reason or another, many people won't even test drive the Renault 10.

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Saturday Review
January 28, 1967

The Day H-Bombs Fell on Palomares

U.S. Strategic Air Command bombers carrying nuclear weapons are in the air at all times. One year ago—on January 17, 1966—one of them, a B-52, collided with a KC-135 jet tanker during a refueling operation over the Mediterranean Sea near the Spanish village of Palomares. Among the rain of debris were four hydrogen bombs. The search for them lasted nearly three months, and cost an estimated $90,000,000. This is the story of what happened in the village. Leopoldo Azancot is on the staff of the Spanish magazine Indice. (For a review of two books about the incident, see page 39.)

By LEOPOLDO AZANCOT

THAT DAY, Eduardo Navarro Portillo got up later than usual. His wife was in Barcelona, visiting a married daughter, and he assumed that the boy who helped him with farm work was looking after the animals. Why get up early, then? With the slowness and meticulousness of the old—Eduardo is a short, thin man of about seventy—he washed his face, smoothed his hair, and proceeded to prepare his breakfast: black coffee, very strong, which would keep him awake for his work. While the coffee was bubbling in the pot he went to one of the kitchen windows and looked outside. A strong west wind was blowing, raising clouds of dust in the neighboring road, but apart from this the day looked splendid. The watch in his pocket showed 10 o'clock. He finished breakfast, then went out by the little back door of his house and listened with pleasure to the lowing of the cows, still in the cowshed.

"Eduardo!" It was his brother-in-law.

"I'm here." The visitor appeared behind the house.

"Good morning." Eduardo returned the greeting and quietly accepted a cigarette his companion offered him. They walked a few steps as they smoked. Suddenly flowers of fire filled the sky.

"Look, brother-in-law, what flares those planes have sent off," Eduardo re-

—*Rizzo (Pix).*

Where one wrecked plane fell—"No one knew what had happened, or where, and each citizen . . . [near] the accident thought it had occurred within his community."

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marked, pointing to the sky. A tremendous explosion interrupted him. Two aircraft had exploded, and their remains, wreathed in flames which made dense trails of smoke, were falling crazily toward the two men.

Both men began to run. Struggling against the wind and slipping clumsily in loose soil, they ran away from the house, fighting to find some shelter that would protect them from destruction. They panted, they bumped into one another, they seemed to have lost control of their legs. Then there was silence. They stopped running and looked around. Scattered over the fields were the remains of the wrecked aircraft, burning tamely. The two men sat down to get their breaths.

Agustín Martínez Sáez, one of Eduardo Navarro's three sons-in-law, was in his house in Palomares when the accident took place. When he heard the explosion he thought it was an earthquake, but his wife, who rushed in at that moment, told him what had happened. He went out to the street and stood terrified: great incandescent masses were descending from the sky toward the village.

The younger of his two daughters, who was in bed with a mild illness, started to cry. Hearing her, Agustín rushed back into the house, picked up the child without replying to her anguished questions, and started to run across the front lawn. There were women's screams, and an eerie whistle, produced by a huge piece of an aircraft hurtling toward the house. The man, with the little girl still on his shoulders, stopped, terrified. He thought he was going to die. One enormous object missed him, disappearing with a dull noise into the earth. To his left another flaming object came dangerously near. Agustín stumbled, then began to run desperately in another direction. In a moment the din ceased. He stopped. He breathed deeply. A moment later his wife, who also had been running, clutched at his clothing.

"Agustín, something's burning at the side of my father's house!" They rushed in that direction.

AT his father-in-law's house the windows were broken and glass was scattered about the ground; the lock on the door, which had been secured when the accident occurred, had been twisted by the force of an explosion; there were great cracks in the front of the house. Was his father-in-law safe? Agustín walked into the bedroom. There was nobody there. Thank God, the old man must have been outside when the explosion took place. But, Agustín thought, what explosion would it have been? There were no remains of an aircraft around there. At that moment his father-in-law appeared from behind the house, accompanied by his mother's sister.

"Don Eduardo, are you all right?" Agustín asked.

"Yes. What about you?" Before Agustín could answer, Juan Antonio Castro, another of the sons-in-law, arrived. He seemed to be choking.

"It's been horrible," he mumbled.

"Has something happened to you?" asked Eduardo.

"No, nothing. And I still can't explain how we managed to save ourselves. Right by the school, which was full of children, there's an undercarriage buried in the earth." He took a deep breath. "Did you see the accident?" Without waiting for a reply, he went on, "I was in the doorway of my house, ready to go to Cuevas, and I saw there were four planes in the sky. Two of them, which were very near each other, suddenly exploded. The others were rolling about so much that I thought they were going to fall, too."

Juan Antonio Castro is forty-two. He is a short man with light eyes which shine from his sunburned, dried-up peasant's face. Unlike Eduardo, who always wears gray trousers and a gray shirt, he usually is dressed up, as he is an agent for the Banco Español de Crédito, but his great, coarse hands reveal his peasant origin.

"My wife and the children," he concluded, "still have fear in their bodies."

"The same thing happened to my helper," Eduardo cut in. "A container hanging from a parachute fell twenty meters from him; he was paralyzed with fright and hasn't recovered yet."

"Is that the container?" asked Agustín, pointing to an object lying beyond the well, near a neighboring house. "I'm going to see what it looks like."

He found a tube made of an unknown material, which had penetrated deeply into the earth. At the end of the cylinder, which was broken, long ribbons of colored plastic showed. He touched it curiously, trying to move it, but it was heavy, and he gave up. ("If I'd managed to find out that *that* was a hydrogen bomb, I'd not soon have gone near it," Agustín remarked many days later when he had learned what the object was.) Straightening up, he looked around. The undergrowth nearby had been burned, and between clumps of grass there were remains of a strange yellow material, which looked as if it had come out of the cylinder. He kicked a burned fragment near him, and noticed that it was very lightweight.

Every year on January 17 in Cuevas del Almanzora they celebrate the feast of St. Anthony, the patron saint of farmers. A long procession, headed by a statue of the saint carried on a litter by the faithful, attracts hundreds of peasants, who come to the village dressed in their best clothes. The band plays while they wait, and old women sell little homemade cakes in the plaza. Neither the peasants nor the old women nor the rest of the inhabitants of the village knew that their famous festival would not be celebrated on January 17, 1966.

Neither did Don Francisco Navarrete Serrano know it; he is the assistant priest of Cuevas parish, and on the day of the festivities had risen very early, as is his custom. At 10 o'clock, after breakfast, he began to read, wanting to finish a book he had bought in Murcia the week before, and he would have done so had it not been for the crash which rattled the glass of the window of the room he was in—a long room which served as both dining room and study.

Don Francisco has lived in Almanzora since July 1965, when he said his first mass. He occupies, with two of his sisters, a small two-story house on the village outskirts, next to a poplar grove. At twenty-six he is a restless priest, progressive, worried about social problems. Every Sunday he goes to Palomares, where there is no parish, to say mass in a little, poor, ugly chapel which remains deserted the rest of the week.

On hearing the explosion, the priest hurriedly put down the book he was reading and rushed into the street. What had happened? He took a few steps toward the poplar grove and saw, coming along the road that skirts it, the car belonging to the Trial Court. Picking up the skirts of his *sotana* in one hand, he started running toward the vehicle, waving his free hand to signal the driver to wait for him. "What was that?" he asked when he reached the car.

"We don't know," answered the secretary of the Court, who was driving. "Get in if you like."

Don Francisco settled into the back seat of the car, along with two Civil Guards, and greeted a Civil Guard lieutenant who was sitting by the driver. The vehicle had started off. When it arrived on the main road, they saw pillars of smoke on the horizon. "It looks as though the fire's at Palomares," said one of the Guards. They headed toward Palomares.

CARS with aid equipment poured from all the neighboring villages. No one knew what had happened, or where, and each citizen of the localities nearest the accident thought that it had occurred within his community. So the roads and lanes of the region were clogged by vehicles and running men.

A hundred meters from Palomares, the car in which the priest was traveling stopped: A few meters farther on, an aircraft engine was burning. Although

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the smoke was dense and black and hurt his eyes, Don Francisco tried to approach the enormous fire in order to determine whether there was anyone there to whom he could give physical or spiritual help. There was nobody. The lieutenant of the Civil Guard left his two subordinates there to keep people away from the fire, and the rest of the group in the car continued on.

At the cemetery on the outskirts of the village, they found two mutilated bodies. They got out of the car and ran toward the bodies, but an explosion made them stop: The fire had set off the remains of the aircraft near the bodies. The priest moved forward, raised his right hand, and gave the two dead men absolution *sub conditione*. Then he paused, in mute contemplation of the horrible scene.

"Don Francisco!" called the secretary of the Court. The priest covered his eyes with his hand, lowered his head, and did not reply. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, don't worry." Then, rejoining the group, he started to look for other bodies in the tomato fields. Suddenly he came upon an object that looked like a cylinder of butane gas, though longer. "Come here!" he shouted to his companions.

"What's that?" asked the secretary of the Court, who was the first to arrive.

"I don't know."

Nervous and curious, each of them kicked at the object.

"Looks as if it's broken," said the lieutenant.

"And if it explodes?"

Just in case, they moved away. By then, Don Fernando Peinado, the rector of the Seminary, had arrived, and, surrounded by a group of people, he administered extreme unction to two dead airmen. Attracted by the noise of their voices, Don Francisco and his companions moved toward the group. "Francisco," said the rector. "When we passed through Palomares I saw a van carrying a wounded man. You'd better go to him in case he needs you."

Don Francisco took the oils which Don Fernando held out to him, got on the lieutenant's motorcycle behind the driver, and set out for Palomares. When they arrived, a man told them that they had taken the airman to Cuevas—but on the way there they learned from a laborer that the van was going to Vera, a large village nearby. Within minutes, the motorcycle with the priest and the Civil Guard was at the door of the Don Jacinto Clinic in Vera. A crowd had gathered, and Don Francisco had to work to reach the inside of the clinic. He asked a nurse to direct him to the wounded man. After going up a staircase and along a long corridor, he reached the indicated room, where a doctor received him.

"How's the airman?" asked the priest.

—*Rizzo (Pix).*

Geiger counter check for radiation—"Anxiety turned to panic. Immediately—spontaneously—[villagers] decided to emigrate in a body."

"All right, all right."

"What's his name?"

"Ives Buchanan. He's a commander. But don't stay out here, Father, come in!"

Despite having a broken vertebra and being badly burned, the commander was talking on the phone, reporting the accident to his superiors. Since Don Francisco does not know English and could not communicate directly with the officer, he asked the doctor about his condition. "He's out of danger," was the reply.

THE priest left the room, shut the door behind him, and reflected. "Where to go now?" Because he had seen several priests on their way to Palomares, he thought he had better return to Cuevas del Almanzora, as he had to say mass at noon.

The solemn mass, which had been planned to celebrate the feast of St. Anthony, was converted into a funeral. Don Francisco asked the faithful to pray for the dead men and their families. The crowd that filled the church was touched. Some women were weeping.

At dusk, all the villagers gathered in the Plaza of the Town Hall, the crossroads of five streets halfway up a steep hill. The houses, which make a ring around a characterless monument—a bronze statue, on a pedestal, of an aristocrat in a frock coat who gave a large sum of money a hundred years ago to those injured by a flood—are large and old, and, like others in the neighborhood, resplendently white. Several stone benches and some emaciated trees complete the décor. By arrangement with an American officer who had arrived, the townspeople were to be allowed to pay

—*London Daily Express (Pictorial Parade).*

Barrels of Palomares soil being shipped to the United States—"The people did not know that TNT detonation charges had spread radioactive plutonium dust."

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Part of the sea search task force—"Nobody was deceived . . . The Americans undoubtedly were searching for a bomb beneath the water."

—*Photos by Paris Match (Pictorial Parade).*

Field searchers—"[Eventually] fear made way for economic preoccupation. What worried everyone was the matter of compensation."

their respects to the dead airmen. At 7 p.m. the doors of the Town Hall opened, and the villagers started to file before the coffins. The grave-faced villagers seemed in a stupor. "It seems impossible," they were saying, "that with all the technical progress such things should happen today."

That night the people of Palomares slept little and badly. The accident, the invasion by the inhabitants of the neighboring villages, and an imposing deployment of police forces had shaken them. The presence of two American generals in the tavern, which occupied one of the few two-story buildings in the district, alarmed them.

Agustín Martínez, desirous of knowing details of what had happened, did not go to bed at the same time as his family. He waited in the dining room of his house, then went to his radio and tried to tune in Radio España Independiente, the transmitter of the Communist party in exile, with headquarters in Prague. What he heard left him stupefied: The announcer was saying that two aircraft of the United States Air Force had collided while refueling over Palomares—and that it was suspected that one of them was carrying hydrogen bombs!

DAWN on January 18 found most of the people of Palomares already up. Many had heard the news transmitted by the Communist station the night before and wanted to exchange impressions with their friends.

"Did you hear the radio yesterday?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of what they said?"

"I don't know. Maybe it's propaganda."

"And if it's not? What should we do?"

"God! Go away!"

The mayor of the village came out of his house and at once found himself surrounded by the curious. "There's nothing to be alarmed about," he said. "Nothing's happening. You stay in your houses today, and tomorrow God will tell us. General Wilson [Maj. Gen. Delmar E. Wilson, commander of the Sixteenth Air Force, based at Torrejón Air Force Base], that American officer you saw me talking to last night, told me to see that no one left the village."

"And if nothing's happening," exclaimed one of the men listening to him, "why are there so many soldiers searching our land? They're going to spoil the crops."

All the fields were swarming with Americans. Some were dressed in fatigue uniforms and combat boots, others wore blue face masks and white coveralls with the pockets and cuffs taped shut. Since dawn they had been cordoning off farms, examining the ground carefully, peering between tall tomato plants, exploring the bean fields and lots covered with alfalfa, while in the distance members of the Civil Guard and U.S. Air Force Police patrolled the roads.

"I'm doing what they asked me to do," answered the mayor. "I only know what I've told you. But keep this well in your minds: You're not going out to work today."

At noon, Eduardo Navarro saw a group of uniformed Americans, carrying eight-foot bamboo poles, approaching his house. He felt great joy. In 1921, when still very young, he had gone to the United States. He had worked in several foundries in the state of New York for four years; then, finding himself out of work, he had returned to Spain, where he had married. The preparations for the wedding had distracted him and he failed to realize that the period in which he could re-enter the United States as a permanent resident had passed. So he resigned himself to staying in Palomares. "I've never known a country like that one," he was accustomed to saying. "It's a country of luxury. You dress very well, you eat very well, you sleep very happily, in a good bed. There were factories where as many as 50,000 men were working." These memories, nourished for more than forty years, welled up again as the Americans came closer.

The group passed in front of him, leaving no inch of ground unexamined. When it reached his pigsty—a small structure that looks like an outhouse—the group turned to the right, in the direction of the object adorned with ribbons which his son-in-law Agustín had examined the day before. Suddenly there was much agitation: The soldiers halted some distance from the object and formed a circle around it. To Eduardo's surprise, an American walked over and ordered him to leave his house. Eduardo had not heard the radio the previous night. It did not occur to him, therefore, that the object on his land might be a hydrogen bomb. So he merely looked sad and left; his timidity prevented him from protesting.

"I'm old now," he remarked an hour later when Agustín explained to him what was happening. "If I have to die, I want to die in my home." As soon as it was dark, he stealthily returned home to feed his animals: thirty pigs, two cows, a mule, a donkey, and 200 hens.

By then three of the lost bombs had been found. But the people of Palomares did not know this. Nor did they know the extent of radioactivity in the area—that, although there had been no nuclear explosion, the TNT detonation charges on two of the bombs had exploded and spread radioactive plutonium dust over more than 200 acres of fields. All they knew was that there was more activity than ever—a tent city had been erected for U.S. airmen, helicopters were shuttling in supplies, a U.S. Navy ship had arrived offshore, and the search had spread to neighboring villages. Once again many of them spent a sleepless night.

On Wednesday, January 19, a parade of officials of the Spanish Nuclear Energy Board arrived in Palomares. When the villagers saw them dressed in

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white, with very thick gloves, surgeon's caps, great boots, and masks on their faces, anxiety turned to panic. Immediately—spontaneously—they decided to emigrate in a body.

"And what if we're already contaminated?" Agustín Martínez was asked by the owner of the tavern which had served as headquarters for the American military chiefs during Monday night. Agustín did not know what to answer. Drop by drop, he drained the glass of brandy he had in front of him and changed the subject in order to conceal his anguish.

"You did good business yesterday, eh?" he asked.

"I'll say so!" The innkeeper's face lit up. "I sold all the beer and all the liquor I had. The Americans drink a lot. So much that I'm afraid they won't let them come back here in their spare time."

AGUSTIN said good-by to the owner of the tavern and returned to his house. There he found his wife and his father-in-law, chatting in low voices by the round table with curtains hiding a brazier in the dining room. Although the sun was shining outside, the window was shut and the electric light on.

"We must go away, Agustín; it's dangerous here!"

"Yes? And where are we going?"

"Anywhere. To Cuevas. Anywhere."

"Leaving the business to take care of itself, eh?"

Agustín's house, which he owns, has three doors: one giving access to the family dwelling, one by which you enter a grocery shop, and the other opening on a textile shop. He runs both these businesses himself.

"Just think," put in Eduardo, "that your wife's pregnant. They've told me that radioactivity attacks women and children especially." Agustín exploded at that.

"Very well, and you believe they're going to let us go?"

"Why not?"

"Because we might contaminate other people. And besides, because if we went it would spread panic all over the province. Don't you realize that the Spanish radios and papers haven't said anything about the bombs?"

Someone knocked at the door. It was Juan Antonio Castro. "They've forbidden me to touch my tomatoes. They say they'll pay for the crop, but that I mustn't touch them!" he exclaimed.

"What about mine, then?" asked Eduardo.

"The same! The same! No one can touch them!"

"Provided they pay us for them!"

"General Wilson says they will, they'll pay us up to double what the crops are worth."

"And the alfalfa? And the beans?"

"All the same."

"But if we don't pick the alfalfa, what will our beasts eat?"

Juan Antonio shrugged his shoulders. "I think they're going to give us money to buy food in Vera," he said doubtfully.

MEANWHILE, gathered in front of the houses on the edge of the village, the people of Palomares were observing with the closest attention the behavior of the technicians from the Nuclear Energy Board, who were raking the fields with a strange apparatus that looked like the sole of a shoe connected by a cable to a square box. From time to time they stuck little red flags in the ground.

"There's danger," said the frightened spectators. "The red flags show there's danger!"

On Thursday morning, January 20, when Don Francisco the priest arrived in Palomares, he found that long queues of the inhabitants had formed on the central esplanade of the village. Officials of the Nuclear Energy Board were conducting tests with a contamination detector, and men, women, and children were awaiting their turns impatiently but in silence.

"Good morning, Don Francisco." The priest turned round and saw Juan Antonio Castro. He returned the greeting.

"Have you been examined yet?" the priest asked him.

"No. Not yet. My wife's keeping my place in the queue."

"I say, how are people feeling?"

"Bad, very bad. People are very frightened. They all want to leave. Two women are going to have babies any day now, and the whole village is waiting for them to be born. If they are defective, something big's going to happen here."

"Father," called one of the men in charge of the contamination detector, "come over here. We'll give you a test at once." The examination gave virtually positive results: The priest had some radiation in his neck and in his shoes. Nothing to worry about.

"What have they told you, Father?" asked Castro, who was waiting a few paces away in the ever growing queue.

"That I must burn my shoes and wash my neck. I told them I wash every day."

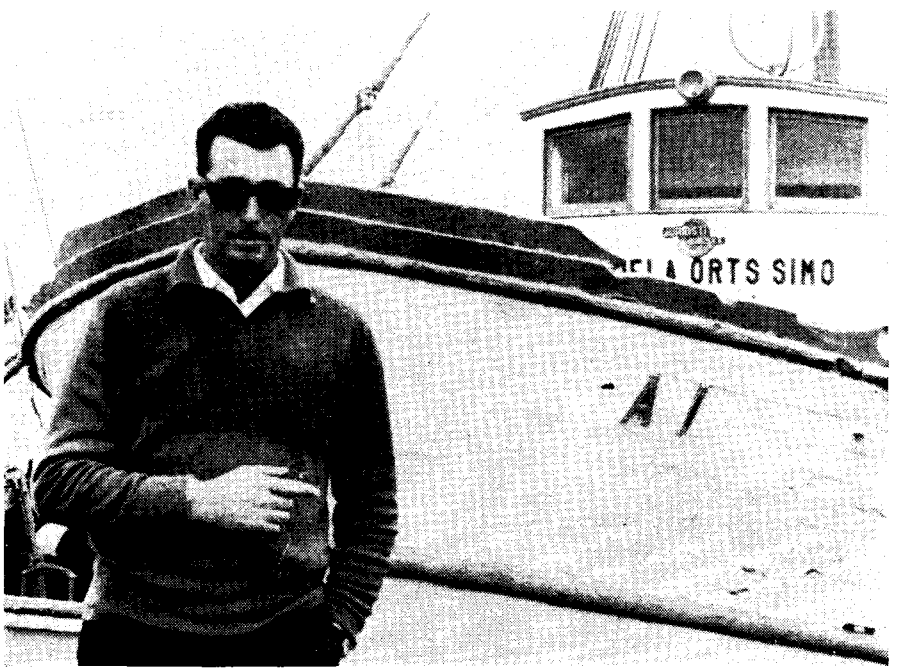
"You've been lucky. Some of them, when they've been tested, have been told to have a urine test."

"And what did they tell them afterward?"

"That there was no danger. But they haven't let them see the results of the

—*Wide World.*

Site of "Operation Broken Arrow"—Estimated total cost: $90,000,000.



—*Wide World.*

Fisherman Francisco Simó Orts—He saw one H-bomb fall and provided information which enabled the submarine *Alvin* to retrieve it.

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—*Paris Match (Pictorial Parade).*

Anxious waiting—"Through the first days of April, there was no announcement of how the search was going—or precisely what the object of it was."

analysis. You can imagine how frightened they are!"

The priest smiled.

"Talking of fright . . . Do you know what appeared last night on a table in the Club at Cuevas? A bit of an aircraft. It seems that someone picked it up to sell as scrap, and when he realized it might be contaminated he got rid of it as best he could. The Civil Guard had to take it away as nobody dared touch it."

FOR more than an hour the priest listened to the complaints of various inhabitants of Palomares: The soldiers had trampled their sown fields and shifted the markers which designated the various holdings; the curious who had descended on the village on the day of the accident had stolen many tomatoes; and, as if this were not enough, the mayor was not telling them what was going on or explaining what it was that the Americans were looking for in the countryside. To calm them, Don Francisco decided to visit the American camp, situated on the river bed very near Eduardo Navarro's house, and to speak to General Wilson.

When he arrived, he was received by a lieutenant colonel. The priest told him of the anxiety in the village and asked him to explain what was really happening. The officer's reply was ambiguous.

"Tell everyone," were his last words, "that nothing is happening, that there's no danger. Beg them not to leave. That above all—that they don't go away."

"All right, don't worry." And as he shook hands with the officer, the priest added: "As, in spite of everything, I believe there is danger, I shall go and live in Palomares, to share the fate of my faithful. I beg you to keep me informed of everything that happens."

ON SUNDAY, January 23, a great crowd came to the chapel to hear mass. The door was wide open so that those unable to get inside could see, and the beginning of the service was delayed until everyone had been accommodated. After the reading of the Gospel, Don Francisco—amid complete silence—started to speak. He spoke of God, who is like a father who watches over his children, and insisted often that, with so powerful a father, we should never be afraid. Had it not perhaps been He who had raised the wind, thus preventing the remains of the aircraft from falling on the houses or the people? Was it not perhaps a miracle that no one had been killed and that the animals had not suffered any injury? "The wind was God's hand," he said. This pleased his hearers. "Just as the men who are protecting our lives, the Americans, have put up their camp next to the village," he concluded, "so has God put up His tent in our midst: this chapel, where the lamp before the Holy Sacrament never goes out by day or night."

Once the faithful had departed, Don Francisco made his way to a nearby house, where a baby had just been born—completely normal. His parents, knowing that radioactivity preys especially on women and newly born children, had not dared go to the church, and had asked the priest to baptize the baby at home. This he did.

On Monday, January 24, the fear of the people of Palomares reached its peak. Fourteen warships now were on the sea in front of the village, and nobody was deceived about the meaning of this imposing deployment. The Americans undoubtedly were searching for a bomb beneath the water. Would they find it before it exploded? Many rumors were circulating. It was said, for example, that the owner of a fishing boat, from a place in Murcia called Aguilas, had indicated the approximate point where he had seen a heavy object hanging from a parachute fall. It was also said that the military authorities had not acted on his information. Would all this be true? The owner of the boat was named Francisco Simó Orts, and nobody knew him, as the fishermen of Aguilas were content to do their work off Palomares without ever going near the village.

"What do you think about all this, Don Francisco?" Agustín Martínez asked the priest, who, like him, was watching the ships from a bit of high ground.

"They gave me no information in the American camp. I don't know what happened."

"But you can imagine. . . ."

"We must be patient. The danger will pass."

Agustín did not hide his incredulity.

"And what do you say about this little paper they've sent me by post?" It was a red leaflet which said that if the bomb, which was a fifty-megaton one, exploded, it would form a crater 2,200 meters [7,218 feet] in diameter and 120 meters [394 feet] deep.

"Are you the only one to receive this leaflet?" asked the priest.

"No, there are plenty more around here. They come from France."

While this conversation was taking place, Eduardo Navarro was having an interview with a representative of General Wilson. "It has been decided," said the officer, "to use the lot you have near the cemetery to store the contaminated earth and the remains of the aircraft. You will be paid handsomely for this land. Also, we shall take a layer of earth forty centimeters [1.3 feet] deep from the piece of land you have in front of your house. You will also receive compensation for this."

AT lunch time Eduardo commented to Agustín, in whose house he had been living since they had turned him out of his own, on the news the American officer had given him. "I told him," he said, "they could use the earth from another of my holdings to replace what they took away from in front of the house."

"And if later they don't compensate you?"

Before the old man had time to answer, his daughter mentioned a subject

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which had been worrying her. "María told me that some people are going to send their children out of the village. About eighty children are going away."

"Where to?"

"To Vera, Murcia, Barcelona . . . to the places where they have relations."

"Certainly," said Eduardo, "you must write to your mother and tell her we are well, that she mustn't worry."

"Maybe she's already on the way."

In the afternoon Don Francisco was called to the American camp and it was explained to him that the bomb could not explode: The atomic devices are only armed the moment before they are to be launched on enemy territory; if their detonating devices are not prepared, it is impossible for them to explode.

"Will you tell the village what we have said?" the Americans asked.

"Of course. At once."

DURING the days that followed, the fear began disappearing little by little. Everyone now knew that the bomb could not go off; furthermore, the birth of another baby without any blemish calmed those who feared the dangers of contamination. Besides, the technicians of the Nuclear Energy Board had taken off their disturbing garments; they were eating the tomatoes from the plantations; they were replacing the red flags with green or white ones.

Then fear made way for economic preoccupation. What were they to do with the meat of the pigs which had been sacrificed a few days before the catastrophe—since the Nuclear Energy Board officials had ordered that they should not be eaten and then lifted the prohibition? And what were they to do with the cattle, lacking alfalfa and cabbages as they did? Sell them off cheap? But more than this, what worried everyone was the matter of compensation. Would they pay for their crops? Would they make a fair assessment?

To calm the anxiety of the villagers, the American military authorities decided to talk directly to the people, and for this purpose organized an extraordinary meeting in the town cinema, to be attended by all heads of families. The hall was overflowing with people when the Military Governor of Almería, General Montel of the Spanish Army, and General Wilson went up on the stage. Wilson spoke in English, and the Spanish general translated his words. After repeating once more that there was no danger, he announced officially that the United States Government would pay compensation to all those affected by the catastrophe, and he asked those present to form a committee to be entrusted with making the relevant claims. Finally, he expressed his gratitude for the understanding he had met with in the village, and offered jobs to those who wanted to cooperate with the American Army.

"I, for my part," said General Montel, "promise you that I will be personally responsible for seeing that your legitimate claims are satisfied." And he pronounced the proceedings at an end.

On March 1, Spain's Nuclear Energy Board made the first official admission that a nuclear bomb had been lost, but maintained that there was no radioactive contamination of the area. The next day the U.S. Government made its first official admission of the loss of a bomb and the spraying of the area with nuclear materials. On March 8, accompanied by the Minister of Air and by Generals Wilson, Donovan, and Montel, U.S. Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke and the Minister of Information arrived at Palomares in mid-morning. The Minister of Information approached Don Francisco. "Father," he said, "you'll be pleased. The Americans are going to build you a church." Then the committee moved off toward Villaricos, on the coast not far from Palomares, for what has been called "the most famous bath in the atomic era"—a swim by the Ambassador and Spain's Minister of Information and Tourism, to demonstrate the absence of danger of radioactive contamination.

A group of experts from various institutions in the region visited farms and made an assessment of crops preparatory to paying claims, and tons of soil which had been stripped from the fields were loaded into huge containers—more than 4,000 of them—and hauled to the waterfront for shipment to an undisclosed "burial" spot in the United States. Otherwise, the main activity centered around two deep-diving submarines, the *Alvin* and the *Aluminaut*, which had been deployed offshore since February 10.

Day after day feverish activity could be observed offshore. But through March and the first days of April, there was no announcement about how the search was going—or precisely what the object of it was.

On the morning of April 7, the children of Palomares, who had carefully followed the progress of operations for recovering the bomb, noticed that the ships situated off the village were grouping at one point on the coast, and, surprised by the excitement evidenced in the American camp, they understood that something significant had happened. The children shouted questions and some people replied, yes—after nearly three months of incessant search the nuclear weapon had been recovered. The people's joy overflowed. Had not the nightmare ended at last?

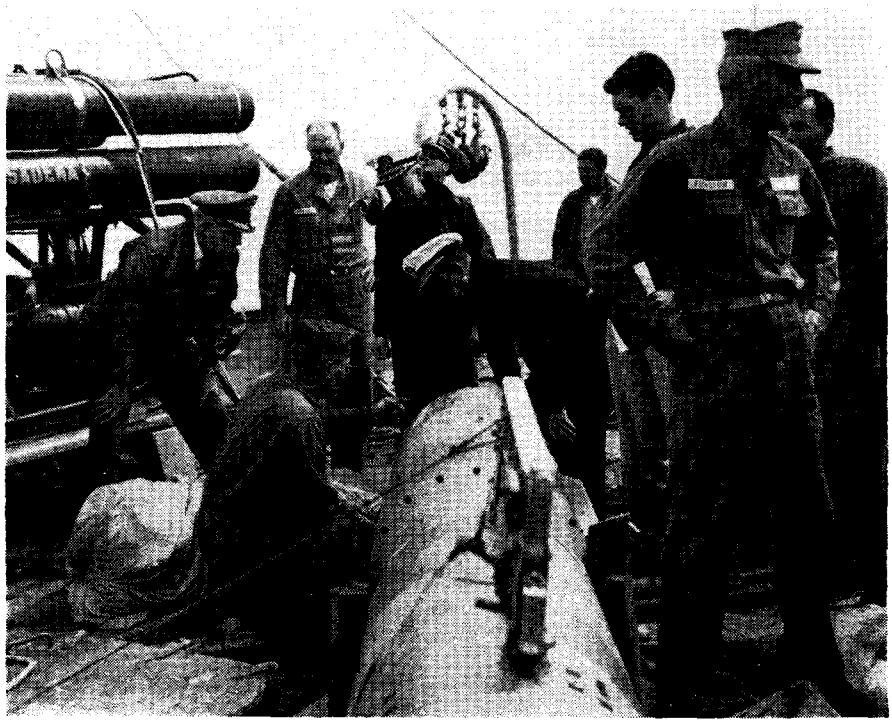
A FEW weeks ago, I visited Palomares to see whether indeed the ordeal of the villagers had ended. "Father," I asked Don Francisco, "are the people of Palomares completely tranquil now?"

"No. They're a bit worried about two pieces of apparatus for detecting radiation which the members of the Nuclear Energy Board have left installed near the cemetery."

"Has this induced any families to leave?"

"Twelve families and some young people have gone, but for other reasons."

(*Continued on page* 55)



—*U.S. Navy*

Fourth H-bomb after recovery—"Are the people tranquil now? For Palomares . . . life never again can be the same."

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There's Something in the Air

1. In the U.S.A.

THE MAIN POINT made repeatedly at conferences on air pollution during the past two years has been that little could be done unless the public became aroused. That objective has now been achieved. During the past year, air pollution as a major problem has exploded into the national consciousness. The issue has been brought home to the American people by books, magazines, newspapers, television, and radio. The result is that the public is now ready for the drastic measures that only a few months ago would have seemed beyond popular support. In fact, it is possible that the American people are actually ahead of government in their readiness to move swiftly and decisively.

Another major change in the air pollution situation is that the problem no longer affects seriously only a few American cities and population centers. If the concern has become a national one, so has the problem. The airshed over the United States is steadily filling up with poisons. Only a few years ago, the sky over the nation was clear except for the pall over the cities. Today, however, the pall extends hundreds of miles in every direction. It is not unusual for the eastern half of the United States, all the way from Maine to Florida and extending west from Boston to Des Moines in the upper half of the country and from Miami and Atlanta in the Southeast to New Orleans and even Dallas in the lower half, to be covered by a pollution blanket. Arizona, traditionally regarded as the state with the driest and cleanest air, now has to cope with heavy smoke drifts from its mining and smelter operations. The Thanksgiving weekend air pollution episode affected not just New York City but the entire East Coast. Such dangerous inversions can be expected to recur with increasing frequency and severity—not because of new meteorological phenomena but because of the steady buildup in airborne poisons.

EACH year for the past decade in the United States, several million acres have been taken out of cultivation for our spreading cities and for the construction of superhighways. This represents double jeopardy. First, it impairs nature's restorative cycle by which air is purified. Soil, vegetation, trees are part of the vital balance of nature. Second, what was formerly open space becomes filled up with pollution-causing agents—people, furnaces, incinerators, manufacturing, automobiles, buses, trucks.

The poisons in the air are no longer transient. They are fast becoming cumulative. The air pollution buildup is developing at a faster rate than nature's ability to neutralize it, or man's attempts to combat it. The gap between the intensification of the problem and the response to it becomes wider all the time.

All this sets the stage for the key question: What would happen if the rate of population growth, industrial growth, automobile growth, and highway growth of the past two decades were to remain constant or increase during the next two decades, assuming the same pace of national attack on the problem?

The conclusion is inescapable that most of the large cities in the United States could be regarded as uninhabitable within a decade.

This does not necessarily mean that the air pollution over the nation's large cities will reach and remain fixed at a lethal level. What it does mean is that enough serious episodes will have occurred within a decade so that the large cities will be considered unsafe as permanent places for habitation or business. This is why a vast acceleration of anti-pollution planning activity, both local and national, is now critically needed. The federal government must play a major part in such a stepped-up program. It would be a mistake, however, to assume that the cities and states should no longer have responsibility for attacking the prime sources of pollution.

The reason for a prodigious expansion in federal aid is clear. No municipality has the resources for carrying out all the measures essential to cope with the increasing sources of pollution. Any comprehensive program for the largest cities requires an expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars, both public and private, if critical episodes are to be averted.

THERE is nothing more important that the United States Government could do to help safeguard the nation's air than to mount a "Manhattan District" program behind the development of the fuel cell as a source of energy.

Gas turbine engines, propane gas, liquefied petroleum, natural gas, electric motors—all these promise relief from air pollution. They should receive strong research-and-development support from the federal government. However, a major breakthrough in replacing the com-

Grenville Clark
1882-1967

ON JANUARY 13, Grenville Clark, the distinguished American, world citizen, and architect of world peace through world law, died in Dublin, New Hampshire, after a long illness [see "A Man for All Seasons," *SR* editorial, Nov. 19]. His life provided proof of the proposition that the highest justification and reward of a free society is the free individual who can help shape the policies of the government and the form of that society. The editors hope that the Nobel Prize Committee will award Grenville Clark its Peace Prize posthumously.

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bustion engine may have to await the development of a fuel cell.

The United States Government mounted a $2 billion project for harnessing nuclear power. It did so because it believed that atomic energy was essential to national survival. The same is no less true of the fuel cell. The combustion engine has revolutionized the way of life not just in the United States but throughout the world. But it has produced large clouds of carbon monoxide, lead, oxides of nitrogen, and pyrobenzine, and literally has become the greatest nonpolitical enemy of the human species on earth. It carries the smell of death inside it.

No one knows how much the development of the fuel cell would cost, any more than anyone in 1940 knew how much it would finally cost to liberate atomic energy. But the need is great enough to warrant the effort. The abandonment of major American cities would be incalculably more costly.

This does not mean that everything else should be deferred until a fuel cell is developed. Mention has already been made of the need for a federal crash program to speed up the availability of efficient gas-turbine engines, or engines powered by propane gas or natural gas or liquefied petroleum gas. (Chicago is already operating propane-gas buses.) The federal government should also promote research in chemicals that can be added to gasoline, diesel fuels, and heating fuel oils to reduce excess smoke and noxious fumes. Such chemical additives already exist; they are far from being finished products, but at least they are good enough to indicate that a substantial increase in research and development is clearly justified.

The federal government should also be involved in the regulation of large smokestacks, beyond a specified capacity. Such capacity is of interstate significance. While all smoke emitters, however small, contribute to the overall density and drift, the large stacks are specific and clearly identifiable offenders over a large area, and ought to come under federal statutes, in addition to local and state regulations.

The federal government should require air-pollution control equipment, and clearly defined performance characteristics, for all such stacks. The costs of installing such equipment should be fully tax deductible by industry within a reasonably short period.

The federal government should promote research in the improvement and sharp cost reduction of electrostatic precipitators and scrubbers. Especially is it important to promote research in the development of sulfur recovery from smokestack gases.

Again, this is not to say that the local units of government should be relieved of the central responsibility for controlling or eliminating airborne garbage and poisons. An effective nationwide program involves combined operations, with separate though related activities going forward on the national, regional, state, and city levels. But more and more, the national government will have to get into the business of setting minimum safety standards and establishing *enforcement* procedures in those cases where large air masses of poisonous drift exist.

The fight against air pollution has won its first and most important objective. The public consciousness has been pierced. Those in authority no longer need fear inadequate public support for hard measures. All the parts are now in place for a prodigious step-up in planning and implementation. Delay or inadequacy can be chargeable neither to public opinion nor technology but to government.

Air pollution is but one aspect of the whole environment. It is impossible, for example, to separate the causes and effects of impure air and impure water. Poisonous chemicals in air affect streams and reservoirs. Contamination of both air and water affects crops, livestock, and wildlife. Waste disposal through burning can create air pollution; through dumping it can create water pollution. Dumping also creates sanitation hazards.

As these and similar conditions are studied, it seems clear that *whole systems* are needed. The attack on air pollution must be part of a comprehensive program to protect the total environment. What is needed on a national scale is a plan for interrelating and coordinating problems of air pollution control, water pollution control, solid-waste disposal, noise abatement, congestion, and protection of both natural and man-made facilities that give pleasure and well-being to its citizens.

2. *In the World*

It is not now too early to begin thinking and planning on the highest levels for a world attack on the problem of contamination. Week after week, reports are published on the increasing concern of city officials in Europe, South America, Asia, and Africa about the fast-developing hazards of environmental poisoning. Tad Szulc writes from Madrid about a blanket of dust and smoke so thick that it is sometimes difficult to see from one side of a thoroughfare to the other. From Paris, Stephen Coulter reports that 180,000 tons of toxic matter are now being pumped into the air of Paris and the suburbs every year. The number of vehicles coming onto the streets is constantly increasing—carbon monoxide gas pollution from cars and trucks has tripled since the early 1920s.

London, according to correspondent Colin Chapman, no longer has to cope with soot pollution fumes caused by coal burning. City ordinances now forbid burning of soft coal. But the danger to Londoners now is from carbon monoxide and sulfur dioxide.

Rome's problem, according to Alan McElwain, may not be as serious as that of New York, but it is severe enough to warrant serious counterattack. There are now about 500,000 automobile registrations in Rome and new cars have been coming onto the roads at an average of 100,000 a year.

Tokyo, writes Robert Trumbull, is one of the worst. Oxygen tanks have been installed at ten of Tokyo's busiest intersections for the use of traffic policemen who must stand for hours in a miasma of automobile exhaust fumes. Early in 1966 an air sampling revealed the presence of sulfuric acid in the atmosphere in a proportion of .5 milligrams to the cubic meter—.1 milligram above the point generally accepted as being a serious danger to public health.

AND so it goes. Berlin, Frankfurt, Amsterdam, Warsaw, Moscow, Kiev, Karachi, Calcutta, Bombay, Singapore, Jakarta, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Cairo, Tel Aviv, Johannesburg, Buenos Aires, Caracas—all these and others are now apprehensive about the blackening canopy overhead. Meanwhile, scientists examining the ice near the Arctic polar cap report detectable traces of lead.

The United Nations has not been able to fulfill the major hopes of the Preamble to its Charter because the large nations have consistently failed to provide the authority required for these purposes. But surely the protection of the world's air supply is an issue that transcends ideology and national interests. There is no reason why the United Nations cannot now begin to plan for a coordinated world attack on the environmental poisoning of the planet earth. Indeed, its activity in this area may produce a general strengthening of the organization, all of whose members have to breathe. —N. C.

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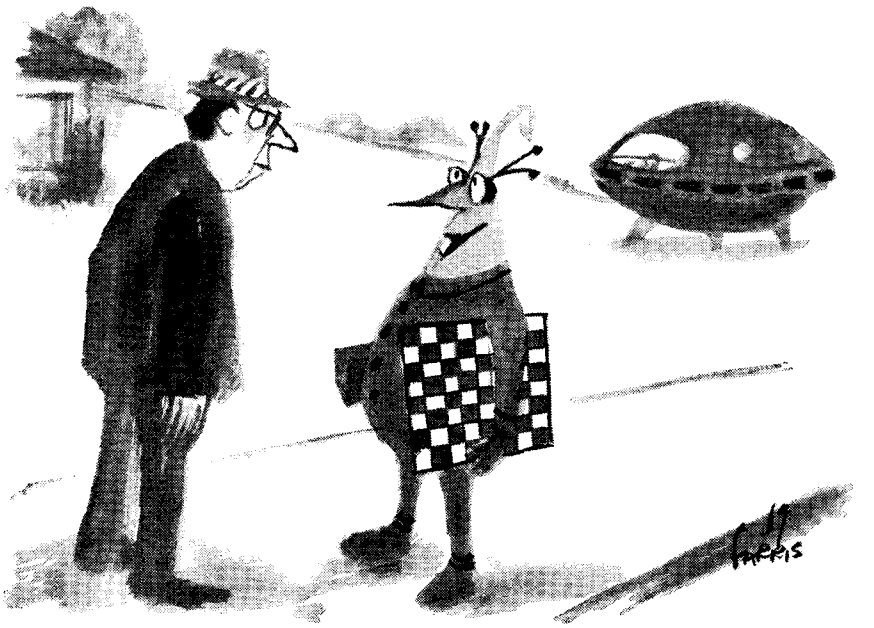
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Twenties and Now

ESPECIALLY IN VIEW of the recent spate of books and articles on the Paris "expatriates" of the Twenties, it was good to read the reflections of Archibald MacLeish ["There Was Something About the Twenties," *SR*, Dec. 31], whose witty ramblings expose many of these accounts for the romanticized and somewhat phony name-droppings they are. But it should be noted that Miss Sontag's quoted remark about present-day literature's being chronically attached to extreme situations—madness, crime, taboo sexual longings—while correct as far as it goes, is harmful in what it leaves unsaid. I daresay more Americans have been able to identify with Moses Herzog than with the hero of *Ulysses*.

In fairness not only to modern writers but also to those of the past, it needs to be said that there is no comparably greater preoccupation with the extremes and the unnatural in the better literature of any age. Like the poor, Catullus, de Sade, Réage, and their ilk will always be with us.

GILBERT J. HORN.
Norristown, Pa.



"Take me to Bobby Fischer."

Postal Problems

CONGRATULATIONS on Charles Remsberg's article, "The Day the Mails Stopped" [*SR*, Dec. 17]. Anyone who must rely on the post office for economic survival is well aware of the frightening deterioration in the postal service which this article so effectively dramatizes.

EDWARD MCSWEENEY,
Edward McSweeney Associates.
New York, N.Y.

Hasty History's Perils

HALLOWELL BOWSER'S editorial, "The Perils of Hasty History" [*SR*, Dec. 31], motivates this letter. While the unfortunate Kennedy-Manchester incident, in juxtaposition to world history, may become as unimportant as last week's wash, for the here and now I have yet to read a better summation. Would that the public at large were that cognizant of the ramifications of publishing to fully appreciate *every* word contained in Mr. Bowser's editorial.

BOND WHEELWRIGHT,
The Bond Wheelwright Company,
Publishers.
Freeport, Me.

Crimes of Nations?

"No CRIME committed by an individual begins to compare with the crimes of nations," says N.C's editorial on world federalism ["Thought for the New Year," *SR*, Dec. 24]. But "crimes of nations" are a fiction. Crimes are always, as Mr. Justice Jackson rightly said at Nuremberg, committed by individuals.

The case for world peace through world law is to comprehend that law, if it is to be just, should always be applied to individuals. We must refuse to recognize collective guilt for two reasons: First, by applying law to a nation there is always injustice, because there can be no discrimination among the accused between the innocent and guilty; second, the enforcement of law on a collectivity means a military operation, i.e., war—the very thing the law is supposed to obviate. It cannot be done without making the remedy worse than the disease, as we see daily in Vietnam.

P. N. ARMSTRONG,
Clerk to Parliamentary
Group for World Government,
House of Commons.
London, England.

Florence and the Flood

REGARDING "Florence After the Flood," by Victor and Elizabeth Velen [*SR*, Dec. 24]: Just two days ago I encountered, and stayed up all night to read, Franco Nencini's *Firenze: giorno del diluvio*. Dated Nov. 30—only twenty-five days after the flood had receded—and evidently printed in a shop that had been submerged, the book describes without heroics the tale of the heroic Florentines who set to work in their drowned city, mostly without tools, with almost no food, water, or rest, especially for the first three days, with little outside aid at first, and none from the Rome government for seven days. As a chronicle of the resources of the human spirit, it deserves the attention of your readers.

DAVID M. FINE.
Seattle, Wash.

Parlez-vous Russian?

I QUESTION this statement by Marvin Kalb in "Is Russia a Tourist Country?" [*SR*, Jan. 7]: "After you have enjoyed the Bolshoi Ballet, marveled at the Moscow Art Theater, and eaten caviar for breakfast four days in a row, what else is there?"

In Moscow, as in any other city, there must be schools, hospitals, parks, public utilities, factories, libraries, museums, transportation facilities, and architectural accomplishments, all of which are of interest.

HERBERT W. YOUNG.
Seattle, Wash.

Hitler's Italics

I ENJOYED John Ferris's article entitled "Italics Subtracted" [PHOENIX NEST, Dec. 17]. It seems to me, however, that Mr. Ferris might have mentioned the book that I think contains some of the really classic italic lines, namely, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, by William L. Shirer.

For example, on page 873, Shirer quotes from "Basic Order No. 24 Regarding Collaboration with Japan," which was issued by Hitler on March 5, 1941. The quotation contains several italicized words, and a footnote explains: "The italics are Hitler's."

JOHN E. VANDERSTAR.
Washington, D.C.

Mother Bell's Hour

HOW WONDERFUL to read Robert Lewis Shayon's article, "The Discovery of Freshness" [*SR*, Dec. 31]. I had wondered as I listened to *The Bell Telephone Hour* if the great emotion I experienced was mine alone or if I were just hearing things.

(MRS.) BETTY S. APONTE.
Altadena, Calif.

AS AN ADDENDUM to Robert Lewis Shayon's reports on the ever-superb *Bell Telephone Hour*: What a real service to the arts if Vice President Walter W. Straley and his AT&T confreres could be persuaded to release tapes and films of all past *Bell Telephone Hours* to the noncommercial ETV stations!

MARTIN CODEL.
Washington, D.C.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

A Man of Many Words

IN HIS autobiography, *Speak, Memory* (*SR*, Jan. 7), Vladimir Nabokov reports that he learned to read English before he learned to read Russian, his native tongue. In spite of this early exposure to English, and in spite of his three years at Cambridge University, one can only marvel at his mastery of the language. Joseph Conrad, who spoke Polish and French before he spoke English, became a master of English prose, but Nabokov's achievement seems even more extraordinary because he had a reputation as a Russian novelist before he wrote his first novel in English, *The Real Life of Sebastian Knight*. Moreover, he is at home in the vernacular as Conrad never was.

Nabokov's English vocabulary is not only remarkable for a writer who was Russian-born; it is phenomenal by any standards. As I read the autobiography, for instance, I underlined *amelus, chamfrained, drisk, ghyll, praedormitary, xanthic,* and a dozen other words that I had to look up in the dictionary—some of them in several dictionaries. Moreover, when I went back to *Lolita*—which in every way seemed a better novel on second reading than it had on first—I found that I had marked a score or more of words that were not immediately familiar to me. And in *Pale Fire*, in both the verse and the prose, I had marked even more.

Many of the difficult words, I note, come from particular scientific disciplines. There are a few related to lepidopterology, in which Nabokov is a recognized authority, but there are more from physiology and medicine. He speaks, for instance, of *iliac crest, gluteal sulcus, lantigo,* and *areolas*. For an example of a word from another field, we find in *Pale Fire*:

> The miracle of a lemniscate left
> Upon wet sand by nonchalantly deft
> Bicycle tires.

The dictionary defines *lemniscate* as "a plane curve generated by the locus of the point at which a variable tangent to a rectangular hyperbola intersects a perpendicular from the center to the tangent." Having forgotten what little geometry I ever knew, I am not very happy with this, but I think I get the general idea.

Many words seem to be made up, but from recognizable Latin roots. Nabokov alludes to "certain praedormitary visions," and it is clear enough that he is referring to visions one has before going to sleep, though *praedormitary* is not in my dictionaries. I cannot find *febriculosa*—he speaks of "Venus febriculosa"—but I find *febricula*, which means "a slight and transient fever." One of his happiest inventions emerges when he describes playing poker with "an omnivicarious joker." Some people play with omnivicarious deuces, too.

He takes pleasure—a malicious pleasure, it sometimes seems—in using rare words and rare forms of words. He alludes to a bridge over a ghyll, though *gill* is the common form. He speaks of "Dostoevskian drisk," an excellent phrase if one knows what *drisk* means. The dictionary defines it as "a drizzling mist" and, to my astonishment, attributes the word to New England. He uses *oasal* for *oasitic, explodent* for *explosive, nictating* for *nictitating. Chamfrained*—"clattering astride a chamfrained charger"—is a variant of *chamfroned*, not exactly a common word in itself, which means bridled, though it has a more specific reference to medieval armor. An unusual word offers a temptation he can't resist. In *Speak, Memory* he writes: "Bending from my warm seat, I liked to press the middle of my brow, its ophryon to be precise, against the smooth comfortable edge of the door and then roll my head a little, so that the door could move to and fro while its edge remained all the time in soothing contact with my forehead." The sentence is a good example of the grace and precision with which Nabokov writes, but *ophryon* doesn't add much, since it is defined as "a craniometric point in the median line of the forehead and immediately above the orbits."

Often in *Lolita* the unusual words are used for comic effect, as befitting the pompous mannerisms of Humbert Humbert. In describing Lolita and a small friend jumping rope, he says that "the lesser nymphet, a diaphanous darling, would be all eyes, as the pavonine sun was all eyes on the gravel under the flowering trees." (*Pavonine* means "like a peacock.") In his diary Humbert records: "Heat ripple still with us; a most favonian week." He goes on to say that Lolita was sunbathing near "her phocine mamma." (*Favonian*: "of or belonging to the westwind, mild, bland"; *phocine*: "like a seal.") Both words seem to me to give exactly the right impression, although they might not be suitable in a more relaxed style. Humbert describes a hitchhiking soldier as "quietly conscious of khaki's viatic appeal." *Viatic* is not in Webster III, but it is easy to guess, from the Latin root *via* and from the more common *viaticum*, that it means "having to do with travel." Humbert speaks contemptuously of "Miss Fabian's dropsical dackel." I cannot find

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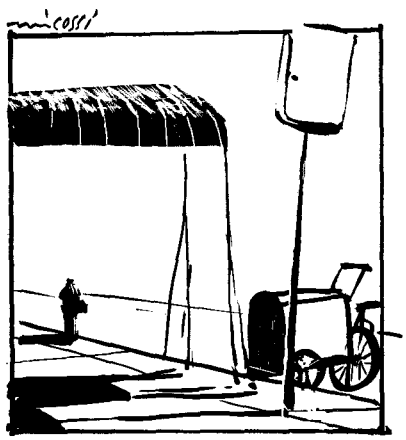
dackel in any dictionary, but I do find *dachs* as short for *dachshund*, and it seems to me that Nabokov's invention justifies itself by its comic effect. John Ray, Jr., Ph.D., the imaginary editor of Humbert's confessions, speaks in his foreword of the circumstances "under which the writer of the present note received the strange pages it preambulates." *Preambulate* is a perfectly good dictionary word, and in any case its meaning is obvious; but it is not a word one often encounters, and I am sure Nabokov selected it because he thought it the kind of word the learned doctor might have employed.

As usual, there are some puzzles left over. I cannot find *fascinum, olisbos,* or *skoramis* in Webster's Second International, Webster's Third International, the Random House Dictionary, or the Oxford Universal. *Orchideous* is also a problem, although two dictionaries list it as a variant of *orchidaceous*. That is not, I think, what Nabokov has in mind when he has Humbert allude to "my orchideous masculinity"; he probably is thinking of the Greek root *orchis. Fascinum* must be related to *fascine,* and the meaning can be surmised from the context. The meaning of *skoramis* may also be guessed: "I have never bothered to lean out of my window and empty my skoramis on some poor hack's pate." *Olisbos*—"an olisbos-like flashlight"—completely eludes me.

If the reader feels that the novelist is playing games, he is in large part right. Nabokov is a playful writer, particularly in *Lolita* but also in parts of *Pale Fire* and even the autobiography. As I have said, his vocabulary in *Lolita* is one of the important means by which he gets the comic effect he wants. But it must also be remembered that he often uses the uncommon word because it is for him the right word. I should not leave the impression that as a stylist Nabokov is merely a gamester; on the contrary, as Page Stegner insists in *Escape Into Aesthetics* (*SR*, Jan. 7), he is serious in intention and possessed of a marvelous command of the resources of the English language. —Granville Hicks.



LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Bid for Publicity?

Let me be among the first of several hundred cynical old so-and-sos who will declare that all the foofurraw about *The Death of a President* [*SR*, Jan. 21] was just a well-thought-out and ably presented bid for publicity.

Joseph N. Meyer.

St. Louis, Mo.

Intelligent people evaluate a tree by its produce, not the dung in the soil. And there will always be those who will be more preoccupied with the dung than the blossom. Censorship cannot change this. Ultimately written history will judge President Kennedy by the legislation he carried out while in the White House.

Douglas H. Schewe.

Madison, Wis.

Today's Medieval Courtroom

Professor Irving Younger displays remarkable equanimity about the trial system. His review of Reid and Inbau's study of lie detector technique [*SR*, Dec. 31] suggests that the discovery of truth is relatively unimportant in a trial. Even if the truth could be ascertained infallibly, we should hesitate before we remove the soothing veil of falsehood. . . .

The training of today's doctor places him immeasurably beyond the reach of a nineteenth-century practitioner. But even a medieval lawyer would find himself comfortably at home in today's courtroom. The wigs or gowns, the Latin tags and the other medieval trappings still feature prominently one way or another in most jurisdictions. The lie detector may not be foolproof. Nor are truth sera any better. But that should not stop the search, with the initiative coming from our halls of learning. A little more courage, a little more adventurousness would better suit the image of the law than the cautious approach of your reviewer. . . . Technology may yet determine veracity, and if lawyers do not march in the van, they may find themselves left behind amongst the expendable baggage.

H. Shandling.

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada

Appreciation for Sidney Brustein

Brooks Atkinson speaks with praise and sadness of Lorraine Hansberry's *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window* [*SR*, Dec. 31]. Atkinson has left out a very important part of the story of *Brustein* and, perhaps, the most interesting. Immediately following the closing of *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window* on Broadway, Laurence Feldman, who was then operating the Mineola Theatre, managed to keep the company together and play for a week at the Mineola Theatre as a special attraction. The play was received with such critical success and audience support that it broke a house record at the Mineola Theatre and, in fact, outgrossed any week played on Broadway.

Heartened by this public reaction, Mr. Feldman then prepared a national tour of *Sidney Brustein*, keeping intact most of the original cast including two of the original stars, Alice Ghostley and Gabriel Dell. Peter Kass was engaged to redirect the tour and with the aid of Robert Nemiroff, Lorraine Hansberry's husband and editor, and original producer, the play was drastically cut and revised along the lines laid down by Miss Hansberry before she died. The play opened in March at the Studebaker Theatre in Chicago, receiving moderate notices, and ran for four weeks with some box office success. However, during this time Director Peter Kass and the company continued heavy work upon the play including two days of special rehearsal on a train between Chicago and Los Angeles.

When *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window* opened in Los Angeles it was hailed by the critics as a major play by a major playwright and called, by all, the finest play of the season. Crowds flocked in and the box office grosses were enormous. The same success was repeated in San Francisco. . . . It is unfortunate that New York City did not have the benefit of seeing this version which proved that *Brustein* could survive at the box office. . . .

Norman E. Rothstein.

Mineola, N.Y.

Ombudsmen

The review of Walter Gellhorn's books on Ombudsmen [*SR*, Jan. 7] is enough to whet the appetite of persons who are interested in fighting bureaucracy. For those who are interested in studying the subject of Ombudsmen further there is a ten-page bibliography on it which is available for 15¢ from the Friends Committee on Legislation (FCL), 2160 Lake St., San Francisco, Calif. 94121.

Charles L. Smith.

Berkeley, Calif.

WEAP and GASP

Reader Freeman's concern with the redundancy of the categories indicated by the term WASP [Letters to Book Review Editor, *SR*, Dec. 10] prompts me to suggest a couple of alternatives. In appropriate contexts we could talk about the WEAP (White Early-American Protestant) or refer to the survival of a union of English and non-Saxon German lineage as a GASP (German Anglo-Saxon Protestant), etc. *SR*'s insomniacs could spend a few nights creating similar acronyms for designating a variety of the social groups in America.

John S. Bross.

Troy, N.Y.

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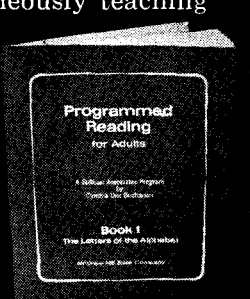

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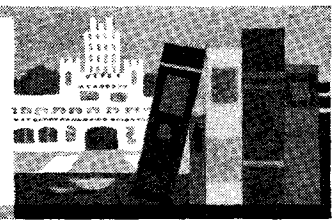
Perspective



Echoes Across the Centuries

THE SAD wet Suffolk countryside is made for reflection. The hard east winds that snap the ploughed earth into a brown cement will not come for another week or so, nor will the clear pale blue skies or the thin snow flurries. Now the clouds are low and the day itself little better than a gray twilight. In my distant village there is never the sound of a vehicle, and the silence is so intense you can hear a bird stir in the bushes. The house, scented with wood fires, is empty, quiet, enclosed but creaking a little with its 500 years. Until guests come in the early evening there is little to do but brood.

It is a curiously appropriate moment to meditate about age and politics—the motif of the concluding volume of my *Life of Sir Robert Walpole*. Walpole was prime minister for a longer time than any other man in English history—twenty-one years. This retention of power fascinates active politicians and, perhaps inevitably, they are more interested in how Sir Robert obtained and held power rather than in how he came to lose it. The effect of age on power is a theme that has haunted me for some time now. After all, the world is still littered with aged and aging politicians.

Walpole was a consummate wheeler and dealer—the best England has ever known. He judged every man's price, pampered the rather insignificant toadies who gave him uncritical support, ruthlessly pursued those who showed him the sharp edge of their criticism. An overweening personality, he could bully, cajole, plead with, threaten, twist a man until he got his vote. His program was stodgy, but worthy—prosperity and, if possible, peace. As artful as LBJ at his best, Walpole so came to dominate political life, particularly the House of Commons, that he became known simply as The Great Man. Envy and exclusion provoked a vociferous opposition (the intellectuals, note, were largely against him) but he slapped it down. Year followed year and King George II succeeded George I, and on and on he went.

Then in the middle 1730s Walpole's friends of a lifetime began to die, and faces were changing in the Commons. The new ones were young, aggressive, hawklike. They wanted to seize the Spanish empire, so they magnified the dangers to British interests of Spain and its ally France. The old xenophobic arguments were trotted out. Spaniards and French were Catholics, Protestant-killers, their governments absolute and tyrannical. They threatened England's vital concerns; the English way of life. And England's mission was to save the world. Freedom must be preserved, which meant throwing the French out of Canada, the Caribbean, India, and grabbing heaps of Spanish territory. Walpole loathed the idea but he loathed losing power more. That he at sixty-two should give it up seemed quite intolerable; by then he felt it was his until death. So he went to war in the West Indies and made an awful mess of it. Friends deserted. He was forced increasingly to rely on men who were repugnant to the few old allies who still stuck by him; the nadir was reached when the rouged, toothless Lord Hervey was made Lord Privy Seal.

NATURALLY he clung desperately to the vestiges of authority, refusing to read any portents, let alone omens. He even did nothing to extricate himself from the war that would, it seemed, ruin his life's work. (It did not, of course; history is never so neat as that.) Still preened, someone said, as if he were going to see his mistress, he strutted to his corner in the House of Commons, expecting, demanding the incense that had wafted before him for so long. But this huge fat man was an aging hulk and, riddled with gout, a rotten one at that. And suddenly politicians could see him as he was; the charisma vanished, the manna disappeared. There he stood, old and gray, with only a few years left to him. He was no route to their future, only a cul de sac.

Of course, it wasn't merely his age. Look at de Gaulle sailing on through his seventies; however, he personifies an idea rigidly fixed in the context of the future—the Revival of France. And then there was Churchill, who, as Lord Moran has shown in those marvelous diaries, was only half a man; yet his authority was based, not on wheeling and dealing, but on historical principles, on a deeply human concept of destiny. By 1950 Churchill, like de Gaulle in the Sixties, had become a symbol to mankind. The future can still be possessed by an aging statesman if he embodies an idea greater than himself, but not by a politician concerned merely with power. Then the stench of decay makes his underlings' nostrils twitch, and they bolt for cover to await his inevitable collapse.

History never has true parallels, although there are echoes and resonances between one era and another. Consider these facts: An escalating war without decision, a war never desired by Walpole that threatened everything he had wished for. The hawks screeched for decisive action, irrespective of consequences, whereas Walpole knew well enough that behind Spain, France was formidably strong. Slowly but certainly the hawks won. Meanwhile Walpole felt the years, each one like ten: and there he was, oscillating between illness and health like a metronome. And then came his awareness that he was a liability to his party, indeed its greatest.

THERE are echoes across the centuries of this in the White House. Will political death at the hands of his own party come as suddenly to LBJ? Certainly there is a sense that time is short, of whole generations quietly deserting. Long before the final blow came for Walpole all youth had given him up as useless: he could neither focus their ambitions nor stir their hearts or minds. They had found a new idol—the young William Pitt—an orator whose biting denunciations seared Walpole's reputation; a man who risked his own future for the sake of what he so passionately felt; indeed, Pitt was consigned by his party for many years to the wilderness because of the flaming rhetoric by which he castigated Walpole. Yet his voice dominated not only his generation but his century.

More perhaps than at any time in human history we need a voice. A quarter of the world is either enjoying or is poised on the brink of fabulous affluence, affluence such as mankind has never before known. But elsewhere there is only hunger, disease, privation, which lead, naturally enough, to desperate remedies, to constriction of liberties for the sake of liberty to eat. If ever there was a time for magnanimity, clothed in a rhetoric of fire that could burn its way into the hearts of men who rule—not in the mansions of state, but in the wards, precincts, and villages—it is now. The power of language, sadly enough, is fading, and the art of inspiring millions of men to aspirations beyond their necessities and indulgences is almost dead. For millennia this was the work of the great religious leaders, whose gnomic utterances seemed to unlock the significance and duties of human life. They belong to a vanished race, their last strange, feeble representative—Gandhi. And the race of revolutionaries, those hard bleak men who reconciled generations to misery and terror for the sake of unborn generations, seem to have found their apotheosis in the poems of Mao or the four-hour ha-

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rangues of Castro, which are about as uplifting as the disquisitions of Origen.

The hard historical truth is that the pursuit of power—with all that it means in terms of wheeling and dealing—has triumphed over religious inspiration, revolutionary fervor, or the vision of statesmen. In politics statesmen are as rare as politicians are common. And, when the most powerful position in the free world might come to them through the harsh realities of national politics, who will now bother to speak to and for generations not yet born? The Johnsons and the Walpoles win. After Walpole's defeat it was not Pitt who secured the prizes, but Walpole's disciples, trained in his techniques and nurtured in his arts of manipulation. All they wanted was Walpole's clothes. They kept the war, and made it global.

THESE are sad thoughts under sad, sad clouds in a sadder landscape: but then 1967 is a sad prospect. Increasing war, elusive victory, race riot and turmoil, an adolescent generation that is increasingly bewildered by a vision of life that contains satisfaction without hope, riches without magnanimity, and achievement without purpose. What a change in a few brief years.

A few brief years, therein lies our sole hope: the hope that a statesman will emerge who will raise the dialogue of politics, who will not be afraid to use the language either of scorn or magnanimity. Listen to the words of that William Pitt to the House of Lords when he pleaded in 1775 for peace with the American colonists, which, of course, their lordships rejected:

> . . . Yet, when I consider the whole case as it lies before me, I am not much astonished, I am not surprised, that men who hate liberty should detest those who prize it; or that those who want virtue themselves should endeavor to persecute those who possess it. . . . The whole of your political conduct has been one continued series of weakness, temerity, despotism, ignorance, futility, negligence, and the most notorious servility, incapacity, and corruption. On reconsideration I must allow you one merit, a strict attention to your own interest, in that view you appear sound statesmen and politicians. You well know, if the present measure should prevail, that you must instantly relinquish your places. Such then being your precarious situations, who should wonder that you can put a negative on any measure which must annihilate your power, deprive you of your emoluments, and at once reduce you to that state of insignificance for which God and nature designed you.

Would that words such as these were heard again. Would they not waken the Senate and reverberate across the nation? Words, words, we heed words as much as actions. —J. H. PLUMB.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER

When Poets Looped the Loop

IT WAS a great time out there, those years when the literary life flourished so heartily, sometimes bumptiously, always excitingly, from the century's turn to the fading out of the 1920s. The Chicago Renaissance, proud Midwesterners called it with a slaphappy inexactness, because how could there be a *re*birth of something that until then had not existed in and around the prairie country's metropolis: a whole community of people talking about literature and frequently creating it, poets singing, storytellers telling stories in new forms, critics serving eagerly as midwives to fresh talent: an army with banners, which seemed quite suddenly to spring from all around those wide horizons.

Well, yes, there had been some notable individual literary talents in the Midwest before this ferment got under way: E. W. Howe *(The Story of a Country Town)*, H. B. Fuller *(The Cliff-Dwellers)*, Hamlin Garland *(Main-Travelled Roads)*. They were worthy pioneers but lonely ones, who could not have foreseen the explosion that was imminent. An explosion and not, I repeat, a renaissance. But we might as well stop quibbling about that, and at the same time excuse the late Dale Kramer for going along with a gaudy tag and making it the title of his last book, *Chicago Renaissance: The Literary Life in the Midwest 1900-1930* (Appleton-Century, $7.95).

So, for the most part, were the stars of Mr. Kramer's pageant. And what a host of memories and pleasures, successes and failure their names evoke—Floyd Dell, Theodore Dreiser, Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay, Francis Hackett, Harriet Monroe, Ben Hecht, Arthur Davison Ficke, and, bringing up the end of the procession in a sort of postscript, such latter-day Chicagoans as James T. Farrell and Nelson Algren, who are important here chiefly as inheritors of those who went before. (That is to say, Farrell could not have become the writer he is without the Dreiser influence.) There is danger, of course, in growing romantic about that Chicago dawn when a covey of rebels were raucously cutting loose from the genteel tradition. There is even more danger, I think, in underestimating it or in neglecting, in the American way, what is still so valuable, enjoyable, and instructive in our past.

No doubt there was a naïveté about those somewhat self-consciously defiant men and women, with their endless discussion of art for art's sake *vs.* realism, their political manifestoes, their tortured adjustments to "pagan love" ("free love" seemed a shade too crude), and their ferocious running fight with the Philistines, of whom pork-rich Chicago had more than its share. What they unquestionably had was a vitality, an essential concern with literature as life, that does not seem to be exactly prevalent today. It ranged from Dreiserian despair to the childlike optimism of the poet Lindsay, who went forth among the farmers to preach "neighborhood democracy and beauty," reciting his ballads as he went in return for lodging and food. How innocent, you seem to hear a Greenwich Village beatnik asking, can a guy get? Moreover, they fell in and out of love, made off with one another's wives and husbands, by turns quarreled and generously defended one another—and, unlike the modern Bohemians, went on working.

Mr. Kramer was neither a literary critic nor a literary historian of the caliber of Van Wyck Brooks, but he was a diligent chronicler and restorer. And so those who know the name of Francis Hackett only as the author of *Henry the Eighth* and *Francis the First* will find him here as the young Irishman who in 1912, not long out of his teens, made the *Chicago Evening Post's* literary pages dance with his wit, his hot-tempered insistence on the right of literature

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1225

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1225 will be found in the next issue.

U OAMKOS OAZUAPH KH K WUXS CT UXTKXD'H SUHAKHA DC PFULF XAPRCOX RCCWH KOA HIRBALD. —NULFDAXRAOM

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1224

Some people do not become thinkers simply because their memories are too good.

—NIETZSCHE.

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to be born and appreciated. Here are the gallant Miss Monroe, who founded the invaluable and still existing *Poetry* magazine, and another dauntless lady editor, Margaret Anderson, whose *Little Review* was to introduce Joyce's *Ulysses* to America. Sadness goes hand in hand with glory, as when Masters's *Spoon River Anthology*, his still-haunting masterpiece, came too late in his passion-ridden life to allow time for further growth. We smile at Sherwood Anderson's theatricality, and wince at his betrayal by a young writer whom he had befriended, Ernest Hemingway. The troubadour who went out to convert the farmers takes his own life.

Was there something about Chicago, as it then was, that gave them their special exuberance, even those who wound up in dark places? One must believe so. For that was the Chicago of Sandburg's poem, the muscular Tool-maker and Stacker of Wheat. It was still the gateway to the frontier, and rang with the frontier's echoes. It roared with vulgarity and menace. It *lived*. The aspiring writers who came to it, usually from small towns, also had lived. Some of them had ridden the rails, worked with their hands, acquired a rough-and-ready socialism in hobo jungles. By the time they reached Chicago they had something to sing, say, or shout about, and that is what chiefly distinguishes them from their mild-voiced, more "refined" counterparts in our time. It is not to denigrate serious realists of our day to venture the notion that they suffer by comparison with Dreiser because they do not begin to know life as he knew it. Not always for reasons of their own making, they are withdrawn and specialized, delicately self-searching and tiresomely self-pitying. Our major poets now are surely more subtle than Lindsay, but are they more poetic than the Lindsay of "General William Booth Enters Heaven" whose bardic art restored poetry in his time to the people? "Booth beat boldly on his big bass drum. . ." The music still resounds.

It was the literary capital of America. H. L. Mencken said so, in 1920. But then, in a matter of a few years, it was not. New York glitter and the magnet of money drew most of them away, and most of them never wrote so well again. There were exceptions – Ring Lardner (whom Mr. Kramer unaccountably leaves unmentioned), the Dreiser of *An American Tragedy*, Hackett as a biographer and critic. Others simply became slick, like Ben Hecht, who turned into a roman candle heading off in all directions. Chicago had shaped them and then lost them, and itself was never again to be quite the same place without them. The army with banners had gone, but it made a mighty show before time caught up with it. —JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

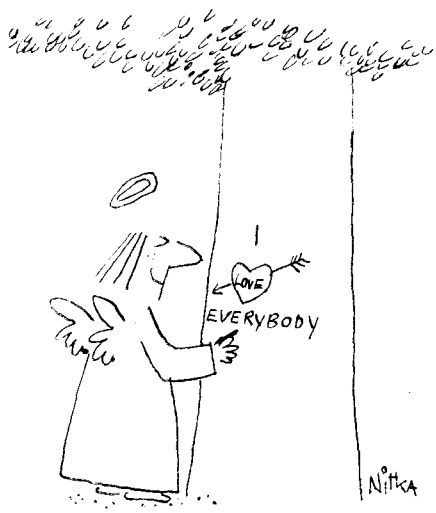
Squalls in the Windy City

***Division Street: America**, by Studs Terkel (Pantheon. 381 pp. $5.95), composed of tape-recorded talks with seventy Chicagoans, conveys the loneliness, aimlessness, and malaise that haunt contemporary Americans. Herbert Mitgang, author and critic, is currently editing Carl Sandburg's letters.*

By HERBERT MITGANG

NOBODY in *Division Street: America* would make the invitation list for a Truman Capote masked ball. They are not Beautiful People or People Who Can Do You Some Good. Studs Terkel, a Chicago radio interviewer [see *SR*, TV AND RADIO, Dec. 24], created his book from tape-recorded talks with seventy people—landladies, cops, Golden Gloves, senior citizens, homeowners and homemakers, schoolteachers, salesmen, Negroes and other minorities, socialites, and members of the John Birch Society. Out of all this comes an interior sociological study, not necessarily valid and universal for the types covered but effective in conveying the mumbled malaise that haunts many Americans at the two-thirds-of-a-century mark.

All the interviews, running from one to seven pages each, are with Chicagoans, including those who arrived from other parts of the country because this city was somehow their place of dreams. So these are, to begin with, regional people living in a Nelson Algren Gehenna: "It's every man for himself in this hired air. Yet once you've become part of this particular patch, you'll never love another. Like loving a woman with a broken nose, you may find lovelier lovelies. But never a lovely so real."



Selection being the essential element of taped talks, the author's personal vision of his city comes across clearly. Despite the vitality that runs through the book the loudest sounds are of loneliness, aimlessness, unhappiness. Listen to the voices of the pseudonymous people:

Lois Arthur, early sixties, ex-domestic: "I'm praying and hoping for just one thing, that the white man does not get to the moon, if there's anybody up there. They don't have to be colored, black, just different. I certainly hope that the white man don't get up there with his prejudices and spoil the moon . . . I like the Bomb, because it's not prejudiced."

Jim Campaigne, twenty-five, neighborhood newspaper editor: "There is a frustration that is horrifying. In my community as well as anywhere else. You can't pin it down to one thing. Some people worry about the big problems. You listen to the chatter of people in supermarkets, on trains, everywhere . . . I'm not gonna lose any sleep over the Bomb. It bothers me the same way the possibility of getting killed in an auto bothers me."

Dennis Hart, twenty-six, cab-driver: "I am now a member of the John Birch Society. It is a great society, one I believe in and one I would fight for . . . Martin Luther King scares me because he's done destructive things in peaceful ways . . . To me the ultimate leader would be General MacArthur."

Elizabeth Chapin, seventy-five, widow: "I can't get this [newspaper photograph of a terrified Vietnamese woman and her child] out of my mind. That woman has the same right to live and the same right for her—shall we say freedom? —or at least her chances to live and not be cowed down, protecting her naked child, while soldiers go by. That picture has moved me a great deal . . . Don't you think at this time in our life, in our culture, we should be able to do something beside shoot each other?"

Jan Powers, twenty-four, magazine staff member: "I don't notice the world. I'm very bored . . . Vietnam? Isn't that a shame? (Laughs softly.) I saw a film on Vietnam, it showed the actual fighting. It looked ridiculous, just a bunch of kids. It was actually embarrassing to watch

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that, people were actually shooting and shouting."

After reading these spoken impressions in sequence, a question arises in the reader's mind. Is the note of despair caused by exterior events such as Vietnam or by personal experiences such as prejudice? The author of *Division Street: America* does not himself offer the answer.

"This book is in no way intended as a survey," Mr. Terkel explains. "Nor is it an attempt to spell out conclusions, joyful or joyless, about Chicago or any other American city. It is neither the believer's Good News nor the doubter's bad report. It is simply the adventures of one man, equipped with a tape recorder and badgered by the imp of curiosity, making unaccustomed rounds for a year, trying to search out the thoughts of non-celebrated people—thoughts concerning themselves, past and present, the city, the society, the world."

And therein lies the nagging doubt about a book derived, for the most part, from recorded talks. When a machine stands between interviewer and subject, artistry suffers; memorable reportage must be one author's own distillation and interpretation. In addition, a mosaic book has too many bits and pieces visible—unless it is a rare work of art, like Dos Passos's *U.S.A.* The medium should not intrude on the message, least of all in books. *Division Street: America* is excellent research in search of a book. *Chicago: City on the Make,* by Nelson Algren, remains the classic study of that city and its people.

The Paradox of Democracy

Freedom and Order: A Commentary on the American Political Scene, *by Henry Steele Commager (Braziller. 320 pp. $6.50), collects twenty-seven of the author's essays on "the paradox of majority power and minority rights." Donald Young is an editor at American Heritage and author of "American Roulette: The History and Dilemma of the Vice Presidency."*

By DONALD YOUNG

MANY years have passed since Cyrano de Bergerac first tilted at his sworn enemies—prejudice, hypocrisy, expediency, and silliness. Those ills remain with us, and they absorb the attention of certain men, who, wielding pens rather than swords, carry on the endless fight. In the preface to his latest book, Henry Steele Commager finds it "surprising, almost disconcerting, to look back . . . over thirty years and discover . . . how long you have been preoccupied with those problems which still . . . excite your interest and stir your imagination and require your participation."

In *Freedom and Order* Dr. Commager, professor of history at Amherst College, has collected twenty-seven of his essays, most of them published in periodicals between 1947 and 1966. He says that they have a unity of theme—a concern with the reconciliation of liberty and order in a world troubled by the eccentricities of both. A few essays do not quite fit in, but all are important, provocative, and, except for several dealing with recent U.S. foreign policy, well stated.

For centuries, says Commager, philosophers imagined governments that derived their authority from the people. Americans institutionalized those dreams through the Bill of Rights, checks and balances, the federal system, judicial review, and the sanction of law. Out of this triumph came "the paradox of democracy and limited government or, if you will, of majority power and minority rights."

Americans had to resolve their paradox, had to demonstrate that democracy would not get out of hand, that constitutional limitations would not be struck down. Have we succeeded? Commager does not permit us to pass the test easily. "Our concern is not with liberty as such, but with liberty as the essential condition for order, and with those liberties that take on meaning only when directed to social ends. Our concern is not with order as such—after all, the Nazis promised that—but with order as the essential framework for liberty."

Commager considers that the national government is best able to preserve and enlarge the area of freedom for Americans (many advocates of states' rights are viewed as hypocrites), but assaults on personal liberty by governments at all levels alarm him. He deplores recent intervention in the areas of the press, religion, education, and association. Surveying the principal instances—from the Alien and Sedition Acts to McCarthyism—in the history of the denial of minority rights, Commager concludes, tentatively, that almost always where government conjured up dire consequences as the certain result of the exercise of particular liberties in time of alleged emergency, such alarms and suppressions proved unfounded. Jefferson said, "Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it." But, says Commager, we often attack freedom rather than tolerate its occasional abuse. If a young radical wants to visit Hanoi, it is not enough to argue that he may embarrass the government, because "the habit of embarrassing government by the exercise of Constitutional rights is something that democracies have to learn to live with."

But can't we fudge on the Constitution once in a while? "We cannot have a society half slave and half free; nor can we have thought half slave and half free. If we create an atmosphere in which men fear to think independently, inquire fearlessly, express themselves freely, we will in the end create the kind of society in which men no longer care to think independently or to inquire fearlessly."

Commager states many self-evident truths that may not, in fact, be evident to the unconverted or younger reader. It is "evident," for example, that "the whole body of security regulations and activities does serious damage to scientific progress." This collection of individual essays has not afforded the author the opportunity to drive home such assertions with necessary documentation. References in passing to Robert Oppenheimer or Linus Pauling do not clinch his contention that controversial scientists have suffered under pressure from government or misguided public opinion.

Consequently, these essays do not constitute a thorough, ordered study of the state of dissent or of scientific inquiry in America today, nor does Commager claim that they do. When such a study is written, it ought to treat aspects he omits; for example, the disappearance of newspapers, the fatuity of many editor-

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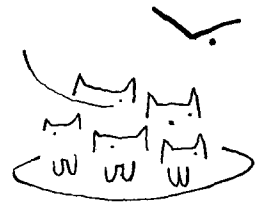
ial pages that survive, and the failure of radio and television to disseminate ideas effectively. Such a book should also deal with the quality of dissent. The author says that the justification and purpose of freedom of speech is to prevent error and discover truth. But often today dissenters are so contemptuous of the majority, so unkempt intellectually and sartorially, so incapable of advancing reasonable alternatives to policies they oppose, and so awash with self-pity that they bring down on themselves a contumely that often has little relation to the validity of their ideas. Gangs of "students" rocking a police car at Berkeley or shouting down Robert McNamara at Cambridge are not likely to lose their Constitutional rights, but they are not likely to be listened to either.

A scorching indictment of U.S. foreign policy will disturb many readers, including some of those prepared to concede that the Johnson Administration suffers from a credibility gap, that U.S. military action in Vietnam has claimed civilian lives, and that a U.N. peace overture was rebuffed. Commager says that we have "a double standard in political and moral conduct, one for the United States and one for the rest of the world." He adds that Americans assume they are "somehow outside the workings of history, above the processes of history. . . ." He contends we are imbued with the idea that we were blessed by a special providence and rewarded with a special destiny. References to our treatment of the Indians, Mexicans, and others are unexceptionable. And the author notes correctly that many of our postwar problems stem from assumptions which were generally sound in 1945 but are not today—that Communism was monolithic, that the world was divided into two power complexes, that we could retain our atomic monopoly, etc.

But he concludes that as a result of the demolition of our assumptions—and because of the double standard—our foreign policy is bankrupt. He asserts: "We presume to be defending Asia against Communism and against Chinese aggression, but not a single Asian country supports us . . . we are forcing Southeast Asia, and above all Vietnam, to look to China . . . one is sometimes tempted to wonder if [our Vietnam policy] was not planned in Peking. . . ." In Vietnam we bomb helpless villages, as the Nazis did, "and worse yet spray them with napalm."

Commager compares the Vietnamese war with the U.S. campaign to suppress the Filipino insurrection in 1899. Then, as now, many intellectuals opposed a



U.S. resort to arms. The author declares, "We need not decide now whether those who protested [the Filipino] war were right or wrong. It is sufficient to remember that we honor Mark Twain and William James, regard Jane Addams as one of the greatest of American women, and still read Godkin. . . ." For what reasons, primarily, do we honor Twain, *et al.*, today? In Commager's analogy, is the mere fact that intellectuals took a stand more important than whether they were right or wrong? If it is too soon to award the palm for clear thinking in 1899, what must we conclude about someone who is certain that he knows where to fix the blame in the complex Vietnamese crisis of today?

And must one, in order to avoid being charged with claiming a superior morality for the United States, accept the idea that our foreign policy since World War II has been based on no higher motivations than those which, say, prompted Khrushchev to send tanks into Budapest in 1956?

"We" are indicted for more heinous crimes. "Basic to our readiness [Who in authority is ready?] to consider the use of nuclear weapons is a deep immorality —the notion that somehow Oriental lives are not as precious as American lives [Who subscribes to that view?], that to rescue some thousands of American soldiers who have no clear business being where they are at all, we would be justified in killing some hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese or of Chinese civilians as well as soldiers." What operations afoot or contemplated would cause such carnage, and who is promoting them? In closing, the author condemns "the sin of supposing that we are a special people, exempt from those rules of morality which apply to all others."

Who will dare offer a dissent to this author who is so concerned with dissent? Dr. Commager provides the rebuttal himself. In an essay written in 1953, during the McCarthy era, he looks back on all the crises and wars in our history and finds "that we have survived them without sacrifice of basic institutions or principles. On the contrary, recurrent crises have strengthened our character, toughened our institutions, and confirmed the validity of our principles. . . . We have survived and flourished . . . because we are the kind of people we are; because we respond energetically to challenge and to crisis; because we cling stubbornly to certain practices and principles of conduct."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

THEY COME IN PAIRS

Just one word marks the difference between the titles in each of these pairs of literary works. The authors are given; Lorraine Reitano of Hammonton, N.J., asks you to complete the titles. If you miss any, turn to page 41.

1. *The Little* _____	James M. Barrie
The Little _____	Lillian Hellman
2. *The Voice of the* _____	John Van Druten
The Voice of the _____	O. Henry
3. *The* _____ *Papers*	Henry James
The _____ *Papers*	James Russell Lowell
4. *This Side of* _____	Taylor Caldwell
This Side of _____	F. Scott Fitzgerald
5. _____ *Row*	John Steinbeck
_____ *Row*	Henry Bellamann
6. *Doctor* _____	Boris Pasternak
Doctor _____	Thomas Mann
7. _____ *Street*	Sinclair Lewis
_____ *Street*	Fannie Hurst
8. *An American* _____	Norman Mailer
An American _____	Theodore Dreiser
9. *The Green* _____	Marc Connelly
The Green _____	Michael Arlen

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Terror in a Place of Doves

One of Our H-Bombs Is Missing, *by Flora Lewis (McGraw-Hill. 225 pp. $5.95), and* ***The Day They Lost the H-Bomb,*** *by Christopher Morris (Coward-McCann. 192 pp. $5), tell what happened last year when one of our B-52s collided with an aerial tanker over Palomares. Ogden R. Reid, who is former United States Ambassador to Israel, is a member of the House of Representatives.*

By OGDEN R. REID

FLORA LEWIS, one of America's ablest reporters, and until recently correspondent of the *Washington Post* in Bonn, London, and New York, has written a thoughtful, poignant, and engrossing account of the Palomares affair.

Here, on January 17, 1966, a small Spanish town reflecting "the innocence of one age" collided with "the shared despairs and hopes of another" when a Strategic Air Command B-52 ran into an aerial tanker, releasing four unarmed H-bombs.

One of Our H-Bombs Is Missing (to be published March 6) deals with the "eighty overwhelming days of fear and strain and ingenuity and effort" that followed. For the village of Palomares—the place of the doves—"the legacy of the bomb was not anger, not disease or damage, but the insidious, consuming plague of uncertainty that had already swept much of the world and had reached out to infect a handful of people whose poverty had been a shield."

The graphic and highly readable account covers the take-off and crash of SAC Bomber 256; the prompt and vast actions taken by the U.S. government's "Broken Arrow" or nuclear accident procedures; the arrival within hours of doctors and disaster control teams; the recovery of the first three bombs within twenty-four hours, and the agonizing and skillful underwater probe by small research submarines, culminating in the recovery of H-bomb number four, eighty days later on April 7—after it had been lost two additional times at 2,500 and 2,800 feet depths, where darkness prevailed and visibility was often limited to six feet.

Miss Lewis describes the fear that came to the villagers of Palomares from abroad—the foreign broadcasts that spoke of "possible tragic consequences of nuclear contamination"—while the Spanish and U.S. governments were virtually immobilized over what the "public should be told" and as a result said nothing "to settle the rumors" for weeks.

Fear, fed on rumor and lack of official word, spread further than the actual radiation when plutonium was scattered by the detonation of conventional explosives in two of the bombs. In spite of efforts by U.S. Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke, it was not until some forty-three days had elapsed that official comment came from Madrid and Washington and the fact of radiation was admitted. By then—even though some guarded assurances were made to the villagers that every precaution was being taken, including medical tests, advice to townspeople, and substantial decontamination measures (plowing under of fields, destruction of tomato plants)—bewilderment was followed by a "growing sense of helplessness."

"*Radioactividad*" was on everyone's lips. The destruction of crops led to fears that all fresh food was dangerous; for the fishermen of nearby towns the price of shrimp plummeted; and people would not eat what came "fresh from the sea."

The Spanish government felt silence was the best policy lest tourism and exports be hurt. The U.S. was convinced that it could say little until the Spanish agreed. To help reassure public opinion, Ambassador Duke, along with the Minister of Tourism, Señor Manuel Fraga Iribarne, took a diplomatic swim at Palomares March 7.

Predictably, the USSR made the most of a propaganda advantage. Radio Moscow broadcast that "weeks have gone by and the bomb is still in the sea, irradiating the water and the fish."

On February 16 the Soviet Minister of Foreign Affairs handed U.S. Ambassador Foy Kohler a note claiming the U.S. had broken its commitments under the 1963 Test Ban Treaty and stating, "It is common knowledge that . . . the southern coast of Spain and also the sea expanses washing it are now subjected to radioactive contamination from U.S. nuclear weapons." The note "demanded an immediate end to all such flights 'beyond the boundaries of national frontiers.'"

The following day Soviet Ambassador Semyon Tsarapkin read from the note at the Geneva Disarmament Conference and added that "a densely populated Mediterranean area is now in grave danger."

He was promptly and forthrightly told by American delegate William C. Foster that the "charges were false" and that the Soviets, by not even waiting for a U.S. answer to their note, were indulging in a propaganda ploy.

Subsequently, on February 25, the U.S. was to answer formally the Soviet note, pointing out that "no violation" of the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty had occurred; that "no radioactive pollution of the sea was involved," and that it was a matter of "deep regret that the Soviet Union should be willing to distort the meaning of international treaties to suit the purpose of a propaganda campaign."

The whole matter of nuclear overflights beyond national boundaries was to be raised again last fall in the United Nations' Committee I—by Poland and the Ukraine—but the NATO countries, as well as certain Latin American and African nations, rallied to the United States' defense, and the resolution was withdrawn without a vote.

Earlier Spain had asked that the overflights be ended, and on January 22 the U.S. had agreed. They have not been resumed.

Eight weeks after the accident some 604 acres of topsoil had been scraped in Palomares, and an agreement was reached to ship the "mildly radioactive soil" to the U.S. for burial near the Savannah River, at Aiken, South Carolina.

With the recovery of the fourth bomb the Americans were to leave. A legacy of uncertainty remained. "Maybe it is all right," the villagers said, "and maybe it isn't. Who knows? You just don't feel so quiet any more." It has been "calculated that fifty years after a person absorbed a dose of plutonium (which is a bone-seeker) 80 per cent of the dose would still be in his body."

Dr. Wright Langham, the Los Alamos plutonium expert who supervised the decontamination efforts in concert with the Spanish atomic energy officials, will return in February to Palomares to conduct extensive tests once again. Dr.

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Langham is "extremely confident" that these tests will show "no real problem," but he, along with others in the government, recognizes the clear and continued responsibility of the U.S.—in concert with Spanish authorities—to make sure. The fine plutonium particles were carried by the wind over an area of about "one square mile," and a "few people," it is believed, "inhaled or ingested" very small amounts. Further careful tests of the effect on tomatoes of plutonium in the soil transported from Palomares are being carried on in New Mexico, but the tomatoes as yet "are not growing well." This, according to Dr. Langham, may be a question of whether the sample is good agricultural soil; and in Palomares the plowing to depths could have upset the soil balance and raised the salt level.

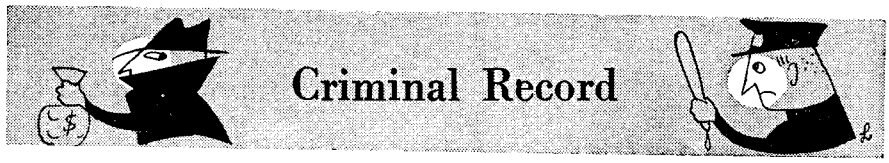
In *The Day They Lost the H-Bomb*, Christopher Morris, a correspondent of the London *Daily Express*, has written from firsthand observation a straight news report of the events following the crash over Palomares. It is a crisp account—but in a few technical instances differs with U.S. Defense Department estimates of what occurred. The Pentagon states that the B-52 and the aerial tanker "never hooked up"; Morris reports that pumping began. The refinding of the fourth H-bomb on April 2 was accomplished, according to the Pentagon, by the manned submersible *Alvin*; Morris reports it was located by a remote controlled underwater platform called CURV.

In the main, however, *The Day They Lost the H-Bomb* is a worthwhile account of what happened, and particularly valuable as it highlights the problems official censorship somewhat needlessly imposed on reporters and the villagers directly involved.

Flora Lewis's book, on the other hand, is an intensely human story. More than that, it focuses clearly on our atomic age and "the ultimate dilemma of maintaining ultimate power."

Today the United States stands at the threshold of an agreement on nuclear nonproliferation with the Soviets (which, if it is to mean much, must be signed before too long by the Red Chinese); the U.S. and the USSR also have a chance in the next few months—perhaps their last—to draw back from a new nuclear arms race of a much higher order of magnitude, involving a new generation of ICBMs and an extraordinarily costly anti-ballistic missile system.

The true legacy of Palomares should be to remind the world of how close to the precipice we have come and the imperatives now of establishing a nuclear freeze to be followed, under strict international inspection, by a mutual reduction in weapons and delivery vehicles.



A Pictorial History of Crime. *By Julian Symons. Crown.* $10. This lavishly illustrated (700-plus photos), well-written, ably edited conspectus of felony (mainly murder) from Charles Peace (b. 1832) to the Great Train Robbery is an altogether fascinating production.

Imperial Agent: The Goleniewski-Romanov Case. *By Guy Richards. Devin-Adair.* $5.95. To enjoy this well-handled narrative to the full, you must accept the premise that the Russian royal family was not, repeat not, wiped out by a Red firing squad in Siberia on July 16/17, 1918.

Jesse James Was His Name. *By William A. Settle, Jr. University of Missouri Press.* $6. This compendium of "fact and fiction concerning the careers of the notorious James Brothers" describes just how they became "a significant part of American political and social history." Here's painstaking scholarship that packs a wallop.

Deadline. *By Thomas B. Dewey. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95. Mac, Chi. eye (we *almost* learn his full name in this one), explores downstate Illinois for evidence that will save farm youth from chair. Nicely paced, as always.

The King of the Rainy Country. *By Nicolas Freeling. Harper & Row.* $4.50. Inspector Van der Valk of Amsterdam police covers much ground (Netherlands, Germany, Austria, French-Spanish border) in search for trading company chief. Humor content high, even if star performer does get shot up a bit.

It Won't Get You Anywhere. *By Desmond Skirrow. Lippincott.* $4.95. Weekend British secret agent unearths plot to black out most of U.K. Goons and boffins abound; Wales was never as wild as this; something doing every split second.

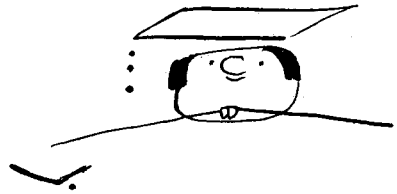
Midnight Hag. *By Joan Fleming. Ives Washburn.* $3.95. English painter, acquitted of murder of first spouse, finds rural neighbors eyeing him for death of second. Delightful much of the way, but dénouement is superelaborate.

Ocean Road. *By Jack Bennett. Little, Brown.* $4.95. British agent, fomenting revolution in new African republic, runs into gory opposition. Reads like a fast documentary, with fine flavor of authenticity.

Spanish Duet. *By Francis Clifford. Coward-McCann.* $4.95. Packaged here are two unrelated tales (*Time Is an Ambush* and *The Trembling Earth*), both based on the Iberian seacoast, both superbly managed.

The Magic Grandfather. *By Doris Miles Disney. Crime Club.* $3.50. Broken-down old vaudevillean raises hob on visit to Connecticut community; there are violent deaths, old and new. A wee mite tricky, but told with the old zing.

When Eight Bells Toll. *By Alistair MacLean. Doubleday.* $4.95. British Secret Service task force scouring west coast of Scotland in hunt for hijacking mob encounters wild weather, wild scenery, wild men. Action is fast, furious, feral.



Two After Malic. *By Ludovic Peters. Walker.* $3.50. Who besides British want to nab Russian biochemist? Failure of first attempts only increases tension; later action is in U.S. Midwest.

The Episode at Toledo. *By Ann Bridge. McGraw-Hill.* $5.95. When British diplomatist's Hungarian-born wife overhears plot to rub out U.S. admiral, she's headed for trouble on a collision course. Fine jane-in-jam job, with splendid views of Spain and Portugal.

Deathblow Hill. *By Phoebe Atwood Taylor.* ***File for Record.*** *By same author writing as Alice Tilton. Norton.* $3.95 *each.* Two more reissues, one an Asey Mayo (1935) and the second a Leonidas Witherall (1943).

The 9th Directive. *By Adam Hall. Simon & Schuster.* $4.95. This second rousing Quiller spy tale should go even better than first as result of launching of movie starring Sir Alec Guinness. The scene here is Bangkok.

—Sergeant Cuff.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. *Minister/Foxes.* 2. *Turtle/City.* 3. *Aspern/Biglow.* 4. *Innocence/Paradise.* 5. *Cannery/Kings.* 6. *Zhivago/Faustus.* 7. *Main/Back.* 8. *Dream/Tragedy.* 9. *Pastures/Hat.*

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Heir to Heracles

A World Elsewhere, *by John Bowen (Coward-McCann. 217 pp. $4.50), tries to wed the story of a retired British statesman to the myth of Philoctetes. Eric Moon is editor of Library Journal.*

By ERIC MOON

"MYTHS are not topical," says John Bowen in his introductory note to *A World Elsewhere,* and this may have been his reason for bringing together in his novel a contemporary story and one that was old when Sophocles used it. The purpose of the Greek myth here, one guesses, is to provide an added dimension, a depth or timelessness intended to elevate the central story above a rather shallow contemporaneity. But for all the author's technical skill, he cannot really marry the ancient to the modern work. The two themes do not so much share a room as take turns in it, and the constant hurtling back and forth across the intolerable span of years leaves one feeling a little as those unfortunate characters in TV's time tunnel must feel—forever adjusting, always a little off balance.

The story takes place on the island of Lemnos. There, in self-imposed isolation, lives Gareth Payne, the grand "Old Man" who had walked out of British politics with his reputation for honesty unscathed. On that same island, in Greek legend, had Philoctetes, inheritor of the bow and poisoned arrows of Heracles, been abandoned by the Greeks because they could not live with his pain and the stink of his festering, incurable wound.

—*Jerry Bauer.*

John Bowen—"a cool irony."

While Payne, philosopher-historian as well as politician, has been living his life of solitude and working on a retelling of the Philoctetes legend, trouble has been brewing back on that other island he used to call home. His party, rocked by scandal (remember Profumo and Christine?), has become desperate for the Old Man's unique but uncomfortable weapon: his honesty—just as the Greeks, failing to dent the walls of Troy for many years, had become convinced that only the bow of Philoctetes could do the trick. So, off to Lemnos incognito is sent Roger Turner (a modern Neoptolemus). The mission of this young, ambitious, and callow M.P. is to persuade Payne that the party has need of him, that he must come back and take over the reins of power.

Each of the stories, the ancient and the modern, taken separately, is well handled. Roger's problems en route to Lemnos with an old mistress, Agatha, and with a new lover she has acquired on vacation, prepare one for his weakness and failure when he finally comes to face the grandeur and the inscrutability of the Old Man. It is all told with a cool irony, and the characterizations of the weak Roger and the brashly unconventional Agatha are delightful. The older tale, too, is recounted with a blend of nobility and pompousness that seems superbly appropriate as a sort of Churchillian version of Greek myth.

But, while the variety and contrast of style and the counterpoint between classic and contemporary are impressive, the technique in the end is obtrusive, perhaps even destructive. Payne, the really central character, remains shadowy and is never fully explored, and herein lies the book's basic weakness. The Greek passages, imposing in themselves, are nevertheless only decorative and artificial trappings, muting the style, the humor, and the pace of the modern story.

In Search of Septimus Tuam: Admirers of tempests in teapots should have a dandy time with *The Love Department,* by William Trevor (Viking, $5.50). The setting is England, and the novel is rich in improbable characters quite logically working their way into hilarious confusion and out again to a happy ending, with heroes rewarded, villains foiled, and love triumphant. Love triumphant is most important, because this is what the book is all about.

The title refers to a section of a large London magazine conducted by Lady Dolores Bourhardie, a near-dwarf and England's most popular counselor to the unhappily married. Love in marriage is Lady Dolores's sole concern, the one cause she champions—though she herself has never married. But there is a constant intruder in Lady Dolores's dream of an England of total marital bliss. She has received too many letters from too many Wimbledon housewives referring to one Septimus Tuam, who passed through their lives leaving behind the tatters of marriages the ladies can barely put up with after having known the beauty of Septimus's love. To Lady Dolores, Septimus Tuam is an "enemy of love" and must be stopped at all costs.

When Edward Blakeston-Smith enters her office, having just come to London from St. Gregory's, where he has been recovering from a nervous breakdown marked by a terror of billboards, Lady Dolores knows she has found the man to send out after Septimus. The absolute babyish innocence of Edward is the perfect match for Septimus's evil. So off Edward goes to Wimbledon.

There is a proper dinner party that turns to a shambles involving a charwoman and her pub pals and a monkey in a tartan jacket. There is a long-overdue act of vengeance in which a spurned lady smashes her lover's dentures the night before he is to make his big business coup. And always there is Septimus Tuam, accidentally meeting married ladies by deliberately making runs in their stockings with the tip of his umbrella. Wacky scenes, offbeat characters—*The Love Department* has them all. And if it is a tempest in a teapot, the pot is a large and sturdy one. For William Trevor, dryly poking around among the middle classes, is not out only to amuse. He is taking a long, hard look at love and marriage. —HASKEL FRANKEL.

Little by Little

By Robert Wallace

I MOVE toward you by difficult
halves, like Xeno's dwindling steps,
that prove
mountains are impossible
as spring, and selves can never love.

Yet here, opening, is spring's illogic,
solipsisms of thrush and petal;
mountains nudge and nurse at the sky.
And I am coming—oh, little by little!

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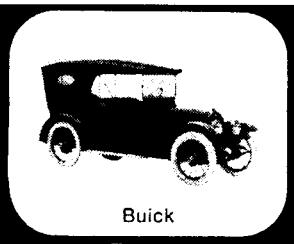
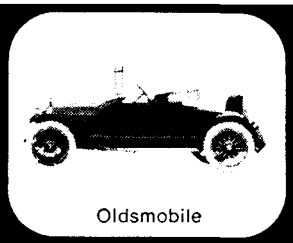
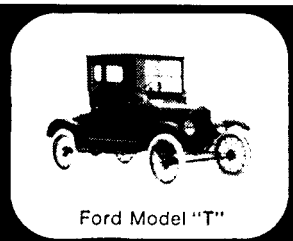
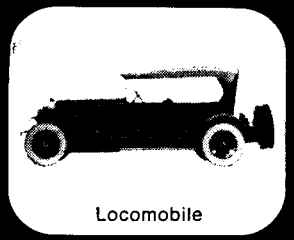

Buick
1915

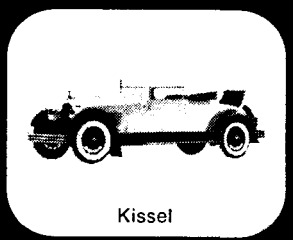

Oldsmobile
1916

Oakland
1917

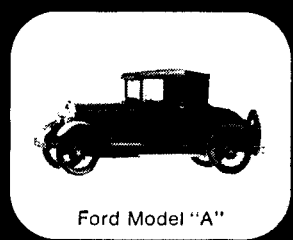

Ford Model "T"
1918

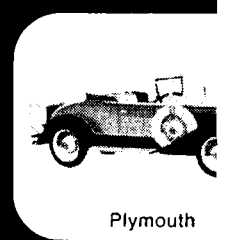
Franklin
1919

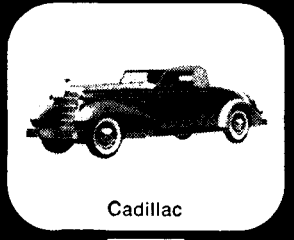

Locomobile
1925

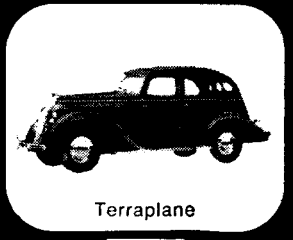

Kissel
1926

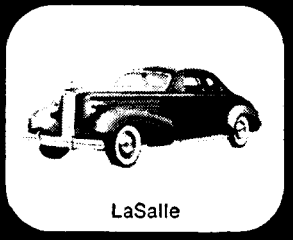
Jordan
1927

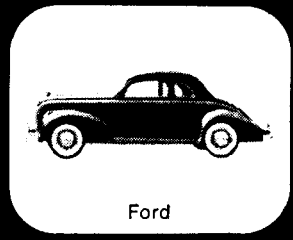

Ford Model "A"
1928

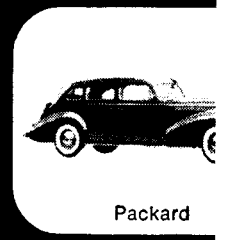

Plymouth
1929


Cadillac
1935


Terraplane
1936

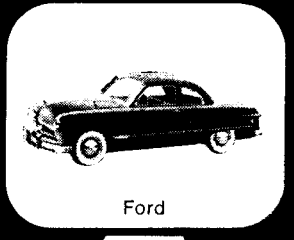

LaSalle
1937

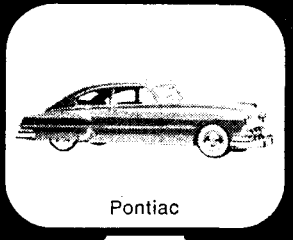

Ford
1938

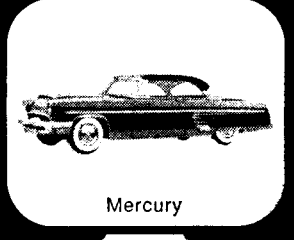

Packard
1939

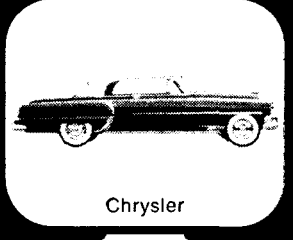
Staff Car (Ford)
1945

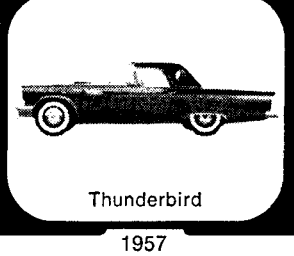
DeSoto
1946

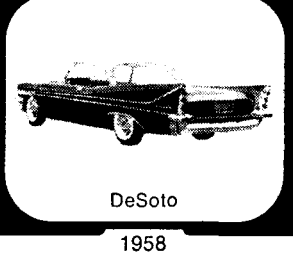

Ford
1949

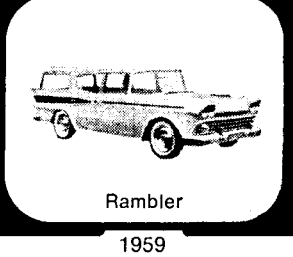

Pontiac
1950

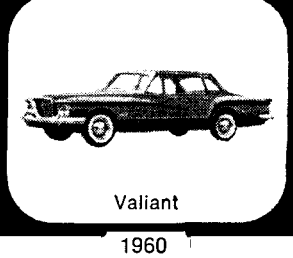

Mercury
1953


Chrysler
1954


Thunderbird
1957

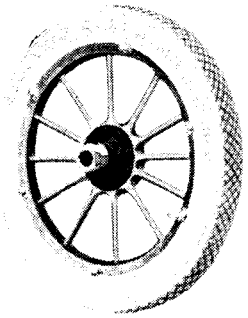

DeSoto
1958


Rambler
1959


Valiant
1960

Willys
1961

MORE PEOPLE RID
THAN ON A
...and that's been tru



GOOD

AMERICA'S

1915 Goodyear All-Weather tire

For a full-color reprint of this advertisement, send a postcard to Goodyear, P. O. Box 88, Akron, Ohi

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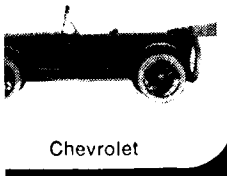
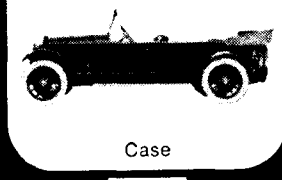


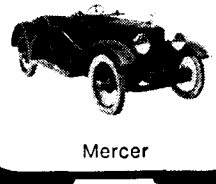
Chevrolet

1920



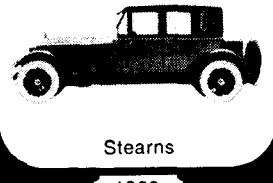
Case

1921



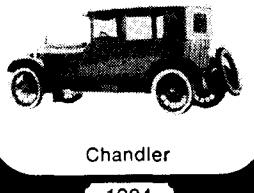
Mercer

1922



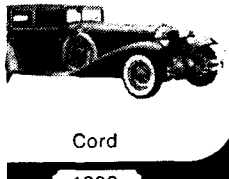
Stearns

1923



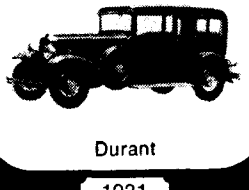
Chandler

1924



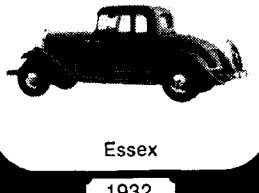
Cord

1930



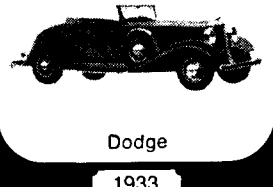
Durant

1931



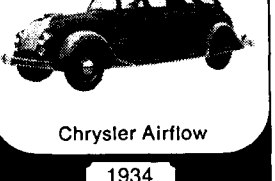
Essex

1932



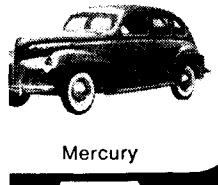
Dodge

1933



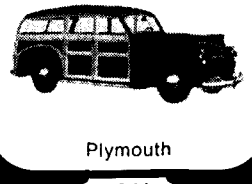
Chrysler Airflow

1934



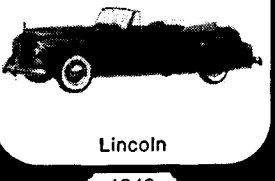
Mercury

1940



Plymouth

1941

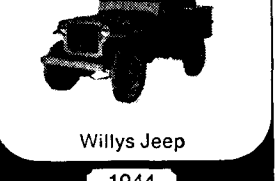


Lincoln

1942

Military Amphibian

1943



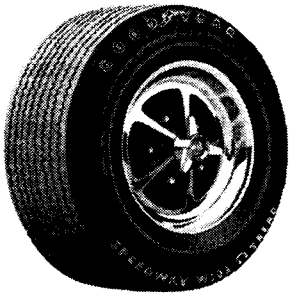
Willys Jeep

1944

N GOODYEAR TIRES
OTHER KIND
52 consecutive years

YEAR

R ONE TIRE

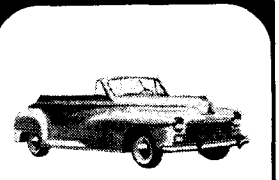


1967 Goodyear Speedway Wide Tread tire

All-Weather, Speedway Wide Tread — T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Kaiser

1947



Dodge

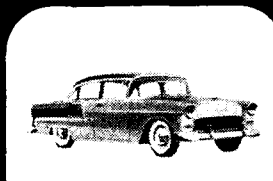
1948

Nash Rambler

1951

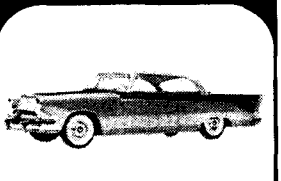
Plymouth

1952



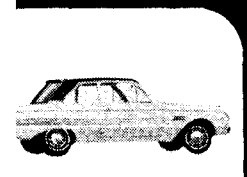
Chevrolet

1955



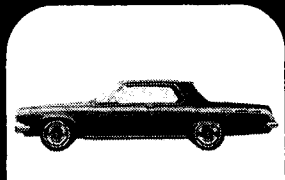
Dodge

1956



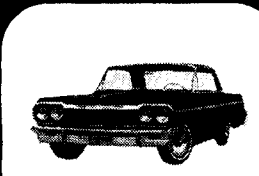
Falcon

1962



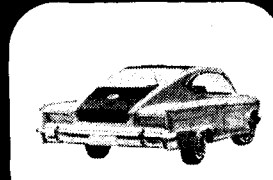
Dodge

1963



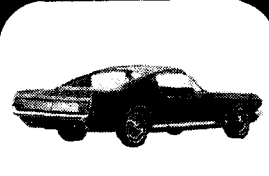
Chevrolet

1964



Marlin

1965



Mustang

1966

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

DEATH ON RESERVE. By Josephine Bell. Macmillan. $3.95.

THE VERDICTS WERE JUST: Eight Famous Lawyers Present Their Most Memorable Cases. Edited by Albert Averback and Charles Price. McKay. $5.95.

WOLVES, WIDOWS AND ORPHANS. By Dan Tyler Moore. World. $5.95.

Current Affairs

THE ARROGANCE OF POWER. By J. William Fulbright. Random House. $4.95.

THE HUNGRY GENERATION: Religious Attitudes and Needs in a State University. By John A. Hardon, S. J. Newman Press. $5.75.

THE KASHMIR PROBLEM: A Historical Survey. By Alastair Lamb. Praeger. $5.

OVERCHARGE. By U.S. Senator Lee Metcalf and Vic Reinemer. McKay. $5.95.

U.S. AID TO TAIWAN: A Study of Foreign Aid, Self-Help, and Development. By Neil H. Jacoby. Praeger. $8.50.

Fiction

THE AYLWINS. By J. I. M. Stewart. Norton. $4.95.

THE BASTILLE DAY PARADE. By Kenneth Lamott. McKay. $4.95.

THE BUTTERFLY REVOLUTION. By William Butler. Putnam. $4.95.

ENEMY AND BROTHER. By Dorothy Salisbury Davis. Scribners. $4.95.

A FLIGHT OF STEPS. By Robert Nicolson. Knopf. $3.95.

GO DOWN DEAD. By Shane Stevens. Morrow. $4.95.

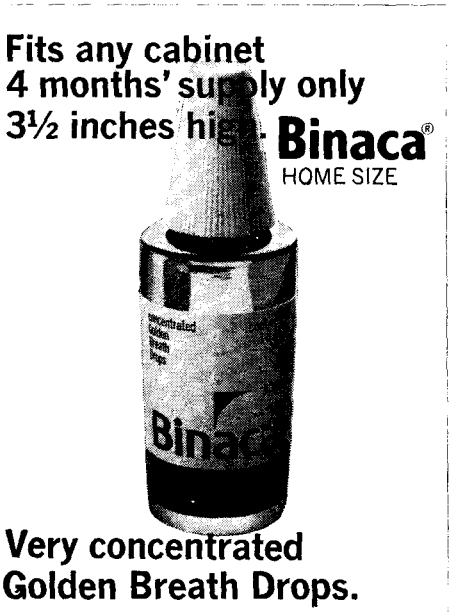
GREENBONES. By Vinnie Williams. Viking. $5.

THE HEN'S HOUSE. By Peter Israel. Putnam. $4.95.

THE KING OF THE HERMITS AND OTHER STORIES. By Jack Sendak. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $3.75.

LANGRISHE, GO DOWN. By Aidan Higgins. Grove. $5.50.

THE MAN IN THE GLASS BOOTH. By Robert Shaw. Harcourt, Brace & World. $4.50.



MAYBE. By Burt Blechman. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

ME AND THE ARCH KOOK PETULIA. By John Haase. Coward-McCann. $4.50.

THE PARTY'S OVER. By Juan Goytisolo. Grove. $3.95.

SAUVE QUI PEUT. By Lawrence Durrell. Dutton. $3.50.

THE SHEPHERDS OF THE NIGHT. By Jorge Amado. Knopf. $5.95.

A TIME TOO SOON. By Edward Lindall. Morrow. $4.50.

WAR MEMORIAL. By Martin Russ. Atheneum. $4.50.

THE WIZARD'S CHILD. By Helga Sandburg. Dial. $4.95.

THE WOOD AND THE TREES. By Mary Elgin. Mill/Morrow. $4.50.

History

CIVILIZATION DURING THE MIDDLE AGES. By George Burton Adams. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

COME AS A CONQUEROR: The United States' Occupation of Germany 1945-49. By Franklin M. Davis, Jr. Macmillan. $5.95.

1848: THE MAKING OF A REVOLUTION. By Georges Duveau. Pantheon. $6.95.

ELIZABETHAN LOVE CONVENTIONS. By Lu Emily Pearson. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

JAPAN'S DECISION FOR WAR: Records of the 1941 Policy Conferences. Translated and edited by Nobutaka Ike. Stanford Univ. Press. $8.50.

THE RIGHT TO BE PEOPLE. By Mildred Adams. Lippincott. $4.95.

ROMANTIC REBELS: An Informal History of Bohemianism in America. By Emily Hahn. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

THE SEARCH FOR ORDER 1877-1920. By Robert H. Wiebe. Hill & Wang. $5.75.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR AND THE RULE OF THE NORMANS. By Frank Merry Stenton. Barnes & Noble. $8.50.

Literary History, Criticism

FAULKNER: A Collection of Critical Essays. Edited by Robert Penn Warren. Prentice-Hall. Hardbound, $4.95. Paper, $2.45.

THE INFLUENCE OF EZRA POUND. By K. L. Goodwin. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.

IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN. By William Carlos Williams. New Directions. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $1.95. (Reissue.)

MARK TWAIN'S AMERICA AND MARK TWAIN AT WORK. By Bernard DeVoto. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95. (New Edition.)

Miscellany

A BACK-FENCE STORY. By Augusta Walker. Knopf. $4.95.

THE EDWARD DAHLBERG READER. Edited by Paul Carroll. New Directions. $6.50.

THE MACMILLAN JOB GUIDE TO AMERICAN CORPORATIONS: For College Graduates, Graduate Students, and Junior Executives. Edited by Ernest A. McKay. Macmillan. $7.95.

Personal History

DANTE AND HIS WORLD. By Thomas Caldecot Chubb. Little, Brown. $15.

EDWARD GIBBON THE HISTORIAN. By Joseph Ward Swain. St. Martins. $5.75.

EQUIANO'S TRAVELS: The Interesting Narrative of the Life of Olaudah Equiano or Gustavus Vassa the African. Edited by Paul Edwards. Praeger. $4.95.

GRENVILLE M. DODGE: Soldier, Politician, and Railroad Pioneer. By Stanley P. Hirshson. Indiana Univ. Press. $10.

JEFFREYS: A New Portrait of England's "Hanging Judge." By P. J. Helm. Crowell. $5.95.

ROBERT BURNS. By David Daiches. Macmillan. $8.95. (New edition.)

TRIUMPHANT SATYR: The World of Auguste Rodin. By Denys Sutton. Hawthorn. $7.95.

WITH STRINGS ATTACHED. By Joseph Szigeti. Knopf. $6.95. (Revised edition.)

Poetry

A CHRIST OF THE ICE-FLOES. By David Wevill. St. Martin's. $3.95.

THE ENGLISH LYRIC FROM WYATT TO DONNE: A History of the Plain and Eloquent Styles. By Douglas L. Peterson. Princeton Univ. Press. $8.50.

THE LOST PILOT. By James Tate. Yale Univ. Press. Hardbound, $3.75. Paperback, $1.45.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE. Edited by Herbert Davis. Oxford Univ. Press. $8.

THE WIND SOUTHERLY. By Heather Ross Miller. Harcourt, Brace & World. $3.95.

Psychology, Sociology

FRIENDSHIP AND FRATRICIDE: An Analysis of Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss. By Meyer A. Zeligs, M.D. Viking Press. $8.95.

THE LIBERATION OF THE JEW. By Albert Memmi. Orion/Grossman. $4.95.

THOMAS WOODROW WILSON: Twenty-eighth President of the United States—A Psychological Study. By Sigmund Freud and William C. Bullitt. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

Religion, Philosophy

AN OFFERING OF UNCLES: The Priesthood of Adam and the Shape of the World. By Robert Farrar Capon. Sheed & Ward. $3.95.

DOCUMENTS OF DIALOGUE. By Hiley Ward. Prentice-Hall. $8.95.

MARY OF NAZARETH, MYTH OR HISTORY? By Bonaventura Rinaldi. Newman. $4.50.

ORPHEUS AND GREEK RELIGION: A Study of the Orphic Movement. W. K. C. Guthrie. Norton. $6.50.

ZION RECONSIDERED. By Jacob J. Petuchowski. Twayne. $4.50.

Science

LIKE A CEDAR OF LEBANON: A Biochemist Looks at Images of Life and Light. By George W. Kosicki, C.S.B. Sheed & Ward. $3.50.

MODERN GENETICS. By Haig P. Papazian. Norton. $7.50.

THE NEW LOOK OF THE UNIVERSE. By Patrick Moore. Norton. $3.95.

THE WAY OF THE SCIENTIST. Edited by Robert Colborn. Simon & Schuster. $8.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

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Children Face Reality

—From "Sam, Bangs, and Moonshine."

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

I'D HATE to see an avalanche of grim realism bury the happy in publishing, but how refreshing it is to have young people's stories that tackle some of the insistent problems of our society. More and more, authors and editors for children have been producing books that reflect the stresses of the world in which they live. The controversial topics and the difficult situations that our children see on television or in the newspapers, in their community or in their own homes are increasingly found in realistic fiction. The list of taboos shrinks.

It isn't a revolution; some authors have long been producing these kinds of books. Lois Lenski has for years written, for younger children, books that depict the problems of families in lower socio-economic strata or reflect regional patterns of living. More recently she has shown in *High-Rise Secret* [SR, Nov. 12] the anatomy of a housing project, with all the tensions of a heterogeneous community. With less emphasis on the conflicts, another book utilizing the same setting is Nellie Burchardt's *Project Cat* (Watts, $2.95), illustrated by Fermin Rocker.

A series of books for older readers has been written by Florence Crannell Means, who handles with dignity and candor such subjects as impoverished Mexicans, higher education for Negroes, and the educational obstacles for children of migrant workers. Bless her. *Roosevelt Grady,* written by Louisa Shotwell and illustrated by Peter Burchardt (World, $2.95), is a most moving story about a Negro migrant family.

Now the trickle of such books has become a trend. Mina Lewiton, in *Candita's Choice,* with drawings by Howard Simon (Harper & Row, $3.50), gives a sympathetic picture of the adjustment problems of Puerto Ricans in New York; although better written than many, it represents an older, gentler approach.

Charlene Joy Talbot's *Tomás Takes Charge,* illustrated by Reisie Lonette (Lothrop, $3.95), is typical of the new and harsher realism. Alone in New York, Tomás and his smaller sister hide in an abandoned warehouse in order to escape the welfare authorities, whose supervision they fear. Another example of the change is Barbara C. Smucker's *Wigwam in the City,* with woodcuts by Gil Miret (Dutton, $3.75), which describes the prejudices encountered by an Indian family when they move to Chicago from their reservation. Heretofore books—many of them excellent—about the Indian today have dealt with problems of hostility and self-acceptance, but not with the difficulties of urban living.

THERE are increasing numbers of books about inner-city life, residential integration, apartment living, delinquency, and foster children. Not all are literary gems, but among them are some fine stories. One that is exceptional is Nat Hentoff's *Jazz Country* (Harper & Row, $2.95), a book for the older reader in which Negro-white relations are portrayed with stunning percipience. Another honest and unusual book is Mary Hays Weik's *The Jazz Man,* with woodcuts by Ann Grifalconi (Atheneum, $3.50). In it a small, crippled Negro boy, sensitive about his handicap, stays away from school and lives an isolated life, his unhappiness intensified by his parents' neglect.

Books like the foregoing are concerned with dilemmas of our society, in the ways that changing mores, prejudice of any kind, or the conflict of cultural patterns affect a child.

Less and less is there a glossing over of personal problems, the new approach to which is equally significant and prevalent. Not every child encounters mental illness or alcoholism or parental bullying, but most children are either aware of them or will be. Illegitimacy exists; menstruation is probably here to stay. All of these topics have been touched on in recently published books for the young, and I say three cheers for the courageous people who realize that silence or evasion have in the past fostered only embarrassed snickers, misconceptions, and a lack of charity.

That's Right, Edie. *By Johanna Johnston. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Putnam.* 46 *pp.* $3.50. Although it is a bit drawn out, this is a lightly amusing story to read aloud to the pre-school child. As many children do, Edie happily scribbles in the conviction that she is really writing, although her mother has carefully taught her to print her name. A patient mailman helps the cause by taking Edie's "letters" to her friends and telling them what she wants. When Edie starts school, she is too impatient to follow the teacher's instructions and she insists, still scribbling, that she is writing. She is finally convinced that it's worth the trouble when an instructed delivery man refuses to turn over a much-coveted bicycle until Edie gives him a recognizable signature.

Sad Adam—Glad Adam. *By Christopher Davis. Illustrated by Stan Tusan. Macmillan.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. For the same audience as the title above, and on a similar theme, here is a book with a shade more style and humor. It isn't that Adam doesn't want to learn to read, but he has a hard time; dejected by his own ineptitude and by the fact that he hasn't been able to teach a younger child to whistle, Adam is sad. He is glad, of course, when—after several frustrating sessions in the first-grade classroom—he does learn. Adam's perpetual requests to wearied adults to have his book about Ollie Frog read to him over and over and over again should evoke a shudder of remembrance in readers-aloud.

Henry the Explorer. *By Mark Taylor. Illustrated by Graham Booth. Atheneum.* 42 *pp.* $4.95. Inspired by a story about an explorer, a small boy decides to be one himself. "We will probably discover the whole world before we're through," Henry explains to his mother as he sets off with his dog, a survival kit, and a great many paper flags marked "H." Staking his claims, he leaves flags at each point of discovery (a fence, a bridge), makes speeches to the natives (a baffled cow, three imperturbable robins), gets lost, takes refuge in a cave, and beats a hasty retreat when he sees a huge, bearlike shadow. He returns home without meeting the search party sent out by his worried mother, and the story ends with the rescuers having coffee while, upstairs, Henry lies abed and plans a jungle foray. The illustrations are quite charming, some handsome and some humorous; Mr. Booth uses glowing color the same way that Brian Wildsmith does. Ages 5-8.

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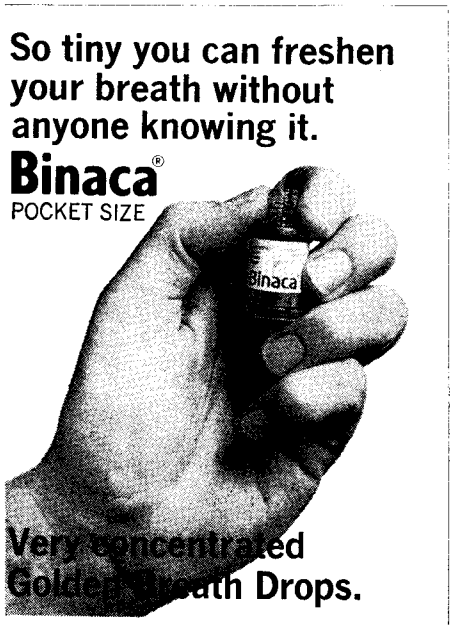
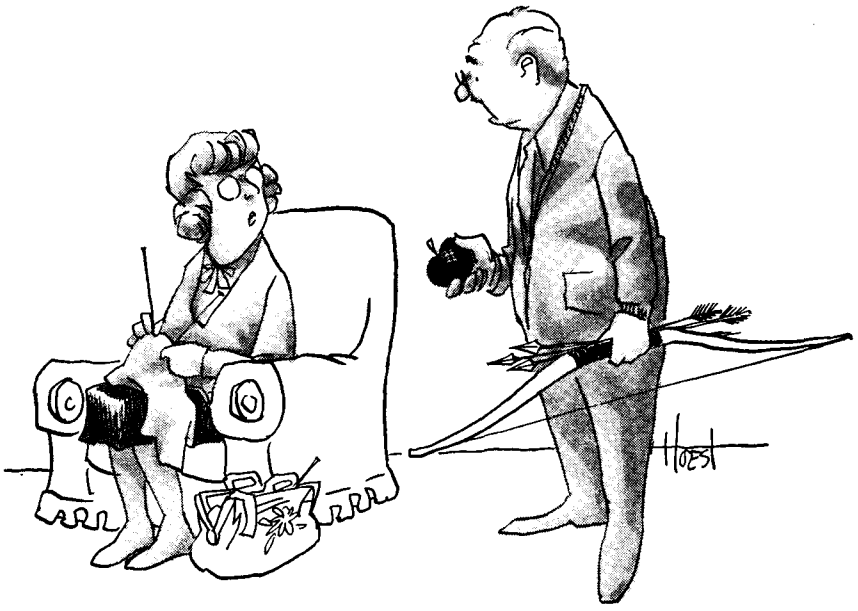
Sam, Bangs and Moonshine. *Written and illustrated by Evaline Ness. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 48 *pp.* $3.95. In an appealing story about a child who is an airy and persistent liar, Evaline Ness writes with the minatory but compassionate attitude of a loving adult. Samantha is the motherless child of a fisherman, and her fantasies are believed by a small, gullible neighbor. When little Thomas is trapped and endangered by wind and weather, Samantha—guilty at having sent the boy off to the rock where, she had told him, he could find her mermaid mother and her baby kangaroo—realizes the folly of not distinguishing "moonshine" from the truth. The lovely wash drawings show two charming children and some dramatic shore scenes. Ages 5-8.

Emily's Voyage. *By Emma Smith. Illustrated by Irene Haas. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 111 *pp.* $2.95. Emily is a Guinea Pig, sedate and circumspect most of the time, but periodically susceptible to wanderlust. Having made careful arrangements for her brother's comfort (all mothers who have gone to PTA conventions know what this entails), Emily goes off by Carrier Owl for an ocean voyage. Since the captain (a Rabbit) is utterly bored by the drab and menial task of commanding the ship, Emily joins with a competent Water Rat in assuming control; later she organizes activities among the survivors of a shipwreck. Rescue is effected by her brother, who reluctantly leaves the cottage where he has been leading a fine bachelor life. It's a deftly sustained fantasy, smoothly written and illustrated with line drawings that complement the graceful whimsy of the story. Ages 8-10.

Amy and Laura. *By Marilyn Sachs. Illustrated by Tracy Sugarman. Doubleday.* 189 *pp.* $3.25. There are some authors who seem to remember particularly well the attitudes and reactions of childhood, and Marilyn Sachs is one. Amy and Laura Stern are sisters who live in the Bronx in the late 1930s; for the past year their mother has been in the hospital, and they look forward to her return with tremulous joy. For Amy, who is ten, it is a stunning disappointment:





"Do you plan to stay put there for a few minutes?"

Mama doesn't look or act like the same person, and Amy has to force herself to appear natural. Laura is younger; to her Mama is Mama, and no adjustment is needed. It is only when Mama, resenting the role of an invalid, asserts herself that Amy thankfully again feels secure. Much of the story is concerned with the sisters' school affairs and their relationship to each other; both of these aspects of the story are handled with acute and tender insight. Ages 9-11.

The Incredible Detectives. *By Don and Joan Caufield. Illustrated by Kiyo Komoda. Harper & Row.* 76 *pp.* $2.95. Were the authors' tongues less firmly in their cheeks, this might be just another story in which bumbling adults fail where lesser fry succeed; usually the formula calls for the lesser fry to be children, but they are a cat, a dog, and a crow here. Young Davey Morrison is kidnapped; for his return the ransom note demands of his father the blueprints for a missile guidance system. Perturbed by the ineffectual measures of the police, the incredible detectives take matters into their own hands. They rescue Davey, trap four criminals, and generally create an uproar in the museum where Davey has been hidden. The animals are nicely characterized; the bulldog, for example, is a caricature of a pompous Englishman, and the cat is a supercilious and intuitive Siamese. Ages 9-11.

Joe Bean. *By Nan Hayden Agle. Illustrated by Velma Ilsley. Seabury.* 126 *pp.* $3.25. Joe, a Negro boy of eleven who lives with his married sister in Baltimore, is brought into Juvenile Court because he has thrown a brick through a window. Remanded to the jurisdiction of a probation worker, Joe finds that Mr. Tipper and his family are as fond of horses as he is. He goes to visit the Tippers in their home outside the city and learns that they are all ardent tournament jousters—all except fourteen-year-old Monk, who has been injured in an accident caused by his own loss of temper. The example helps Joe to learn control, and the family's acceptance of him helps Joe to accept himself. When his period of probation is over, Joe declines Mr. Tipper's invitation to live with him, and decides that he belongs with his sitter. The writing style is only adequate; the Tipper family's hospitality, though commendably warm and unbiased by Joe's record, is not quite convincing, not because they are white and Joe is Negro but because it is extended too soon and too easily. Nevertheless, the material about jousting should give the book great appeal; moreover the characterizations are nicely developed. Ages 10-12.

You Better Come Home with Me. *By John Lawson. Illustrated by Arnold Spilka. Crowell.* 125 *pp.* $3.50. Beautifully written, this is a fantasy in which there is a mingling of human and nonhuman characters that would remind one of Oz were there not so evident a sophisticated humor reminiscent of Nesbit. "Boy," a lonely orphan searching for love and security, comes to stay with a gentle and hospitable scarecrow; in the end, Boy finds a place that he can call home forever. Though probably not for every reader, this a book that will enchant many. Ages 10-12.

The Story of Vietnam. *By Hal Dareff. Parents' Magazine.* 265 *pp.* $3.95. While this book is intended for the adolescent reader, it may well provide clarification for the adult who is wondering how we got into this war in the first place. The author gives a crisp, detailed, and objective analysis of the events that led to the involvement of the United States in the Vietnamese conflict. Included are some perceptive comments on the history of the French régime in Vietnam, as well as on local leaders (and their families) who have been participants in internecine struggles. The long and complicated history of the country and of its thousand-year subjugation by China provides excellent background for an understanding of the complexities and fragmentation of Vietnamese society.

The Trouble Bush. *By Earl Schenck Miers. Rand McNally.* 330 *pp.* $5.95. In an auto-

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biography characterized by humility, skill, and vitality, Mr. Miers, whose life has been a triumph over cerebral palsy, speaks passionately for an understanding of the physically handicapped. His career as an editor and as an eminent and prolific author has been filled with interesting people, and he describes them with zest and affection. Written for adults, *The Trouble Bush* will be completely fascinating to many young people as well.

This January Tale. *By Winifred Bryher. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 181 *pp.* $4.50. For the young person who enjoys the historical novels of Rosemary Sutcliff, here is an adult book that has the same vivid evocation of a historical period, the same authoritative foundation of scholarship. Bryher's story of 1066 is a refutation of the thesis that the Norman conquest brought refinement and improvement to the Anglo-Saxon way of life. Eldred, the protagonist, is wounded as a young soldier; years later, an embittered and unhappy man, he goes with his wife and stepdaughter to a camp for exiles. After Eldred's death, his widow returns to their home in Exeter, where she finds that there has been no reward but fear and oppression for those who stayed behind and offered appeasement.

Yanqui, Come Back! *By William B. Walsh. Illustrated with photographs. Dutton.* 192 *pp.* $4.95. This is a lengthy and detailed report of the planning and execution of a medical mission to Peru; the author is president and medical director of HOPE: Health Opportunity for People Everywhere. Staffed by volunteer doctors and nurses, the hospital ship, *Hope,* had the dual purpose of caring for the sick and training medical personnel during a ten-month stay. What, for the most part, the volunteers encountered was professional resistance and an overwhelming paucity of adequate medical care; what they accomplished was a tour de force in both health education and international relations.

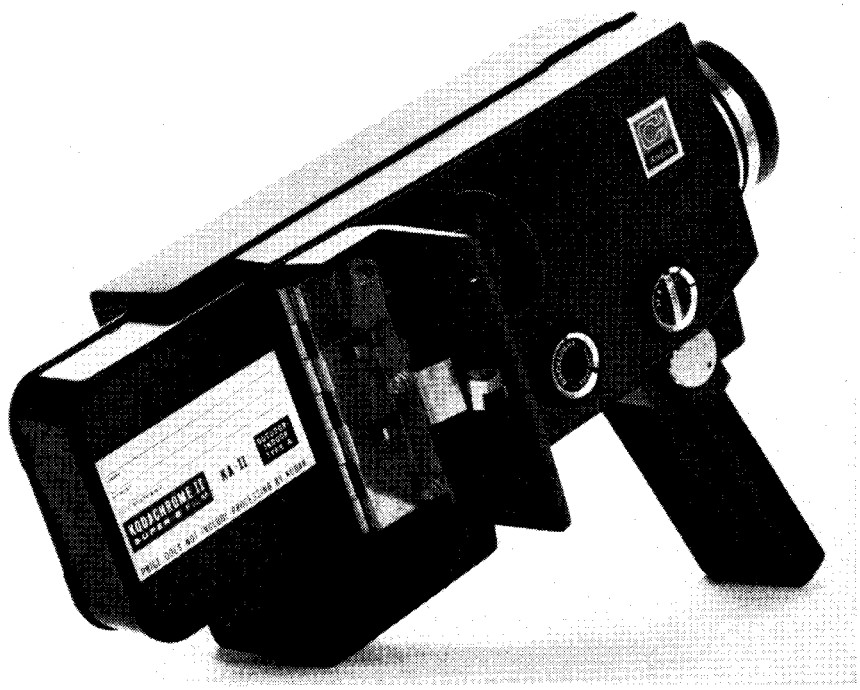
Dr. William B. Walsh writes with garrulous banality, but the deficiencies of his style are overshadowed by the accomplishments of the determined and dedicated people who worked under his direction. For young adults.

The Reluctant Warriors. *By Donald Armstrong. Crowell.* 204 *pp.* $5.95. Few historians can make the past as vivid as Donald Armstrong has in his history of the decline and fall of the Carthaginian empire; like Alfred Duggan, he writes with an authoritative familiarity that enables him to clarify events and infuse them with a sense of immediacy and drama. This is a record of the Third Punic War, preceded by an account of the establishment of Carthage, her role in the Mediterranean world, and her relationship with Rome. A lucid book, often lightened by a quiet wit, it is notable for the fact that General Armstrong, like most good teachers, has the ability to distinguish between facts that need reiteration and those whose repetition would be mere redundancy.

Included in this history are maps, chronology, bibliography, and index. For adults, old and young.

TRADEMARK

Fastback



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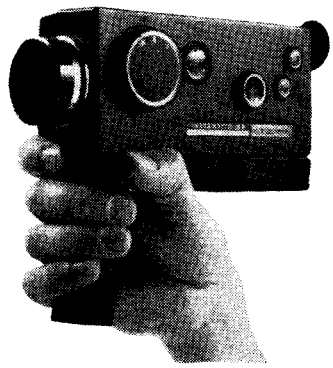

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"Be Not Too Tame Neither"

THE NEWEST APA Repertory Company production takes a fresh look at Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*. Both the translation by Eva Le Gallienne and the staging by Stephen Porter succeed to a considerable extent in finding an intermediate point between the old-fashionedness of the work's moralizing rigidity and pathos and the surprising modernity of Ibsen's strong-minded observations of socio-pathological ironies.

At the outset we are led to empathize with Gregers Werle, an exceedingly honest and moral son who courageously repudiates his wealthy father for having been an adulterer, felon, and dissimulator. But when we move down a class into a household whose members comprise the major victims of his father's sins, we gradually recognize a more interesting confrontation. Like some modern psychiatrist Gregers interprets the contentment of the Ekdal family as sick, for it depends upon a number of fantasies.

The nominal head of this household, Hjalmar Ekdal, is guilty of small sins that attend the apparently harmless self-indulgences of a mediocre person. He lies about his social accomplishments; he refuses to recognize his come-down-in-the-world father at a fashionable party. He is so preoccupied with his own conceit that he forgets to bring his daughter a promised present; he lets his wife do all the work while he fosters a necessarily vague pride in the notion that he is working on some "invention"; he criticizes his father for not having shot himself to assert the family honor, but in the next breath proclaims his own courage in choosing to live on with the burden of his father's disgrace rather than taking his own life; he encourages his wife to confide in him about her past and then admits he wouldn't have married her had he known about it; and, most self-centeredly of all, he has no compunction about cruelly rejecting his child's affection when he suspects that she may not be his daughter.

Thus instead of seeming to be a play that attacks Gregers Werle for his destruction of one family's happiness, it becomes one that shows the more "innocent" Ekdal as being more despicable than the "guilty" Werle. A pragmatic selfishness tied to a sense of responsibility can be more admirable than a deluded selfishness that is irresponsible.

As Hjalmar, Donald Moffat gives us a mixture of ridiculous vanity, comic slow-wittedness, and transparent self-indulgence. With the help of the huge, distorted overcoat Nancy Potts has designed for him, he seems to have been drawn by Ronald Searle. His patently comic façade keeps us from ever becoming sorry for him. On the other hand, Richard Woods's nicely understated portrayal of the elder Werle somehow catches our sympathy.

As Gregers, Clayton Corzatte chooses to serve this concept of the play by making his motivation seem more psychotic than philosophical. Balanced against his compulsion for fantasy dispelling is the family doctor, seedily portrayed by Joseph Bird, whose therapeutic formula is simply to discover the basic lie that makes his patient's life possible and then to foster it.

Betty Miller plays Hjalmar's practical-minded wife with a just barely restrained impatience that makes the role more modern. Jennifer Harmon forestalls the danger of sticky sentimentality by playing the little girl as a kind of simple-minded clod. And Sydney Walker is most entertaining as the bibulous and senile elder Ekdal, whose occasional shrewd asides tell us that he knows the lies of the land.

Indeed, all of the roles are here performed with a greater homogeneity of speech and style than are presently to be found in any other American company which attempts a classical repertoire. Achieving such refined and clear performances as the APA has progressively done in its six years of growth is praiseworthy, of course. But the happy thing about *The Wild Duck* is that it reminds us that the APA can be adventurous at the same time that it practices its more traditional virtues.

WHAT MAY become yet another such dedicated organization, the National Players Company, has made a generally impressive debut with its revival of Peter Weiss's *Marat/de Sade*. While the production has borrowed what it thought helpful from Peter Brook's Royal Shakespeare Company production seen here last winter, it has also chosen to depart from it in many places. For instance, Richard Burbridge's setting of the insane asylum is more capable of rearrangement and of temporarily shutting off various areas. Richard Peaslee's music is the same, except that it somehow emerges as less macabre and more catchy, and director Donald Driver has turned the poetic flagellation of de Sade (played by William Roerick) into a more literal one, has concluded the play with the aroused inmates attacking a supervisory nun, and has seen to it that actor Dennis Patrick, who plays Marat, appears more naked than his British counterpart.

The company includes Douglas Watson, Stephen Elliott, Verna Bloom, Jered Barclay, and Abe Vigoda, and the ensemble result suffers less by comparison than one might have expected. That this new production is generally more superficial, more moment-to-moment than what was properly hailed as one of the great ensemble achievements in the history of the theater is certainly true. However, if one had not seen the previous presentation, one would have to be impressed with both Peter Weiss's play and the teamwork of this newly formed group of American performers. It is an intelligent and promising beginning for the National Players Company.

—HENRY HEWES.

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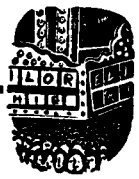

Where the Spies Are

ALTHOUGH SPYING has never stood high on the list of careers one might choose, the contemporary movie scene would suggest that every third child is a likely candidate. Not that everyone has the privilege of free choice: A good many of our cinematic spies have their moment of greatness thrust upon them, and move with notable reluctance through the hair-triggered, harebrained plots and counterplots devised about them. Some, of course, follow the Ian Fleming tradition, insouciantly taking their girls and their ghouls as they find them, ever immaculate in costumes as improbable as their gadgets. But whether rumpled and reluctant or Bond-Streeted and bold, the spies are so rampant on our screens that it is not impossible we will soon be hearing children's counting-out games that begin, "Doctor, lawyer, CIA chief. . . ."

Of the current crop, CIA chiefs and their agents are again hard at work in our behalf in *The Venetian Affair*, an American movie shot in Italy, and in *Kiss the Girls and Make Them Die*, an Italian movie shot in Brazil. *Kiss the Girls*, apart from its exotic origins, adheres to the James Bond pattern as resolutely as the Warner Brothers musicals followed their backstage formula during the Thirties. This time the impeccable sleuth is played by tall, thin-lipped Michael Connors in a Jello-like array of jackets (orange, lemon, and lime); the girl is lissome Dorothy Provine, who seems like a *Vogue* version of Daisy Mae; and the villainy is supplied by Raf Vallone, a role that is somewhat undermined by his unfortunate resemblance to a Marx Brother. Not that anyone except perhaps a cinematic CIA agent could take his villainies seriously; it seems he plans to dominate the world by sending into orbit a rocket whose cobalt radiations will sterilize its entire population (except for the half dozen or so cuties he has put aside in a deep freeze for himself).

Will Miss Provine join the ladies in their out-sized ice cubes? Will Mr. Connors save the world from a fate worse than death? For an answer, you really needn't see *Kiss the Girls and Make Them Die*. You could almost guess.

Much less light-hearted is *The Venetian Affair*, based on Helen MacInnes's suspenseful novel. Robert Vaughn's CIA agent is a rather seedy fellow, drafted to investigate a grisly bombing in Venice less by virtue of his own competence than his ex-wife's suspected complicity. At stake, we are told, is the security of an international conference on nuclear control, which makes one wonder if perhaps the agency might not have selected as its representative someone a trifle more stable. Because of previous brushes with the Venetian constabulary, Vaughn is shadowed constantly by the plain-clothes goon-squads of both the good guys and the bad guys; and neither he nor the audience is always certain just which is which—at least, not until he lands in the torture chambers of arch-criminal Karl Boehm, all trussed up and ready for a brainwash. Unfortunately, despite the intriguing premise of Miss MacInnes's story and all the natural beauties of its Venetian setting, the plotting in the film is plodding, the direction jerky and unfocused, and the actors seem to be playing their roles deadpan less from any sense of stoicism than from simple mystification about what all of them are supposed to be doing in Venice in the first place.

IN this unhappy context, Sidney Lumet's *The Deadly Affair*, based on a novel by John Le Carré—and intelligently adapted by Paul Dehn—gains immeasurable stature. Le Carré, of course, was never one to glamorize his spies; and even if he had, producer-director Lumet, who prides himself upon his sternly realist approach to films, would no doubt have promptly deglamorized his hero in any case. (Remember what he did with Sean Connery in *The Hill*?) Symptomatic of his treatment, Fred Young's color photography is so muted as to seem like tinted black-and-white. No less symptomatic is his selection of a middle-aged, bowler-hatted James Mason as the security officer who becomes convinced that the death of the man he was checking on was murder, not suicide. Unable to sway his superiors, Mason throws up his job and pursues his hunches on his own. His single-minded search for the murderer is complicated—and ultimately unravelled—by his wife's nymphomaniac tendencies.

Although hardly on a par with last year's *Spy Who Came in From the Cold*, *The Deadly Affair* shares with it a sense of rounded, real-life characters caught in tensions that are more than merely physical, and it profits immeasurably from skilled, interesting performances from the likes of Harry Andrews, Harriet Andersson, Simone Signoret, and, of course, the estimable Mr. Mason.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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TV AND RADIO

Which H. G. Wells Was Right?

I HAD HOPED that the terse biography of H. G. Wells produced by the British Broadcasting Company and presented recently by NET in its series "Spectrum" would answer a question I had entertained about Wells since I read his last book, *Mind at the End of Its Tether* (Didier, Publishers, 1946). The question was: Why did the great socialist visionary, the man who predicted in *The Shape of Things to Come* a rational Utopia for mankind founded on industrial might and technological progress, disavow in his last years not only all his former writings on "the fundamental nature of life and time," but also his optimistic predictions about the future of *Homo sapiens*?

Wells wrote in his last small book that he saw ". . . a jaded world devoid of recuperative power." Earlier he had thought that man could pull out of his entanglements and start a creative new phase of human living. But, he said, "in the face of our universal inadequacy, that optimism has given place to a stoical cynicism." As the program noted, Wells in his last years was a disappointed man. One cause for this may have been the failure of the Royal Society to confer membership on him. More than anything else the great popularizer of science coveted such a recognition, but it was denied him by what a friend of Wells's called on the program "sheer scientific snobbery." The fact that his ideas of a Utopian society had been spurned by practical politicians may have been another cause.

Such reasons may explain personal bitterness, but they do not justify the apocalyptic finality of "The end of everything we call life is close at hand, and cannot be evaded." An attempt to deal in some depth with this mystery would have made this a very provocative program. The phenomenon of a great author or artist disavowing the entire body of a life's work is not uncommon. Wells's experience was a sad one: he was seventy-nine when he died in 1946 and an ill man. Perhaps his mental powers faltered; the intriguing alternative is that he was lucid, convinced, and perhaps an accurate predictor of the future.

The producers of the program told the story of his life in still photographs, excerpts from movies, a few silent, dramatized scenes on film, showing Wells as a boy and as a young student of T. H. Huxley, and in excerpts from interviews with his two sons and a colleague in science. Though Wells was trained as a scientist, he preferred not to be called one. The term *scientist*, the program pointed out, did not appear until the middle of the nineteenth century; before that investigators of nature were called "men of science." Wells had a profound impact on science and politics, his colleague asserted: He triggered the imagination of many men who are today's Nobel Prize winners. He made science "more than a dull discipline."

His record of predictions is astonishingly good. As the television program reminded viewers, it included motor cars, superhighways, the armored tank, the atom bomb, and space exploration. The one thing he did not predict was his own disenchantment with technology and its dazzling promises for mankind. I am not aware whether or not he predicted the world-girdling sweep of television. One wonders whether he would have attributed to it the power to influence the "race between education and catastrophe." Probably not. "There is no way out or round or through the impasse," he wrote in *Mind at the End of Its Tether*.

Modern heirs of his youthful optimism see in the rapid expansion of communications technology the rainbow of rational hope for the world. Perhaps they, too, are due for a Wellsian disenchantment. Over the New Year weekend it was almost impossible to find something worth watching on network television. Finally, I found a French film documentary of World War I that gave promise of freshness—on that technological innovation, UHF—but I was driven away in despair and frustration by the prospect of two minutes of commercials every six minutes for two whole hours. The mind boggled even at the beginning of this tether.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Coming February 25

SR's Annual

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"Troublemaker!"

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The World Shrinker.

Again this month, television brings within reach the four corners of the world. You'll tour London after dark with David Frost and Paris with Maurice Chevalier. James Mason will guide you through Westminster Abbey and you'll discover Alaska's wonders with an American family. Look eastward for a day with a typical Russian family and a study of America's involvements in Indonesia.

From Europe, too, there'll be a festival of films for children. And from Paris (aided by satellite) the world's greatest showing of Picasso's works. Join a transatlantic concert tour with the Casadesus family and come home to Philharmonic Hall for a Charles Ives symphony.

Let the shrinker expand your world this February.

Abe Lincoln in Illinois
Hallmark Hall of Fame: Jason Robards, Jr. stars in Robert Sherwood's Pulitzer Prize-winning play. Thursday, Feb. 2 (9:30-11 pm).

David Frost's Night Out in London
Stage 67: Frost tours London with Laurence Olivier, Peter Sellers, Albert Finney. Thursday, Feb. 2 (10-11 pm).

Skinny and Fatty
The Children's Film Festival: Story of two boys who help each other mature. Sunday, Feb. 5 (4-5 pm).

Pablo Picasso
The largest exhibition of Picasso's works, including auction of one of his paintings. Sunday, Feb. 5 (6:30-7:30 pm).

Alaska!
National Geographic Society follows a family traveling throughout Alaska. Tuesday, Feb. 7 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Light Fantastic
Stage 67: Lauren Bacall and John Forsythe in a look at American history reflected in dances. Thursday, Feb. 9 (10-11 pm).

Casadesus: The First Family of the Piano
Bell Telephone Hour: Husband, wife and son play in concert and in rehearsal. Sunday, Feb. 12 (6:30-7:30 pm).

Pinocchio
An original musical adaptation by the Prince Street Players, Ltd. Monday, Feb. 13 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Hall of Kings
James Mason narrates documentary on Westminster Abbey, with Siobhan McKenna, Lynn Redgrave, Emlyn Williams. Tuesday, Feb. 14 (10-11 pm).

NBC Experiment in Television
"Losers Weepers": An original play written by Harry Dolan, of Watts, Los Angeles, about strife in a Negro family plagued by poverty and disease. Sunday, Feb. 19 (4-5 pm).

Indonesia: The Troubled Victory
Third and final chapter of NBC News' study of our involvement in the Far East. Sunday, Feb. 19 (6:30-7:30 pm).

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts with Leonard Bernstein
Featuring Charles Ives' *Symphony: Holidays*. Thursday, Feb. 23 (7:30-8:30 pm).

C'est La Vie
Stage 67: A musical review filmed in Paris with Diahann Carroll and Maurice Chevalier. Thursday, Feb. 23 (10-11 pm).

The Song Makers
Documentary on America's most famous and popular song makers. Friday, Feb. 24 (10-11 pm).

Capella Paolina
A detailed examination of two Michelangelo frescoes. Sunday, Feb. 26 (10-11 am).

The Golden Fish
The Children's Film Festival: Jacques-Yves Cousteau's award-winning film. Sunday, Feb. 26 (4-5 pm).

International Jazz Festival
Bell Telephone Hour. Sunday, Feb. 26 (6:30-7:30 pm).

Jack and the Beanstalk
Gene Kelly and Bobby Riha in a new musical version of the fairy tale. Sunday, Feb. 26 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Ivan Ivanovich
Documentary depicting the life of an average Russian family. Monday, Feb. 27 (10-11 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs
Monday through Friday:
Captain Kangaroo/Today/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays:
CBS News Hour

Thursdays:
ABC Stage 67

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester/The Smithsonian/Animal Secrets/Wide World of Sports/Vietnam Weekly Review/Shell's Wonderful World of Golf/CBS Golf Classic/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam.

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Directions/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet The Press/Frontiers of Faith/Issues and Answers/CBS Sports Spectacular/NBA Basketball/Wild Kingdom/The CBS Children's Film Festival/College Bowl/The Frank McGee Report/The 21st Century/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color.

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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Gardens of Moorish Yesterdays

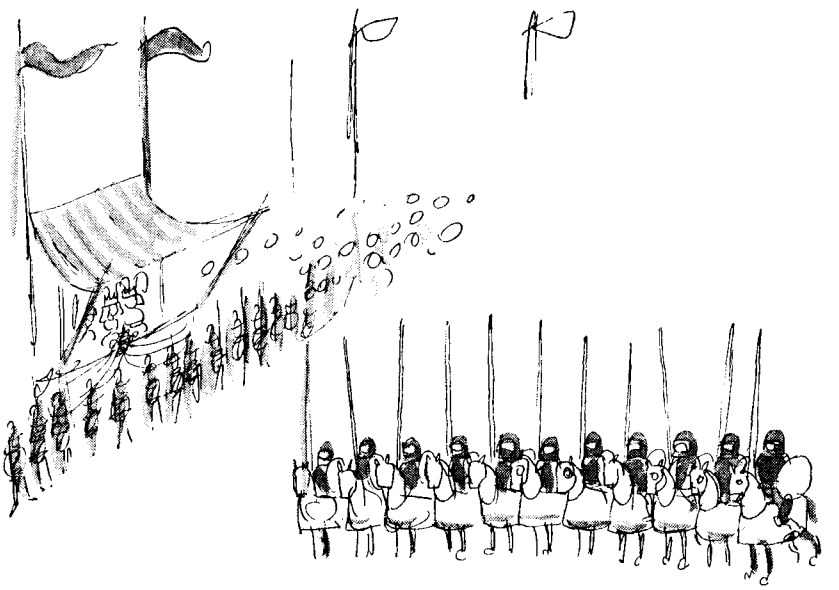
GRANADA, SPAIN.

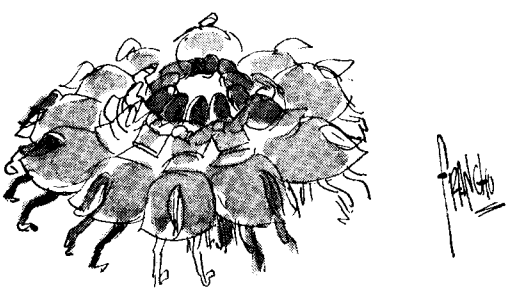
WE SAT on a flagstone wall, alone in a lovely garden overlooking Granada—a weary couple savoring the noonday sun of early November. How different this was from Madrid's bustling night life just a few hours before! Now children's voices from a schoolyard in the Albaicín quarter far below rose to mingle with the occasional outpouring of a bird in the garden. The city gleamed of white stucco, punctuated with orange-tiled roofs. On the slope of a nearby terraced hillside shone the Generalife, summer palace of the Moorish kings. In the valley behind the Generalife the River Darro twined its way into the city past the gypsy caves of the Sacromonte. Scarcely 100 yards to the west the Renaissance palace of Charles V was a massive bulk against the delicate apartments and towers of the Palacio Arabe, the jewel of all Moorish Spain.

In former days the Parador San Francisco, where we stayed, had been the Convent San Francisco de la Alhambra, so named because it lies within the Alhambra's walls. Today it is an extremely charming and very reasonable state-run hostelry. Surrounded by terraced gardens full of boxwood arches, cypress trees, and flowers of every description, its sixteenth-century beige-stucco walls hang heavy with vines bearing lavender and red blossoms.

The path to the dining room led through an interior courtyard properly decorated with a fountain, Moorish columns, and potted plants. We chose a table overlooking the garden, where we had sat just a few minutes before, and lingered over an unforgettable luncheon of *gazpacho*, Andalusian fried fish, steak, and a bottle of Marqués de Riscal 1960 from the north of Spain. Both the soul and the palate, we were quickly convinced, can still be well satisfied in this paradise of bygone eras.

The Alhambra itself was built in the thirteenth century as the seat of the Moorish Kingdom of Granada, the last stronghold of Islam in Spain. This vast fortress held all the trappings and accessories, including a large harem, to provide endless sensual joys.





Boabdil the Unlucky was its last Moslem ruler. He was amiable and well liked by his people, but lacked the moral courage to lead his decaying nation effectively against the crusading drive of the Spaniards. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of January 2, 1492, he was forced to turn his kingdom over to the Catholic monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella. The Moors had been in Granada for 600 years—three times the age of the United States. The evening prayers of the Moslems still bemoan their great loss.

It is said that after the defeat Boabdil started his journey into exile across the neighboring Sierras. Reaching a promontory, he paused to look back for the last time. From his eyes came the tears he had been too proud to show his conquerors. Ayxa, his strong-willed mother, said to him, "Don't weep like a woman over what you could not hold like a man."

FOR two days we wandered through the Alhambra and the Generalife. Their beauty almost made us want to weep for poor Boabdil. There was no doubt that we agreed with Washington Irving, who, after his visit more than a century ago, wrote that the architecture "is characterized by elegance rather than grandeur, bespeaking a delicate and graceful taste and disposition to indolent enjoyment." It is difficult to find a bad camera angle. Gardens, trees, and reflecting pools are everywhere. Horseshoe archways lead from peaceful courts into airy chambers where damascene plaster domes are worked in intricate Moorish honeycombing, or walls covered with gold and white arabesque patterns. Poetic inscriptions are part of the decoration. One often-repeated phrase is translated from the Arabic: "Allah is king." Blue and white tiles finish the lower wall areas.

In the days of the caliphate, court life centered on the stately Court of Myrtles. We looked down its long, still pool, which held the image of the green bushes against a cloudless sky. At the far end it reflects a columned portico and the open archway to the Hall of Ambassadors. In this chamber, overlooking the Valley of the Darro, two of history's most significant events are believed to have taken place, both in 1492. The first was Boabdil's meeting with his ministers, at which they elected to surrender Granada to Ferdinand and Isabella; the second was the meeting of these same Catholic monarchs with Christopher Columbus to give him financing for his first voyage.

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Lions is another masterpiece of Moorish design. Its delicate columns support arches of filigreed plaster under steep tile roofs. It seems like an expertly executed piece of delicate lace: intricate in its components, but clean and simple in its overall effect. Here, it seems, the Moors took special pains. This compound was the center of the harem.

In the gardens of the neighboring Generalife Palace—once the trysting grounds for the more serious amorous affairs of the noble Moors—there is the constant sound of running water. Far in the distance we saw the chalky, brown countryside; here in the gardens everything was verdant. We were particularly awed by a long stairway defined by two stucco, waist-high banister walls about nine inches thick. Concave at the top, they serve as conduits for water ceaselessly cascading to pools below. The water courses down from the snow-capped Sierras along aqueducts built centuries ago by the Moors.

After each day's wanderings we would return to the old convent of the Franciscan nuns, now our Parador. It was at this quiet place among the gardens of the Alhambra that Isabella (and later Ferdinand) was temporarily laid to rest until completion of the Royal Chapel below in the city. She had wished to be buried at the scene of what she considered her greatest achievement—the final defeat of the Moors. A century and a half later they had been completely purged from Spain. —DANIEL A. NESBETT.

Advanced Japanese for Beginners

HAVING SPENT some of my formative months in the editorial offices of the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi Shimbun*, a leading Japanese newspaper —now the *Mainichi Shimbun*—I can't help wondering why there is one myth that has outlasted all other misconceptions about the Orient. I am referring to the fact that, to most Occidental minds, the Japanese language is the quintessence of gentle politeness, poetic subtlety, butterflies, and cherry blossoms. This illusion is strengthened by the well-publicized abundance of honorific prefixes (*o-* or *go-*) and suffixes (*-san*) that give the impression that harsh words and rude phrases are un-Japanese and that outspoken frankness—Western style—is unthinkable.

While I was under contract to the *Nichi Nichi*, my editors communicated with me in carefully broken English, French, or German, since my Japanese was practically nonexistent. They delighted in teaching me words and phrases often heard around newspaper offices but rarely found in standard dictionaries. This stimulated my interest, and after returning to this country I continued to develop my Japanese, using such well-known travelers' aids as *Say it in Japanese* (Dover), *Japanese in a Hurry* (Kasai), *Japanese in Thirty Hours* (Hokuseido), and *Parlezvous Japanese?* (Japan Air Lines). All of these, as their Western-inspired titles suggest, are designed for the casual tourist, and within this limitation they serve their purpose admirably. However, what they lack is a feeling for the spirit of the language and the colorful bluntness that is so often part of it. In other words, the student will never understand, or talk back to, a Tokyo cabdriver.

I was, therefore, highly pleased with a new phrasebook I picked up recently that even in its English text reproduces the flavor of Japanese speech. It is published by Kelly & Walsh, Ltd., in Hong Kong, and bears the formidable title: *Hand-Book of the Japanese Language for the Use of Tourists and Residents, Being a Guide to Conversation in the Colloquial Style, to which is added a carefully selected Vocabulary of Words and Phrases.* In quoting from the book, I do not wish to give the impression that Kelly & Walsh ignore all traditionally polite utterances. But those can also be found in other phrasebooks, while the following excerpts have the distinction of freshness and novelty.

The opening chapter is entitled, "A short list of a few words and phrases which the traveler constantly requires to use." Apart from the expected "yes," "no," "please," and "thank you," the list includes "beer," "brandy," and "whisky," and, encouraged by the latter, goes on to "Look alive and hurry up!" "Don't

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make such a noise!" and "What a horrible smell!"

After these constantly required phrases we are off on a tour of Japan conducted by Kelly & Walsh. The authors have nothing to say about air travel, but they do supply some useful shipboard conversation. The anxious queries, "Is she a good boat?" "Is she seaworthy?" get reassuring answers: "Yes, one of the best in the company's service." "She is a rotten old tub."

Despite the deplorable conditions aboard, we arrive safely on Japanese soil. After a crisp dialogue with the customs officer ("This is my *portemanteau.*" "Favour me with your keys.") the book asks, "Is there an omnibus?" and replies immediately, "There is an old rattle-trap omnibus, but the wheels come off sometimes." "You will become sore all over if you ride in a Japanese omnibus."

Somehow we make it to the hotel, and we are now ready for the chapter "In a Japanese Hotel," whose fascinating plot, even in condensed form, makes good reading. "Welcome, welcome!" "You must be very tired, I think!" "The bath is ready now, sir!" "I say, waitress! Is this thing a towel? It is so small that I thought it must be a handkerchief." "You are joking, sir." "Have you any soap?" "We have no soap, but how will bran do?" "Please just scrub my back a bit." "You needn't be so violent over it. The skin seems as if it would peel off." "Ah, I feel greatly refreshed." "Ah, I feel splendid." "Where shall I place the pillow?" "On the south side." "Please extinguish the lights." "Good night and sleep well."

"Half-past five has struck, sir, please wake up." "Ah, how sleepy I am." "O, sir, what a sleepy-head you are." "Really, the fleas in this house are remarkable."

Kelly & Walsh now take us on "A Journey By Railway," and, as we shall see, the boys stand for no nonsense.

"Here comes the train." "This carriage is full." "You must put on another carriage." "I insist on another carriage being put on." "I will complain to the Chief of the Railroad Department if you don't put one on."

One of the most informative chapters in the book is the one on shopping. Its title is "In a Curio Store," and it is not designed for the tourist who wants to do his shopping in a hurry. The brisk American "How much?" followed by the perfunctory "Too much!" which is prominently featured in all other phrasebooks does not exist for Kelly & Walsh. To indicate that the price is too high, the book offers a choice of baroque phrases such as "I am overpowered by fear and admiration." "Oh, admirable man! Rare indeed art such as thou in this world!" or "I see! So you conduct your business on philanthropic lines, eh?"

There is some spirited haggling that runs for several pages, and even after agreement on a price the dialogue continues to crackle. "Well, I will take them. Mind you don't change them for inferior things!" "I won't do such a dirty, mean thing as that." "I detest crooked actions." "Oh, you're a capital hand at getting over one with your plausible statements!"

Again I must stress that Kelly & Walsh have their gentle moments in which traditional Japanese courtesy asserts itself. However, these waist-deep bows do not last long, and only one page later Kelly & Walsh revert to type. The chapter is called "Some Disagreeable Assertions." "He is a terrible liar," it starts out. "Every word that fellow says is a lie." The mood deteriorates, and one gains the impression that Kelly is getting a little short-tempered while Walsh is hitting right back. "Stupid donkey!" "Insolent fellow!" "Brainless idiot!" "Lazy hound!" The chapter ends with an abrupt "Get out of the way!"

The English-Japanese vocabulary which concludes the *Hand-Book* abounds with valuable information. Under "beautiful" it lists "Nobody can help falling in love with a beautiful girl like you," adding that "a common word for 'beautiful girl' is the slang term *beppin,* which is equivalent to the English "a regular daisy." The following entry is found under "He." "The word for 'he' can also be used to express 'she,' as the Japanese language does not lay stress upon distinction of sex except in rare instances." We do not learn in what instances.

Under "wife" we find the respective words for "My wife" (low class, good class, and high class), and a different set of words for "Your wife" (low class, good class, and high class). "Husband," however, is a different matter altogether. A woman's own husband is just plain *teishu,* and no one seems to care whether he is a low *teishu,* a good *teishu,* or a high *teishu.*

One thing that puzzles me is why the *Hand-Book* was published in Hong Kong and not in the Japanese Isles. Perhaps Kelly & Walsh are afraid to show their faces along the Ginza.

—Michael Berry.

Editor's note: *Daniel Nesbett is a New York advertising executive. Michael Berry is a free-lance writer-illustrator.*

H-Bombs

Continued from page 27

"What reasons?"

"The fear that in the future no one will want to buy tomatoes harvested in the village, and the suspicion that the soil may have been damaged and will not give such good fruit as before. Bear in mind, however, that some of those families had been wanting to go for some time, and all they have done is to take advantage of the compensation money in order to do so."

"And what about the compensation—are all those affected satisfied?"

"No. There are six who reckon they've been injured. For my own part I am most discontented. They promised me a new chapel and haven't kept their promise."

"But didn't they give you 60,000 pesetas [$1,000] for that purpose?"

"When General Wilson gave me that sum on behalf of his soldiers, he repeated two or three times that it *wasn't* the money promised for the chapel. General Montel translated his words."

Juan Antonio Castro is not satisfied, either, and tirelessly repeated his story to me, each time adding new details. "When the accident occurred, the tomatoes were about to be picked," he said. "They forbade me to do so and promised to buy my crop. . . . They said they'd pay me at 10 pesetas a kilo, which was the price fetched by tomatoes in Vera market on the day before the accident. According to this, I was to receive 2,422,500 pesetas [$40,340]. A month later, two technicians from the Ministry of Agriculture arrived at Palomares. They offered me 1,551,000 pesetas [$25,830] but I haven't wanted to accept it. I've decided to take the case to the Courts. I haven't been able to plant tomatoes this year. My losses are very great."

Eduardo Navarro received me in his son-in-law Agustín's house. "Your son-in-law Juan Antonio Castro has told me you have some claims pending with the Americans," I said. "What are they?"

"Look, I have a plot of about two hectares [five acres] near the cemetery. The Americans decided to take the contaminated earth and the remains of the airplanes there. They tamped down the ground. As compensation they have given me 9,000 pesetas [$150]. Do you know, they've ruined the land, they've left is so it can't be cultivated. . . . From the land in front of my house, they took a layer of earth forty centimeters thick. I shan't be able to plant anything there until next year. I had my life arranged, but that's all over . . . it's all over now."

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Tozzi's Sachs, "Passaggio," "Prologue"

GIORGIO TOZZI took a giant stride forward in his already notable career as an operatic artist when he sang Hans Sachs for the first time at the Metropolitan's recent matinee performance of Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*. It was on several counts an exceptional occasion, for Tozzi had recently been hospitalized for an ailing back, thus depriving him not only of the scheduled first performance (in December) but also of the preceding dress rehearsal. As a result he made his maiden effort in the hearing of the millions who listen to the Metropolitan broadcasts as well as the thousands in the theater.

Despite all this, it was an achievement of ripe dramatic power, full vocal suitability, and a rocklike foundation in the major requirements of a role as challenging as an actor's Hamlet. How challenging may be better judged from a single statistic than a multiplicity of adjectives. In all the years since the company began giving *Die Meistersinger* in 1886, there have been only two American-born singers who mastered the part sufficiently to undertake it at the Metropolitan (old and new). One was the unforgettable Clarence Whitehill, of Marengo, Iowa, whose career ended in the early Thirties. The second is the Chicago-born Tozzi.

If Tozzi does not command the full powerful kind of *Heldenbariton* which goes with the greatest past exponents of the part (the Wotan-Wolfram-Sachs variety), he has something no less rare. That is a real rolling bass-baritone *cantante* method, schooled for the Italian roles in which he first attained distinction, and seldom blended with fluency in such German roles as Daland (in *The Flying Dutchman*) and Pogner (in this same *Meistersinger*), which have been among his prior attainments. Thus, in the best tradition of operatic distinction, he is a hybrid, bestriding two different but complementary kinds of resource on a firm bridge of artistic intelligence.

It is reasonable to assume that he will go on from the fine start he has made on this most sizable undertaking of his career toward the distant but accessible goal—given his application—of parity with his greatest predecessors. As of now, Tozzi's Sachs is lovely to hear in almost every context, if a little lacking in ultimate power for the "Wahn" monologue of Act III. He has a broad command not only of the vocal detail, but also a savorous sense of the word values, whether delivering them himself or reacting to their delivery by others. As for the crucial consideration of staying power, he performed strongly in the climaxing "Verachtet mir die Meister nicht" (cut, as customary, by about a page and a half) up to one rough moment on the final high E. In the circumstances, it was, very possibly, a result of overproduction, from the realization that he was all but safely in port after the long voyage, rather than vocal fatigue.

Dramatically, Tozzi's first Sachs was an artful compound of humor and warmth, tending to the side of charm and humanity rather than toward the malice or irony some others have preferred. In the aggregate, the dominant influence appeared to be the classic characterization of Paul Schoeffler (with whom Tozzi more than once performed his Pogner), but only as any intelligent artist would profitably build upon the best models available. It was almost, but not quite, over-youthful for the supposedly aging shoemaker-poet (his lifetime friend Pogner, as portrayed by Ezio Flagello, had clearly aged at a more rapid rate). Presumably, in the long vista of performances that lies ahead, Tozzi's Sachs will add facial lines and bodily infirmities not present in its present conformation, but that is the seasoning process through which any important characterization must pass as the performer and the part become inseparably interrelated. The important fact is that Tozzi has proven that he possesses the voice and the mind for Sachs, and they should coordinate harmoniously for years to come.

Even so, it would hasten the maturing process were he to reconsider a detail (or three) which tended to detract from the power and poise of an otherwise powerfully poised impersonation. One was rather too much gesturing (probably inevitable in the circumstances) when fewer, simpler hand and arm movements would convey even more. Another was an inclination to head movements which tended to be out of character for this patrician burgher. And, finally, he should reconsider the intrusion of unscored sounds into this richest of musical textures, such as the clatter when he threw Beckmesser's slate angrily to the church bench in the reflective moment at the end of Act I and when he smote one hard-soled shoe against the other (a real solecism) while taunting Beckmesser at the beginning of the riot in Act II. Trivial details perhaps, but it is out of such trivia that perfection is thwarted or achieved. The choice lies well within Tozzi's grasp.

With this stimulating kind of vocal effort at its focal point and a more outgoing treatment of the score than Joseph Rosenstock has usually offered, this was a *Meistersinger* of many satisfactions (especially when the ladies were otherwise engaged). Ezio Flagello sang another plumply resonant Pogner, Murray Dickie returned to enliven the scene with his skillful David, and Karl Doench trod delicately the fine line between character and caricature in his prizable Beckmesser, among a group of Guildsmen all in prime vocal form. As before, Jean Fenn's Eva charmed the eye more than the ear and Mildred Miller's 'Lene was dwarfed by its surroundings. However, it was Tozzi's day, and one long to be remembered.

ANOTHER kind of operatic experience was provided earlier in the week at the Juilliard School, where Luciano Berio presided over a program devoted to an updated staging of Monteverdi's *Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda* and his own *Passaggio*. Each had its provocative content of matter and manner, though the musical matter was more conspicuous in Ian Strasfogel's conception of the Monteverdi on a raised platform within confines suggesting a prize ring than it was in Berio's effort to shake up his listeners by employing a chorus of comment, on the audience side of the footlights, on what was happening in his monodrama based on a text by Edoardo Sanguineti.

In both instances, much of the compulsion attached to the performance of a vibrant young performer named Evelyn Mandac, who served as Clorinda and as "Her" in *Passaggio*. This was hardly Berio's intention, but those who venture into the theater must accept its risks as well as its rewards. Essentially, *Passaggio* is a study of human tribulation, with overtones of persecution, pursuit, and defeat (words of Rosa Luxemburg are woven into the text; also Kafka's letters to Milena). Young Miss Mandac embodied the tortured single protagonist with an uncommon kind of intensity and a command of the skipping, angular, nonsequential vocal line reminiscent of the facility shown by Bethany Beardslee when first heard from this same stage. In the updated treatment of Monteverdi (put into a context of contemporary confrontation of East and West), Robert Jones sang beautifully the high tenor writing for Testo, and Alan Titus, as Tancredi, made a mean-

(*Continued on page 73*)

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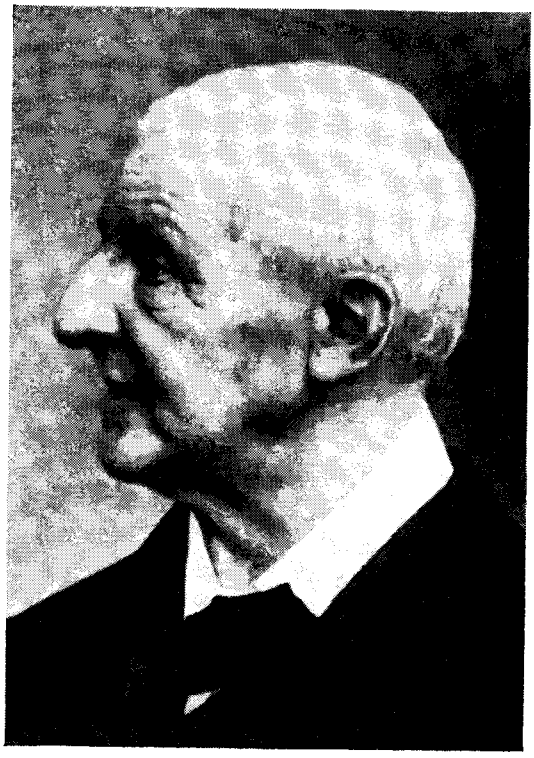

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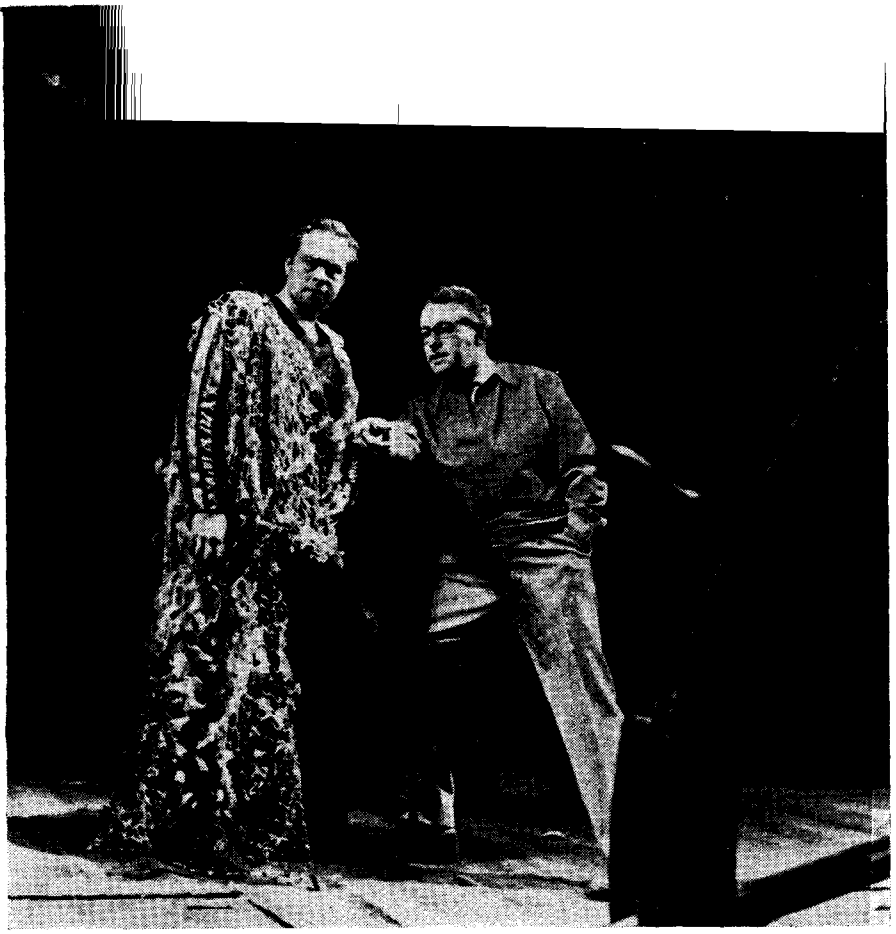

—*Bayreuth.*

George London (left), as Vanderdecken, listens to a suggestion from the late Wieland Wagner for a Bayreuth production of his grandfather's *Der Fliegende Holländer*.

THE WORLD OF WIELAND WAGNER

By GEORGE LONDON

I FIRST met Wieland Wagner in the late summer of 1950. I had come to Bayreuth to audition for the festival which was to reopen the theater, closed since the war. Hans Knappertsbusch, who had heard me in *The Tales of Hoffmann* in Vienna, had recommended me to Wieland as a potential Amfortas in *Parsifal*. I had rushed to Bayreuth between my last performance at the Edinburgh Festival and the opening of the season at the Vienna State Opera. Thus one evening in August, 1950, I found myself on the stage of the Festspielhaus, excited and awed, singing a long audition of arias and monologues of Wotan, Hans Sachs, and Amfortas. Afterward, Wieland invited me for supper at the "Eule," a restaurant located in an alley of the old part of Bayreuth and frequented by the artists of the festival since its inception. We ate venison and talked of many things other than my audition. It was late, and I was exhausted, having sung the Count in *Figaro* in Edinburgh barely twenty-four hours earlier.

I retired to my austere room at the Bayerischer Hof, too tired to care whether I had made a good impression. At seven the next morning I was awakened by Wieland in the lobby asking if I would breakfast with him. Over rolls and coffee he said, "Mr. London, I must tell you I haven't slept all night. I have searched all over Europe in vain, and I want you to sing the Wotans at the festival next year."

I was deeply moved, utterly disarmed. Yet I knew that I had neither adequate time to prepare such a gigantic assignment nor the vocal maturity to assume such demanding roles. I told him so and hoped he would not consider me ungrateful. "You are a phenomenon," he said, "you are the only singer I have ever known to refuse a part." We settled on my singing Amfortas in *Parsifal*, which was to be the premiere of the 1951 festival. Wieland later drove me to the station, and I felt we had, in a short time, established a warm relationship. Indeed, this ripened into a friendship which I cherished over the years we worked together.

When I first met Wieland Wagner he was thirty-three years old. He died on October 17, 1966, at the age of forty-nine. His entire career covered a brief span of fifteen years. Yet in this period he completely revolutionized the staging of Wagner operas and profoundly influenced the style in which many contemporary operas are produced. One often reads today about an opera staging being "neo-Bayreuth." Neo-Bayreuth is, of course, "neo-Wieland," and is usually a poor imitation. To produce most Wagner operas today in a way other than in Wieland's has already become anachronistic.

Primarily, Wieland saw the stage from the viewpoint of a painter. He was an excellent painter who was greatly influenced by the abstract, an orientation that was reflected in all his productions. He rebelled at the requirements—to him, limitations—of a purely representational stage setting. For this reason his two

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—Festspiele Bayreuth/Lauterwasser.

The Wagner brothers (Wieland, left, and Wolfgang) in the mid-Fifties.

versions of *Die Meistersinger* were only in part successful. In the first he was unable to resolve the conflict between the revolutionary style to which he had committed himself and the problem of staging an opera with a known time and locale. The house of Hans Sachs was missing, as was the town of Nüremberg, yet the performers were dressed traditionally. Despite much that was beautiful in this production, the over-all result was uneven. In *Meistersinger* No. 2 Wieland used a Shakespearean stage which ultimately pleased neither him nor the critics, though at the time he defiantly defended his concept. The scope of the work and the music were hemmed in by such miniaturizing. Nonetheless, one sensed a unified and strong artistic conception. Nothing Wieland Wagner ever did was dilettante.

PARADOXICALLY, Wieland loved *Die Meistersinger* most of all his grandfather's works. He lavished thought on it, philosophized endlessly about it, and ended, like an over-doting parent, in somewhat spoiling it. He saw Hans Sachs as a biographical picturization of Richard Wagner complete with chin-beard. Wieland terribly wanted his grandfather to have possessed the bonhomie of the Nuremberg cobbler. His staging could not alter the character of Richard Wagner, but it did somewhat alter Sachs. These *Meistersinger* productions reflected experimentation, never fulfillment. He never succeeded in resolving the problem, though, had he lived, he most certainly would have.

Wieland also had some difficulties with his second version of *Tannhäuser*. He seemed overly preoccupied with a type of Freudian sex symbolism so dearly loved by many German artists and thinkers. For example, in the first act he placed his Venus center stage in a rigidly gynecological position. One might say that he put the Venusberg exactly where Gray's *Anatomy* said it should be. In the Hall of Song he seated Elisabeth at precisely the same spot, a symbolism which was somewhat obscure. Or, perhaps one preferred it to remain so. A further handicap was Béjart's choreography for the Bacchanale as a series of unerotic sex calisthenics. Since Wieland had given the choreographer *carte blanche*, he could not be held responsible for that aberration.

On the other hand, in this same production his staging of the Pilgrims' Chorus was purest inspiration. There were no sleek chorus men, cassocks bulging with their last snack in the opera canteen. Instead, there was a line of gaunt zealots, each holding in front of him a large, heavy cross. One knew that they had suffered cruelly on their long pilgrimage. Only Wieland Wagner could have conceived this otherwise cliché-ridden chorale in such a manner.

Birgit Nilsson as Isolde, with Wieland Wagner—"I will make her feel she is beautiful. . . ."

THE entire production was not what the Germans call *geglückt*—fortunate. Yet, when one speaks of Wieland's "failures" it is only in relation to his own genius. There was enough brilliant material in any of these less successful productions to launch the careers of half a dozen lesser men. Wieland had more than his share of triumphs. Much of what he did was monumental, and even those productions which were flawed in some details were of a quality unapproached by any other Wagner director.

Wieland Wagner's work may be roughly divided into two periods. During the first, his approach was figurative and seemingly influenced by German expressionist painting and German stage experimentation of the 1920s and 1930s. From the latter he borrowed certain concepts of lighting. However, he developed these ingeniously and audaciously and in the process became unchallenged master of the art of projection. He also adopted the *Schräge*, or tilted stage, which served literally to project the singers out into the audience. The resulting immediacy and intimacy were a revelation to Bayreuth audiences of the 1950s. Actually, the tilted stage became a *sine qua non* for all of Wieland's productions and has been widely imitated by other directors. To this first period belong *Parsifal*, his acknowledged masterpiece; the first trail-blazing *Ring;* and the first memorable *Tannhäuser*; and *Tristan*. There was a more conventional, if no less effective, phase which brought us a dazzling, Gobelin-like *Lohengrin* and a superb *Der Fliegende Holländer*. Wieland's second period was clearly inspired by abstract painting. This influence is apparent in the second *Tannhäuser*, the second *Tristan*—which, in its own way was just as impressive as the first—and, most recently, the new, almost entirely abstract *Ring*.

Words cannot adequately describe the impact of some of Wieland Wagner's greatest inspirations. Unforgettable is the entrance of the Knights of the Grail in *Parsifal*: From the deepest recesses of the vast stage, seemingly from infinity, the army of swaying men moves closer, as the music grows in almost unbearable intensity, until they have assumed their places around a huge circular table in the center; the miracle of the scene of the Flower Maidens, with its interplay of projected pastel colors and undulating

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bodies, flimsily clad, seducing, enchanting, an irresistible corruption; the wondrous Grail Forest, the subtlest impression of trees on an immense semicircular backdrop rising endlessly heavenward, the stage otherwise empty, bathed in purest light, achieving a pristine clarity which permits the music of the Good Friday Spell to create an even deeper mood of religious ecstasy; the original *Tristan* ship of infinite dimensions covering the entire stage, a vessel on an endless and hopeless voyage, already foretelling the tragedy; the entrance of the Holländer's ship as a vast blood-red sail descends from the heights of the stage to meet a gigantic prow which rises from the floor, giving the impression that the ship, in its hugeness, is bursting into the auditorium; the Holländer, himself, during his entire monologue, crucified on the prow of the doomed vessel, arms outstretched, motionless throughout the scene, only his face bathed in a ghostly light revealing his torment and his tragedy.

Then there is the entrance from the bowels of the stage of the wraithlike Holländer crew flowing like a cancerous mass until the normalcy represented by Daland's merry-makers has been obliterated, a blood-chilling study in pure horror; the depraved Breughel-like shindy at the end of the second act of *Meistersinger,* the burghers in their night dresses moving and running in a frenzy of contrapuntal activity, superbly organized confusion, utter madness, the "Wahn" of which Hans Sachs sings in the ensuing act; the delightful realism, achieved by the imaginative use of projections and doubles, of the Rhine Maidens scene from *Das Rheingold*—the gold itself, an immense nugget, suspended symbolically above the stage; the glorious finale of *Die Walküre*, the director's emphasis on a parental love more human, more palpable, and thus more deeply moving, Brünnhilde enveloped by a sea of flames produced through a masterful use of projections; the marvelous solution of the encounter in *Siegfried* between the hero and what must surely be the most effective dragon in operatic history, of prehistoric proportions, swaying and steaming, towering over the center of the stage; the semicircle of Gibichungs in *Götterdämmerung* standing with spears poised —ritually, menacingly—and the murder of Siegfried, heart-breaking, almost too realistic; and, finally, the immolation of Brünnhilde and the ensuing cataclysm, as though the entire stage had disappeared into the center of a sun. It was Richard Wagner's concept of the Apocalypse which his grandson consciously translated into an atomic holocaust.

WIELAND WAGNER was not only a great scenic designer and master of stage techniques, he had a genius for working with singers. Singers also inspired him. It was a rule of thumb that when he had the right artists in the right parts he rarely erred in his overall concept of a production. I once asked him, with *Die Meistersinger* in mind, if he did not sometimes get in trouble with an opera when he did not have the right cast—did he not tend to overcompensate. He said, without hesitating, that what I was intimating was correct.

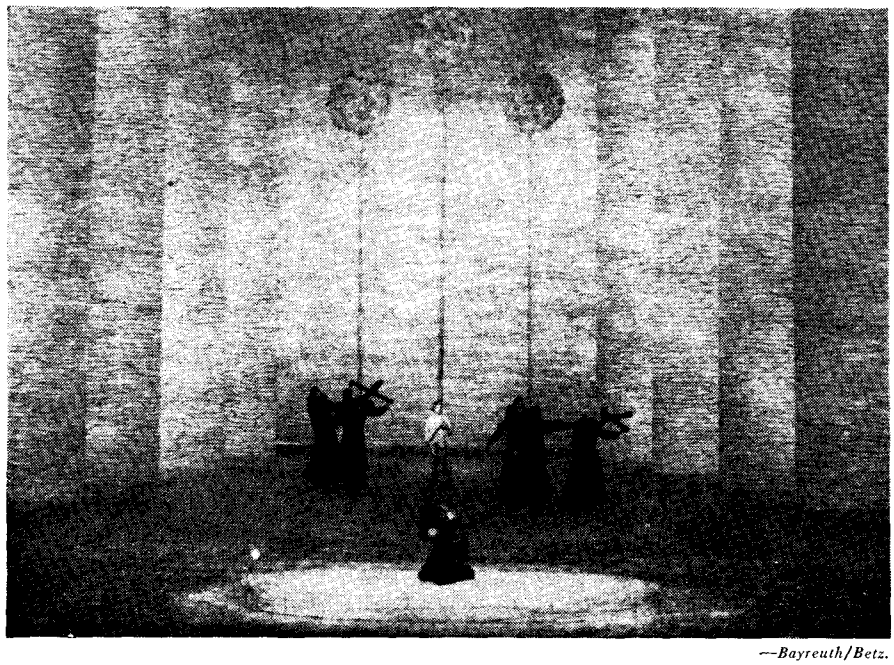
Wieland adored talent and catered to it. He never refused to work privately with an artist even when, as was mostly the case, his schedule was crushing. He was never at a loss to provide inspiration, a special insight that recommended itself to a certain singer. He overflowed with ideas: If he had to he could offer several valid ways of doing the same scene or, for that matter, of staging the entire opera. He had the virtuosity of a brilliant attorney who could, depending upon which role he was assigned, win either for the defense or the prosecution. He was equipped to guide singers as no other director in my experience. He knew by heart every note, every word, every key and key relationship, every *leitmotif* and its significance in every Wagner opera.

It was fascinating to listen to him expound on his ideas, to reveal modern analogies for all the Wagnerian characters. He mesmerized his artists, making them become what he wanted them to be, knowing instinctively when they were receptive to his particular conception. Yet he was never didactic in his direction and was quite willing to try things another way if the artist was not at ease. He made his people think. He implored them to sustain intensity and mood. He robbed them of meaningless and mood-killing gestures. He would leap onto the stage to show them what they were doing.

Wieland's singers understood, and all of them became actors—almost all. He cared about the singers' comfort. Thus an encumbering cape would be discarded, a costume lined with a lighter material, an entire costume changed if the singer did not feel right in it. In *Siegfried* he insisted on a small cut in the last act which deleted the only reference to the Wanderer's hat. This was a device to liberate the Wanderer from the curse, during the entire opera, of wearing a low-hanging hat which absorbed the artist's facial expressions and made it difficult for him to hear himself or the orchestra.

I never knew an artist who was not thrilled to work with Wieland Wagner or who was not happy in the Festspielhaus. Some of the greatest artists of our time passed through Wieland Wagner's hands. And though it cannot be doubted that they would have made their way without him, surely all of them felt that the work in Bayreuth added a dimension to their artistry.

ONE can never forget Martha Mödl's Kundry. In life she is an ample woman, attractive without being pretty, with a deep, somewhat husky speaking voice. Under Wieland's direction she became, in the second act of *Parsifal*, a temptress, a *femme fatale* of devastating appeal who could be resisted only by a saintly or a sexless man. Her skin glowed under Wieland's lights like purest alabaster, her bosom was exquisite, and her mouth a scarlet trap. Her acting and her singing were simultaneously primordial and polished. Astrid Varnay was also a great Kundry with more stress on the intellect



—Bayreuth/Betz.

Wieland Wagner's *Tannhäuser*—"a line of gaunt zealots."

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than on the erotic. She was also a superb Brünnhilde. Unwanted in her own country at a crucial point in her career, she became one of the mainstays at Bayreuth. Personal tragedy gave added depth to her work. She developed into a heartbreakingly intense performer.

Ramon Vinay came to Bayreuth with a completely different operatic orientation but with the desire to sing Wagner. Wieland had heard his great Otello and saw in him an ideal interpreter for certain Wagnerian roles. Wieland's direction transformed him. As he divested himself of Latin excesses his work became a marvel of economy and intensity. He developed into a Tristan and a Parsifal of greatest nobility as well as physical appeal. Wolfgang Windgassen, a fine-looking, tall man, who had been a former Wehrmacht officer and made a rather stolid impression, became, in time, one of the most passionate of Tristans and Tannhäusers.

Leonie Rysanek is the type of singer whom Wieland loved, an artist who gives of her soul in each performance. Certainly her Senta was the definitive one in our time. She absorbed Wieland's concept of Senta as a fanatical, somewhat neurotic teen-ager, for he believed that only such a girl could be capable of the violent, selfless love necessary for the Holländer's redemption.

Birgit Nilsson was already the world's greatest heroic soprano when she came to Bayreuth. Wieland expressed some concern about her reputed coolness. Indeed, there were those who felt, in some of her early Bayreuth performances, that she was somewhat aloof. A turning point in Birgit Nilsson's relationship with Wieland Wagner, and in her career, was their work together in *Tristan*. She is an attractive if not a beautiful woman. "I will make her beautiful," Wieland said, "I will make her feel that she is beautiful." And he achieved just that. He costumed her and lit her with loving care. He made her conscious of the passion which, of course, she always possessed. She became the most ardent and exquisite Isolde imaginable. And, of course, she sang divinely.

What was Wieland Wagner like other than as a theater director?

He was, above all, a man of infinite curiosity. He loved the drama and was so fascinated by the Broadway musical that he expressed the desire one day to stage such a work. His interest in music covered a range from Orlando Lasso to modern jazz. He had an encyclopedic knowledge of Greek mythology as well as the Germanic legends and used to draw parallels between the two. He had an insatiable appetite for books and was particularly drawn to French literature. His taste in painting, as in music, was catholic and eclectic. He had a predilec-

(*Continued on page* 69)

Böhm's Bayreuth "Tristan"

A GREAT PERFORMANCE of any familiar work is one that strips it of barnacles, sandblasts it to a pristine glow, and carries the listener back to first impressions of a masterpiece. This was one of Toscanini's strengths: recharging a score after years of routine had dulled its vitality. Karl Böhm accomplishes much the same in his new recording of *Tristan und Isolde* for Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft (stereo 139221/139225) with the Bayreuth Festival Orchestra and a first-rate cast.

Well, almost first-rate. On consulting my notes, jotted down during the listening period, I find: "Put *Tristan* on the shelf until we rediscover a Tristan. Who today dares present *Norma* without a Norma? And in Wagner the demands are just as severe."

The notes continue: "Why should we put up with these inadequacies, be tolerant of a tenor who lacks the equipment?" Memories of Melchior are still rampant. Once having heard that mighty voice in this music, an opera-lover cannot scrap his standards for the sake of amiability. There are those (myself included) who feel that the third act—Tristan in torment, Tristan in rapture, delirium spinning the web that unites these opposing states—represents the peak of expressivity in Wagner. Only a performing Titan can cope with it—and, to be truthful, epic drama of this type leaves Wolfgang Windgassen behind. He is a cozy rather than heroic singer. Yet dismay at his limited powers can give way, once the voice has held the inner ear, to respect for his thoughtfulness, applause for his penetration. Following Windgassen on his own terms, one can grow to admire the quiet weariness of his "Müht euch dies?" in rebuke to Isolde's rage over Morold; the well molded lyricism of the love duet; the plaintive side of his suffering during the scene in Kareol. Obviously, Windgassen misses an amount of heroic style. In the new Deutsche Grammophon recording, however, with Karl Böhm superlatively in command, Windgassen's poetry as an artist exceeds his failings. Compensation stems from a top orchestra and maestro.

This, indeed, is the opera orchestra of one's dreams. Cellos and basses are unbelievably rich, the tone of the whole ensemble charged with beauty, passion, and intensity, the first-desk solos wonderfully well played. And how good to hear this music—after a recent plethora of electronified, souped-up Wagner on records— ring out with the sonority of the opera house! Böhm's intensity never flags. All effects are interrelated. Such contrasting moments as the *ponticello* of the garden episode, throbbing beneath the distant hunting horns; the rugged, almost demonic rhythms of Tristan's entrance before Isolde offers him what she believes to be the death potion; the solitude of the seascape surrounding Kareol—every one of these has its special magic, combining with the others to form a total experience which, for orchestral sorcery, is unique.

Birgit Nilsson, a chilly Isolde on occasion, is here quite outgoing. I have in mind her melting quality in the duet with Windgassen; the pinpoint of light with which her "Liebestod" begins. Her vocal timbre is, of course, a matter of taste. I find the Nilsson quality relentlessly bright and unvaried during the long first act. Yet there is a danger, because we hear it so often, of taking this phenomenal voice too much for granted. Nilsson is a great singer who commands admiration, if not always love.

OF the other artists, Christa Ludwig as Brangaene sounds better in the garden scene, with a beautifully sung Warning, than in the act on shipboard, where she displays a fast vibrato. At best, she brings youth and impetus to the part. Eberhard Wächter is a ranking Kurvenal; Erwin Wohlfahrt a perceptive Shepherd (his sighting of the ship ushers in, under the direction of Böhm, one of the orchestral climaxes of a lifetime); and Martti Talvela a King Mark in the tradition of Bohnen, Andresen, and Kipnis. Like those bassos, Talvela succeeds in making the King not a bore but an eloquent human being.

In so vast a score as *Tristan und Isolde* —especially an uncut edition—one hesitates to single out any detail at the conceivable expense of much else. Yet still fresh in the memory are the orchestral introduction to Act III, with its bleak and tragic look across the sea; the hauntingly played English horn solo; the healthy release of the Kareol motive (how well Böhm brings out its rhythmic vigor!). There are no gimmicks, no echo chambers—only *Tristan*. And that, despite some defects in the singing, is already something. The sound of the Bayreuth orchestra, under the baton of a great conductor, lifts the album into a special class. —ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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Recordings in Review

The Sound of Tomorrow

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas in A (No. 3, Op. 69) and D (No. 5, Op. 102, No. 2). Jacqueline du Pré, cello, with Stephen Bishop, piano.* Angel stereo, S 36384, $5.79; mono, 36384, $4.79.

OF THE numerous versions of the A-major Sonata in and out of the present catalogue, the one that is irresistibly called to mind by this latest is the gone but far from forgotten collaboration that brought together Emanuel Feuermann and Myra Hess. On the keyboard side, this is reasonable enough; for Bishop, the young American who went to live in England within the last decade, was befriended by Hess and enjoyed the advantages of her counsel and friendship as long as she lived.

With young Miss du Pré, the association is wholly presumptive and theoretical, for Feuermann died well before she was born, and whatever affinity exists must have been derived from such a recording as the one referred to above. But the resonance of the Feuermann cello, his sure, easy command of what the instrument contains in all its registers, is recalled more by Miss du Pré's sound than by any other I can think of.

Whatever the blood lines, the flow of it that courses through these patterns is definitely of the imperial purple, a warming reminder that, as with such other performers of the postwar generation as Glenn Gould, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Antonio Janigro, Judith Raskin, Vladimir Ashkenazy, and (optional with the reader), the link to the past is strong and sure. In the case of such a collaboration as this, the virtues include not only the give and take appropriate to the chamber music idiom, but also the kind of overriding impulse that is greater than the personality of either, and can be produced only by the merger, in a common cause, of two equally gifted individuals.

—*Allegro.*

Stephen Bishop—"subtle treatment of the piano part . . ."

In terms of novelty interest, the attention is repeatedly attracted to Bishop's subtle treatment of the piano part, if only for the reason that expectations of ultimate quality from Miss du Pré had already been established not only by her live performances but also by her recording of the Delius Concerto [RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, Jan. 29, 1966]. Expectably, the free-flowing patterns of the middle-period A-major are better served by the enthusiastic response of the young performers than the more reflective D-major, which is to say, simply, that the order of ability they command today gives rise to hopes of even greater things tomorrow.

An Instrumental Ottavio

HUMMEL: *Fantasy in G minor. Ernst Wallfisch, viola, with the Württemberg Chamber Orchestra conducted by Jörg Faerber.*

M.HAYDN: *Concerto in C. The same, plus Lory Wallfisch, harpsichord.* Turnabout stereo, TV 34079S, $2.50; mono, TV 4079, $2.50.

THOSE WHO have long felt that there must be some better way of listening to "Il mio tesoro" than from the tenors who customarily sing it in *Don Giovanni* may be encouraged to discover that Johann Nepomuk Hummel agreed with them, long ago. Perhaps it was Hummel's awareness of the character's full name Don Juan Tenorio—which prompted him to choose the tenor of instruments when substituting bow and strings for the vocal chords in the Fantasy herein recorded for the first time.

What it amounts to is nine minutes and fifty-five seconds of exposition and elaboration of one of his master's most winning melodies (Hummel profited from Mozart's interest at a critical period in his early development). It is, frankly, more interesting in the exposition than the elaboration, but makes, altogether, a charming period piece (the occasion for its creation in 1822 is not identified by annotator Joseph Braunstein who is, otherwise, faultless in his enunciation of detail).

The Concerto is no less pertinent to the case of Mozart, for Michael Haydn was a contemporary of Leopold Mozart, and stood for high qualities in musical accomplishment long before the younger Mozart met the most famous of all Haydns. The piece is assigned by Braunstein to the period prior to 1770, which is to say, something that Mozart might quite possibly have heard when he was growing up. Whereas his brother had, by this time, progressed considerably in the direction of the symphonic structure for which he is best known (Symphony No. 80 bears the date 1769), Michael still had part of his being, at least, in the older contrapuntal tradition. Thus, this work is a concerto in that older sense, with the viola and harpsichord exchanging interrelated patterns, the small ensemble bumping along the bass line and accepting a subsidiary function when the solo instruments are active. The Wallfischs are both proficient in their specialities and, the ensemble (based in Heilbronn) produces a very agreeable sound.

Boulez on Boulez

BOULEZ: *Le Marteau sans Maître. Jeanne Deroubaix, alto, with Severino Gazzelloni, alto flute; Georges van Gucht, xylorimba; Claude Ricou, vibraphone; Jean Batigne, percussion; Anton Stingl, guitar; and Serge Collat, viola; directed by Pierre Boulez.* Turnabout stereo, TV 34081S, $2.50; mono, TV 4081, $2.50.

WHAT Pierre Boulez, as conductor, has done on behalf of such others as Igor Stravinsky, Georg Frideric Handel and C.P.E. Bach, he has now done on behalf of Pierre Boulez, composer of a work many consider a landmark on the way to the next new point of departure in musical history. That is to say, he has expounded, clarified, and made audible all of its nuances and counter-forces for any who choose to invest time in mastering its content.

For those who have not been exposed to the work Boulez created in 1954 for the ISCM festival of that year in Baden-Baden, it may be cited, in its official description, as a cantata based on portions of René Char's *Le Marteau sans Maître* ("The Hammer without a Master"). But it is both less and more than that—less, if cantata conjures up visions of much orchestra and many voices; more, if cantata suggests merely an echo of an old procedure.

What it is to me is an extension of the kind of writing Schoenberg pioneered in the String Quartet No. 2 (in which a soprano voice joins the strings in the final movement), and developed in *Das Buch der hängenden Gärten* filtered through the fragmentizing network of Webern's instrumental practices with perhaps a flavor of Messiaen, and reconstituted through Boulez's own

(*Continued on page* 73)

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Bernstein's Majestic Mahler 8th

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 8. Leonard Bernstein conducting the Leeds Festival Chorus, the Orpington Junior Singers, the Highgate School Boys' Choir, the Finchley Children's Music Group, the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus with Erna Spoorenberg (Magna Peccatrix), Gwyneth Jones (Una Poenitentium), Gwenyth Annear (Mater Gloriosa), Anna Reynolds (Mulier Samaritana), Norma Proctor (Maria Aegyptiaca), John Mitchinson (Doctor Marianus), Vladimir Ruzdjak (Pater Ecstaticus), Donald McIntyre (Pater Profundus), and Hans Vollenweider, organ.* Columbia stereo, M2S 751, $11.59; mono M2L 351, $9.59.

EVER SINCE the "live" recording of the opening concert of Philharmonic Hall in September 1962 preserved a stirring performance of the hymn "Veni, Creator Spiritus" (which forms Part I of this massive work), one has been waiting for Leonard Bernstein to validate the promise of that accomplishment with a version of the complete work. It came closer to realization late in 1965 when he put together the first performance of the complete Symphony New York had heard in years. Doubtless it was consideration of costs as well as acoustical surroundings that dictated the decision to take the project abroad as the culmination of a series of concert performances in London's Royal Albert Hall during April 1966.

This is, without question, the finest recording yet made of this enormously complicated work and the highest achievement to Bernstein's credit as performer for the phonograph. It is a tighter, more consistently satisfactory statement of the score than has been previously available (either from Vanguard, for which Maurice Abravanel was the conductor, or from the longtime "only" recording on Epic which reproduced a live performance in Rotterdam directed by Eduard Flipse). Not only are the musical materials at Bernstein's disposal superior to those available to either Abravanel or Flipse; the steady advances in the recording art permit more of the texture of this immense tapestry of sound to be audible than from any prior undertaking.

Not that this assures, by any means, a perfect, or even insuperable, re-creation of Mahler's dream of musical bliss. Within the limits of human resource, one could ask nothing more of instrumental or vocal quality than are drawn by Bernstein from the London Symphony, the various choirs, or organist Vollenweider. The division of the work into segments that restrict the music on side four to sixteen minutes and five seconds permits the gigantic swell of sound that climaxes the work to be reproduced with relatively little of the loss that may accrue as grooves spiral closer to the center of a fully recorded disc. (Those who crave the ultimate in possible fidelity will wait impatiently for the tape that should be forthcoming before too long.)

However, the problem of bringing together eight vocal soloists of equal quality—Mahler hardly discriminated in the imposition of difficulties—has been only partially solved. As a group, the women are superior to the men, with Spoorenberg aptly chosen for the highest lying music, and the now celebrated Jones for the voice of A Penitent (Gretchen) on sides three and four. Annear is equal to her requirements, as are the altos Reynolds and Proctor, also bass McIntyre. However, neither Mitchinson nor Ruzdjak (who sounds just as undistinguished, vocally, as he did during his seasons at the Metropolitan) are what one craves to hear in the important passages for tenor and baritone. I don't doubt that there were compelling reasons for their selection, but this merely leaves a respect in which some future recording can improve on this one.

Whether there is any conductor now prominent who can improve on Bernstein's effort may, however, be doubted. He combines in extraordinary degree comprehension not merely of the marvels Mahler accomplished in this score, but also those greater ones for which Mahler strove but did not quite achieve. Thus he is able to balance one against the other, and equate their inequalities to the advantage of a remarkably consistent result. Sometimes, as in the latter portions of Part I, he tends to be carried away by the mounting momentum rather than holding it firmly in hand, but one can excuse that understandable lapse in gratitude for the marvelously subdued, subtle manner in which the final Chorus Mysticus is prepared and sustained. It is a testament of his faith not merely in Mahler as a composer but in music itself.

Wisely enough, the recording team headed by John McClure decided not to challenge the famous echo of Albert Hall and took the recording to Walthamstow instead. However, they deserve a trophy of some sort in any case, for the acoustical problems have been superbly resolved in what may very well be the best recording Columbia has ever sponsored. Jack Diether's new translation of the Latin text and his annotation are in keeping with an achievement of historic dimensions. —IRVING KOLODIN.

—Columbia Records.

Bernstein and ensemble in Walthamstow—"gigantic swell of sound. . . ."

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto in D. Yehudi Menuhin, violin, with Otto Klemperer conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel stereo, S 36369, $5.79; mono, 36369, $4.79.	The rare and gratifying thing about this performance—Menuhin's third for the phonograph of the great work—is a sound point of view, mutually shared. In this respect it is measurably superior to the predecessor with Silvestri and, to my taste, more satisfying than *its* predecessor, with Furtwängler. To be sure, the point of view is one that will be disputed by some, for it comprehends the work with a steady, sober eye, with no tolerance for frivolity, even in the finale. As a whole the work proceeds with a measured, thoughtful gait which permits the composer's purpose to unfold without hurry or slight. As one who has been listening to Klemperer even longer than to Menuhin, I find it gratifying to note that his conception has retained its fluidity and deepened its purpose. All of this is fully congenial to Menuhin, who has not played anything, to my knowledge, as well in a long time. There is a trace of sharpness here and there but much, much more that is squarely on pitch, and in the restatement of the opening theme after the cadenza, incredibly well articulated. He uses the Kreisler cadenzas and makes of them everything the composer-violinist intended.
Dvořák: Symphony No. 8 (4) in G. Rafael Kubelik conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. DGG stereo, 139 181, $5.79; mono, 39 181, $5.79.	Kubelik shows not only the mastery of musical materials to deliver a convincing restatement of Dvořák's high-spirited ideas—something he already possessed in a pre-stereo version with the Philharmonia Orchestra—but also the command of orchestral means to shape the sound of the Berlin Philharmonic to the special needs of the score. These include a distinctive kind of string tone, richer brass, and more mellow reeds than tend to be their custom. It is, in this respect as well as others, superior to the recently issued Karajan version on London with the Vienna Philharmonic. Kubelik's treatment does not have the vein of sentiment favored by Bruno Walter and Barbirolli in their performances, nor quite the revelation of orchestral detail achieved by Szell with the Cleveland Orchestra, but it is forthright, emotionally outspoken, and full of relevant spirit.
Gade: Symphony No. 1 (Op. 5). Johan Hye-Knudsen conducting the Royal Danish Orchestra. Turnabout stereo, TV 34052S, $2.50; mono, TV 4052, $2.50.	The two contradictory facts of Gade's music—the high esteem in which it was held by Mendelssohn and Schumann, and the neglect into which it fell after his death—are illuminated by this product of his mid-twenties. It shows that he was not only very much of their own views as to how music should be written, but, spiritually, close kin to them also. However, as has happened to other men esteemed in their lifetime, his way of doing things differed too little from theirs to maintain the world's interest. Hye-Knudsen's direction conveys every suggestion of authenticity and the playing is not only spirited but solid in sound.
Mozart: Symphonies No. 36 (in C) and No. 39 (in E-flat). Karl Böhm conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. DGG stereo, 139 160, $5.79; mono, 39 160, $5.79.	Böhm and the orchestra produce more that is relevant to the E-flat than to the lighter, more volatile *Linz*. This is, at best, a matter of relative merit, for the treatment in both instances tends to be weightier than the best interests of the works dictate. Should anyone crave the particular combination of works offered on this disc, a more inviting exposition of them may be found on Columbia MS 6493, where Bruno Walter is the conductor (with the Columbia Symphony Orchestra).
Prokofiev: Concertos Nos. 1 and 2. John Browning, piano, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. RCA Victor stereo LSC 2897, $5.79; mono, LM 2897, $4.79.	Of the numerous "younger" pianists who have made a special province of Prokofievland, Browning is one who has claim to be a peer of the realm. For, in addition to the sharp rhythmic sense and the percussive strength required to articulate the composer's patterns, Browning has the richness and depth of sound to provide the necessary contrast. Add to this rather more emotional candor than is considered good form by some of his contemporaries, and the range of Browning's resources is clearly beyond the usual. In these two works he has the advantage also of strong and sympathetic collaboration from Leinsdorf, who clearly sees the music Browning's way. The high quality of orchestral performance leaves nothing wanting for outstanding results.
Rosetti: Concerto in D-minor. Erich Penzel, horn, with the Württemberg Chamber Orchestra directed by Jörg Faerber. Telemann: Suite in F. Alois Spach, Gottfried Roth, Joachim Schollmeyer, and Alfred Balser, horns; Alfred Sous and Hans Bogacchi, oboes; with the Mainz Chamber Orchestra directed by Günter Kehr. Vivaldi: Concerto in F. Spach and Roth, horns, with Kehr and Mainz Chamber Orchestra. Turnabout stereo, TV 34078S, $2.50; mono, TV 4078, $2.50.	Those who are addicted to the noblest as well as the most perilous of instruments will find, in addition to quantities of fine horn playing, unsuspected dividends of musical quality on these two sides. They may not be so unsuspected in the cases of Telemann and Vivaldi, for the works were part of a previous issue on the Vox label. However, the work of Rosetti (born Rössler, in Bohemia) reveals a composer entitled not only to his nickname of "the German Boccherini" but also to esteem for his own individuality. It is demonstrated here in a work of considerable difficulty which might qualify Penzel for description as "the Scherbaum of the Baroque Horn." All the performances are animated, the recording satisfactory.
Walton: Symphony No. 1. André Previn conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor stereo, LSC 2927, $5.79; mono, LM 2927, $4.79.	Previn's performance sustains the sequence of quality interpretations that have accrued to this work on records since it was new in 1934, extending over efforts by Sir Hamilton Harty, Adrian Boult, and the composer. It adds to regard for such a fine section as the slow movement but it does not—because it cannot—erase or even mitigate those all-too-clear indebtednesses to Sibelius. A major manifestation of craftsmanship for a man of thirty-two, the First Symphony stands today as a way point on Walton's progress to the violin and viola concerti rather than an end accomplishment in itself. However, this is a verdict about which opinions will differ, and it is a worthy enlargement of the repertory that Previn has achieved with his excellent orchestra. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Albéniz: *Iberia: Navarra.* Alicia de Larrocha, piano. Epic stereo, BSC 158, $5.79; mono, SC 6058, $4.79.	It was de Larrocha's prior recording of this compendium of melody and rhythm which announced her talents to the non-Spanish world (Columbia, ML 6003), and it was her performance of the sequence in concert lately in Philharmonic Hall that raised the candlepower of her personal star to its largest magnitude yet. Thus, there is nothing to be said now that wasn't said when the prior edition (mono only) appeared [*SR*, Aug., 1963] save to add that, as with every artist of substance, time has added to Larrocha's insights and, as yet, not diminished her ability to make them audible. It may also be added that, unlike the concert experience, one may hear such a favored piece as "Triana" every hour on the hour for as long as one wishes. Having learned the secrets of the style literally from the source—the deceptively named Frank Marshall, a friend and disciple of the composer—Larrocha is this generation's living link to that great tradition. It is beautifully forged in these performances.
Casals: Six Songs. Olga Iglesias, soprano, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. Dvořák: Moravian Duets. Mary Burgess, soprano, and Jon Humphrey, tenor, with Luis Battle, piano. Mendelssohn: Six Duets, (Op. 63). Benita Valente and Ilona Kombrink, sopranos, with Battle, piano. Columbia stereo, MS 6936, $5.79; mono, ML 6336, $4.79.	To judge from some communications received recently, what a number of admirers of the Catalan patriarch would like to have is a recording of *El Pesebre,* his "peace" offering to the world. But while that elaborate project awaits execution, the six songs recorded here for the first time will delight as well as surprise many who looked upon rumors of Casals as a composer with some indulgence. Scattered over a period of more than sixty years—the first was written in 1895, the last in 1959—the songs are consistent in their strong feeling for word values, imagery, sense of line and proportion. Iglesias has just the right vocal quality for them, and Horszowski performs his function in an equally admirable way. For those whose interest in this issue may be related to its other content, the report is equally affirmative. The quality of performance, whether or not the names are familiar, adheres to the high standard of the "Music from Marlboro" series, of which this is a continuation. The material is equally choice, whether there has been a previous recording (as with the Dvořák, though none is currently listed in Schwann) or not (as with the Mendelssohn). Excellent recording, too.
Gluck: *Le Mariage du Diable.* Claude Boyer conducting the soloists and orchestra of Le Festival de Musique d'Autrefois. Baroque stereo, 2863, $5.79; mono, 1863, $4.79.	As those who encountered such works as *Pilgrims to Mecca* are aware, Gluck had quite another vein of musical materials than the nobly tragic one familiar from *Orfeo* and the *Iphigenias.* That is a bright, pliable kind in the French comic style of the 1760s. According to the unidentified comment on the sleeve of this record, this one dates from 1759, when it was given in Paris. How much it was revised for a later production in Vienna, or what happened when it was "touched up again for the last time in 1951 by Messrs. Leibowitz and Gradwohl to suit the peculiarities of long-playing records" (the language is that of the source previously identified) is not clarified. However, as well performed by the (also unidentified) personnel directed by Boyer, it is enjoyable for itself, and interesting for the clear evidence that one of its far from tragic arias was later converted by Gluck into the personification of "Grecian" grief, "Che farò senza Euridice." The recording is not notable for volume, but the quality is passable.
Leoncavallo: Prolog (*Bajazzo*). Bizet: Torerolied (*Carmen*). Gounod: Serenade, "Ja, das Gold regiert die Welt" (*Margarethe*). Weber: "Hier im ird'schen Jammertal," "Schweig, schweig" (*Der Freischütz*). Smetana: "Weiss ich doch eine, die hat Dukaten" (*Verkaufte Braut*). Michael Bohnen, baritone (the Smetana with Joseph Schmidt, tenor). Wagner: "Wohl wusst ich hier sie im Gebet zu finden," "Oh, du mein holder Abendstern" (*Tannhäuser*). Herbert Janssen, baritone. Boito: "Ich, der Geist, der stets verneint" (*Mefistofele*). Verdi: "Credo" (*Otello*); "Zu dir führt mich ein ernster Grund" (*Aïda*). Wilhelm Rode, baritone (with Eva Hadravoba, soprano). Telefunken HT 47, mono only, $6.98.	For some, a full LP of Bohnen would hardly be too much. However, it is at least recognition of the unique combination of talent and personality that abided in him that he is granted a side of his own in this compilation of *Unvergessene Baritone.* In the seven excerpts from five works is abundant evidence of the qualities that made him, alternately, a joy and a despair in the Twenties. In the wide range of roles he commanded no two matched the evil Caspar in *Freischütz* and the scheming Kezal in *Verkaufte Braut.* Fortunately, vital moments from each are included in this compilation, and if those who cannot summon a mental vision of Bohnen's appearance must sacrifice something of the totality, the sound alone is a unique experience. On the other hand, the tedious excesses and latitudes he permitted himself in pursuit of his ambition to be the "deutsche Chaliapin" erupt with almost ludicrous predictability in the *Pagliacci* and *Faust* excerpts. Janssen's smooth sound courses beautifully through the *Tannhäuser* excerpts, and those chosen from Rode's catalogue are ample support for the high esteem he enjoyed in Central Europe in the Twenties and Thirties. Admirers of the diminutive Schmidt will find his Vasek an unexpected dividend on their investment. Selmar Meyrowitz's direction of the orchestra is in line with the standard he sustained in his own orchestral recordings.
Schubert: Mass in A-flat (D. 678). Maria Stader, soprano; Marga Höffgen, mezzo; Ernst Haefliger, tenor; and Hermann Uhde, bass; with Eberhard Kraus, organ, and Georg Ratzinger conducting the orchestra of the Bavarian Radio and the Regensburger Domchor. DGG stereo, 139 108, $5.79; mono, 39 108, $5.79.	All of Schubert's writings for the church, of which there are more than is generally realized, have their individual appeal, and this one is no exception. Those who take at face value his statement late in life that he was preparing to study counterpoint and fugue will find plentiful evidence herein that he possessed no small skills in such writing well before (1820 is a median date for the time in which the A-flat Mass was written). In this, its only stereo recording now available, the needs as well as the opportunities of the work are beautifully served by conductor Georg Ratzinger—a man previously unknown to me, but equipped with artistic impulses as well as technical skills—and his able associates. It would, in view of his limited representation on records, be rewarding to have a major example of the late Hermann Uhde's art, but the bass part of this w k is largely confined to the ensembles. It all comes off very well, however—the "all" including recording in a big, resonant surrounding which might be the Regensburg Dom, or Cathedral.
Wagner: "Siegmund heiss ich," "Winterstürme" (*Die Walküre*); "Am stillen Herd" and "Preislied" (*Die Meistersinger*). Verdi: "Bei des Himmels" (*Otello*). Paul Kötter, tenor, with Paul Schoeffler, baritone (in Verdi). Verdi: "Otellos Tod" (*Otello*) and "Holde Aïda" (*Aïda*). Giordano: "Den Blick hab' ich einst erhoben" and "Gleich einem Frühlingsabend" (*Andrea Chénier*). Leoncavallo: "Hüll dich in Tand" (*Bajazzo*). Carl Martin Oehman, tenor. Leoncavallo: "Scherzet immer" (*Bajazzo*). Puccini: "Wie eiskalt ist dies Händchen" (*Bohème*). Bizet: "Blumenarie" (*Carmen*). Gounod: "Gegrüsst sei mir (*Faust*). Wagner: "Atmest du nicht mit mir die süssen Düfte" (*Lohengrin*). Louis Graveure, tenor. Telefunken HT 46, mono only, $6.98.	A counterpart to the issue above to Bohnen, Janssen, and Rode, this *Historische Aufnahme* brings together three tenors of prominence in the Twenties and Thirties. Two of them—Graveure and Oehman—were known to American audiences of the time, the former, in particular, for a "miraculous transformation" from baritone to tenor, the latter for his participation in the American premiere of Janáček's *Jenufa* at the Metropolitan in 1924-1925. The work of both has interest, but the real curiosity is aroused by the fresh, free voice of Kötter, who flourished at Hamburg between 1928 and 1934, and is identified with such prominent conductors as Knappertsbusch, Böhm, and Bruno Walter, and also as the Kaiser in performances of *Die Frau ohne Schatten* directed by Strauss. Why he didn't get into the major Wagner recordings of the time is a mystery. All the reproductions have been subjected to technical upgrading, with generally listenable results. The Schoeffler of the *Otello* excerpt has quite another sound, as of 1930, than that of the singer heard here only a season or two ago. —I.K.

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Wagner

Continued from page 63

tion for Gothic sculpture. In politics his ideas were liberal if unsophisticated. He had an innate distrust of heroes, hunters, the police, and the military. He was extremely sensitive to criticism and would read and react to reviews by the most obscure provincial critic.

His feelings toward the works of Richard Wagner were completely proprietary. He once said that some critics, in attacking him, showed that they hated the works of his grandfather. He felt that he was the custodian of these works and that he was giving them new life, advancing their hold on immortality.

Having been exposed as a child to a loveless and arid home life, he tended to be indifferent to his closest relations. However, though he was irked by his brother Wolfgang's activities as a stage director and designer, he cared for him more than was apparent to most. He was not a man who could easily show his feelings, but he was, in his way, a devoted father. He was an implacable enemy and stubbornly unforgiving once crossed. Conversely, he never forgot a service or an act of friendship. He was a superb conversationalist, not a raconteur, but someone from whom ideas, in all their variations, on an endless variety of subjects, literally flowed. He was the most fascinating individual I ever met.

My personal debt to Wieland Wagner cannot be overstressed. He opened up for me a world of insight into dramatic characterization. His ideas about Amfortas, the Holländer, and the three Wotans, all of which I sang under his direction, were endlessly fascinating. My many talks with him about art and artists and many other subjects unrelated to the work at hand were a source of purest pleasure. From time to time, over the years, we exchanged letters, and it was only two months before his death that I wrote him:

> I beg you to grant yourself the luxury of being ill and without exaggerated feelings of duty or guilt. You will be well soon and will be able, without interruption, to continue your glorious career. It has been said that no one is irreplaceable. But, truly, there is no one to take your place and thus, believing in some order in the cosmos, I know that your work will go on as long as you feel that it must.

Neither he nor I knew how ill he was. His death has left an artistic gap which can scarcely be filled in our lifetime. For those who knew and worked with Wieland Wagner and to the many thousands to whom his work brought joy, his tragically premature passing is a calamity. It leaves us sad and uncomforted.

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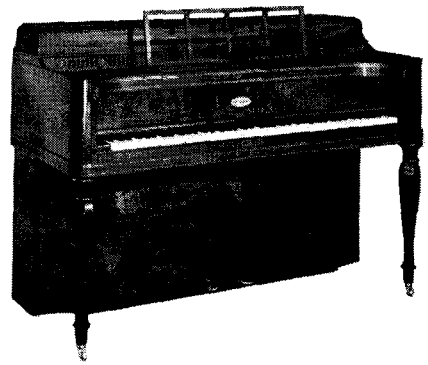

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: Stage and Screen

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
I Do! I Do!: Music by Harvey Schmidt, lyrics by Tom Jones. Mary Martin and Robert Preston, with the orchestra of the Broadway production, John Lesko conducting, RCA Victor stereo, LSO 1128, $5.79; mono, LOC 1128, $4.79.	*I Do! I Do!* has nineteen songs, which probably sets some kind of a musical comedy record, and only two singers, which surely does. The performers, of course, make an illustrious pair. Mary Martin seems to be operating more on personality than voice, but if the latter is going, the former is more captivating than ever. Robert Preston is similarly vital and energetic as the male half of the couple whose marriage is chronicled—from first honeymoon to second. Of the aforementioned nineteen songs by the *Fantasticks* gentlemen, Schmidt and Jones, some are contrived, a few are maudlin, at least one is embarrassingly juvenile: but that still leaves room for a few that are brilliant numbers, and at those times, *I Do!* really does.
Walking Happy: Music by James van Heusen, lyrics by Sammy Cahn. Louise Troy, Norman Wisdom, George Rose, Ed Bakey, Michael Berkson, and other members of the original Broadway cast. Capitol stereo, SVAS 2631, $6.79; mono, VAS 2631, $5.79.	The most attractive attributes of *Walking Happy* are Louise Troy, who speaks sternly but carries a sweet voice, and Norman Wisdom, whose infectious warmth is reminiscent of Anthony Newley in low gear. Their amiable performances make a routine score seem a bit less so, but aside from a couple of novelty numbers and one lovely ballad ("I Don't Think I'm in Love"), they are defeated by the lack of fresh material. George Rose and Gordon Dilworth are among the fine supporting players.
At the Drop of Another Hat: Michael Flanders and Donald Swann performing their own words and music. Angel stereo, S 36388, $5.79; mono, 36388, $4.79.	Performers who would undertake to sing the finale of Mozart's Horn Concerto No. 4 ("Koechel Rating 495"), complete with cadenza, are obviously capable of anything. Flanders and Swann do, and they are. The duo, whose collective hat is currently in the Broadway ring, has been followed to these shores by a second "in performance" album that's almost as zany as the first. Swann, with his high-pitched wail and bouncy piano, and Flanders, with his gruff grumblings and incisive satire, tackle such tantalizing topics as olive-stuffing, fast flights, slow trains, and Russian camels in the desert. The fact that their doings were recorded in England means that a fair number of local jokes —about London neighborhoods and such—get lost in transit, but there is more than enough wit, wisdom, and buffoonery to provide a thoroughly engaging hour.
A Hand Is On the Gate: Leon Bibb, Roscoe Lee Browne, Gloria Foster, Moses Gunn, Ellen Holly, James Earl Jones, Josephine Prémice, and Cicely Tyson. Arranged and directed by Mr. Browne, with music arranged by Bill Lee and Stuart Scharf. Verve-Folkways stereo, FVS 9040-2-OC, $5.79; mono, FV 9040-2-OC, $4.79.	This fascinating montage of Negro verse and song was first presented last August as a one-night-stand during the Shakespeare Festival in Central Park, then opened for a short off-Broadway run about a month later. There is so much of interest in this two-disc set—more than fifty poems by Countee Cullen, Langston Hughes, Le Roi Jones, and dozens of others, and a sparkling set of work chants, blues, spirituals, and dance tunes—that one can't even begin to single out highlights. The eight cast members are superb, both individually and together.
A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum: Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim; music direction and incidental music by Ken Thorne. Zero Mostel, Jack Gilford, Phil Silvers, Leon Greene, Michael Hordern, Annette Andre, Michael Crawford, and other members of the film cast. United Artists stereo, UAS 5144, $5.79; mono, UAL 4144, $4.79.	Zero Mostel and Jack Gilford are back in their Broadway roles, so there's not too much that could go wrong with the film adaptation of *A Funny Thing*, etc. The sound track album has the benefit, also, of likable singing by Michael Crawford and Annette Andre as the lovely lovers, and Leon Greene is delectably overbearing as the sturdy warrior who conquered Thrace thrice. Another bonus is a variety of "additional" music by Ken Thorne, including an excellent Overture-Fantasia of sorts which accompanies the long on-screen chase scene. The saddest thing that happened on the way to the film forum is that at least half the original songs were deleted; for completeness, there is still no substitute for the Broadway cast version.
The Bible . . . In the Beginning: Music from the film score, composed by Toshiro Mayuzumi, conducted by Franco Ferrara; additional narration by John Huston. Twentieth Century-Fox stereo, S 4184, $4.79; mono, 4184, $3.79.	Toshiro Mayuzumi has created one of the most ambitious, effective, and dramatically successful scores that the movies have offered in recent years. The main theme has the broad lines and sonorous sweep that are *de rigeur* for Biblical epics, but there the clichés end. The Japanese composer uses exotic melodies, polytonality, electronic effects, striking rhythmic patterns, and powerful and imaginative orchestrations, blending them all to paint a series of vividly colorful musical images. The sound-track disc also has a highly commendable bonus: the story of the Creation, read by the film's multi-talented director, John Huston.
The Bible, and Other Music from the Screen's Great Epics: arranged and conducted by David Rose. Capitol stereo, SR 2627, $4.79; mono, T 2627, $3.79.	Further biblical tales in the movies (*Ten Commandments, Sodom and Gomorrah, King of Kings,* et al.) along with such secular sagas as *Spartacus, Quo Vadis,* and *Ben Hur,* are recalled by veteran conductor David Rose. The arrangements seem rather anemic, set alongside the grandiose scorings of the original sound-track versions, but the music is certainly pleasant enough, and the Rose settings are tasteful if not dramatic.
A Man and a Woman, and Other Motion Picture Themes: Ferrante and Teicher, pianists, with orchestra. United Artists stereo, UAS 6572, $4.79; mono, UAL 3572, $3.79.	Somebody out there must like Ferrante and Teicher's pop stylings of movie music, since the duo-pianists have probably sold more records of them than any other team since Eddy and MacDonald. The latest F&T collection is typical of the crop: Into the mold of glib, clever, tuneful arrangements have been poured such recent film favorites as the themes from *After the Fox, Is Paris Burning? Born Free, Hawaii,* and eight more. —Robert Sherman.

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Ghost of "Semiramide"

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

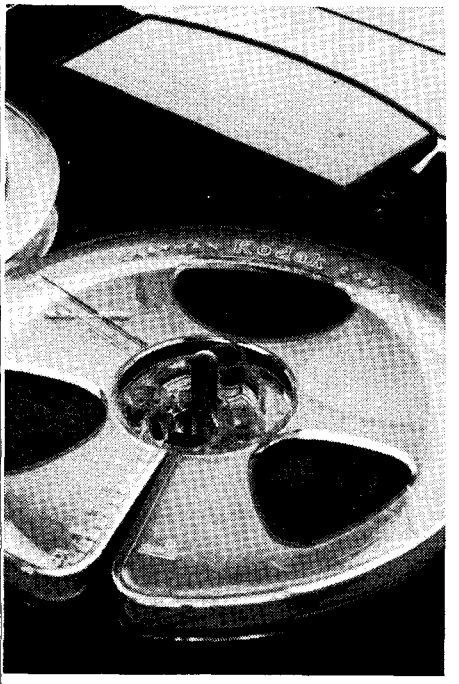
JOAN SUTHERLAND is a very popular star. So let's take a *bel canto* opera and record her in the leading role. Why not Rossini's *Semiramide,* known to the general public because of its overture and to enthusiasts of soprano singing because of the aria "Bel raggio lusinghier"? Fine. But find an Arsace who will not be blotted out by Sutherland's presence. Easy — there's Marilyn Horne. But *Semiramide* contains five other characters, not to mention the Ghost of Nino, and old Gioacchino expected them to do *bel canto* singing, too, even in small supporting roles.

Well, I'll admit, that's more difficult, especially as three basses and two tenors are specified, and we all know that male singers who can really handle the *bel canto* agility aren't a dime—or sixpence, or even sixty lire — a dozen nowadays. But then—why didn't we think of it before?—we can edit the vocal lines down to life-size, and just cut the ridiculous difficulties in less important parts and places. We'll have to shorten the opera, in any case, to get it onto three LP sides. The result won't be exactly Rossini, but then who'll know the difference? We'll include with the records a booklet full of pictures and talk of the great singers of Rossini's time who could and did sing *Semiramide*: some of their glamour surely will rub off on those who sing it now. And, after all, we do have Joan Sutherland! And don't forget Marilyn Horne!

That imaginary conversation could well have been the background of this recording of *Semiramide* (London stereo, OSA 1383, $14.91; mono, A 4383, $11.91). This is a working model of various ways not to bring *Semiramide* to life and thus prove that it was worth recording at all. The opera has been cut until it bleeds, not only by the excision of whole arias, but by numerous elisions within the sections heard. The vocal lines have been altered—melodies actually rewritten—not only for the purpose of added ornamentation (of which Rossini scornfully disapproved by the time he composed this last of his Italian operas in 1823, and for which reason he carefully wrote out enough ornaments, and of the right sorts), but also to make many measures negotiable by singers (male) not equipped to sing the roles here assigned them. Rhythms have been flattened down, often by ignoring dotted notes. Text words have been sacrificed to flashy, irrelevant effects. Scenes are sung out of proper sequence for unavowed reasons. Dynamic markings are only half observed. Telling phrases are destroyed by unwarranted changes of tempo and by gasps for breath. Unless the Ricordi edition with which I listened is very corrupt, some vocal lines even have been redivided among the singers and someone has "composed" several supererogatory new measures. Certainly this is not Rossini's *Semiramide* as it once was and perhaps yet may be again, but a version of that opera of a sort that would be loudly and publicly condemned if the composer were Verdi.

RICHARD Bonynge conducts with the merest workmanlike care, almost never addressing himself creatively to the real--that is, the expressive—musical problems of this rich, imaginative, varied score. Miss Sutherland sings along, most of the time, without clarity of rhythm, intonation, diction, or pronunciation, deadening many, many of Rossini's finest ideas. Then, with or without discernible expressive purpose, she takes off on a pyrotechnical display not in the score --and is astonishing. She astonishes, that is, in the first two or three of these ascents, which thereafter tend more and more toward monotony. Miss Horne sticks very closely to Rossini's score—as closely as the editing and conducting will let her—and therefore evokes the drama by simon-pure musical presentation. Joseph Rouleau, the Assur, and Spiro Malas, the Oroe, work very hard and sometimes succeed in not sounding overmatched and put upon. But Patricia Clark (Azema) and particularly John Serge (in what has been left intact of the role of Idreno) are, for a recording under these auspices, unbelievably bad and ineffectual. Michael Langdon does aptly the little that the Ghost of Nino is required to do.

In short, this recording of *Semiramide* seems to me to be a travesty of the original. Only when Marilyn Horne sings "Si, benedicate il genitore" as one imagines that Teresa Mariani may have sung it in 1823, or when she joins Miss Sutherland in a superior and accurate singing of the great duet "Alle più care immagini di pace," could the unwary extract from this performance any notion at all of what had made Rossini, by 1823, the most famous and popular living composer of opera.



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Recording Off the Air

THE SURGE in FM stereo programing—by now, virtually every metropolitan FM station broadcasts at least occasionally in stereo—has in turn boosted the popularity of that old American pastime, taping off the air. Some die-hard freeloaders depend on taped broadcasts for all their musical recordings. Others supplement their record collections with alternate interpretations of their favorite works; opera fans are especially prone to buy an opera on a tape or disc recording, then gradually assemble a "performance" by their personal dream cast, culled from individual arias and ensembles broadcast over the years. And many preserve for their pleasure and for posterity "live" broadcasts of such otherwise unrecorded performances as the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts.

No off-the-air recording is ever as faithful to the original sound as a commercial recording. Where such a recording is itself the source of the broadcast, a measure of difference must be anticipated. In addition, it may have been played many times before. It may be played on a cartridge chosen more for durability than fidelity. Though the record may possibly contain overtones up to 18,000 or 20,000 Hz., or bass tones of 30 Hz. or lower, only its frequencies between 50 and 15,000 Hz. may legally be transmitted—and many stations lack even that frequency range. Further, it may pick up static, noise, or distortion en route from the transmitter to the home receiver. And even under the best conditions, the signal will be at least mildly degraded by the number of stages and transformations it must pass through (the cartridge, studio amplifiers, transmitter, receiver, and recorder itself) between the original commercial disc and the eventual home tape. Still, taping off the air is an economical way to increase a library of recordings and it can produce tapes of good quality, if a few simple tips are followed.

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Most elementary: Never use a microphone. A few tape amateurs still believe that the way to tape a radio program is to place their microphone in front of their radio speaker. They do pick up much of whatever sound passes through that speaker; but the microphone also picks up the distortions inherent in the speaker and the noises of the surrounding room. The receiver and recorder should be *electrically* connected by a patch cord from the receiver's output jack (if any) or its speaker terminals.

You can't get a good recording from a bad signal. Use a good receiver and a good antenna. Even in urban areas packed with strong FM signals, a directional antenna—more sensitive in some directions than others—should be used, for this can be turned to reject much of the reflected signals that bounce around the city-scape, causing "ghosts" on television and distortion on FM. Even rabbit ears are somewhat directional, and can be aimed to reduce at least partially this "multipath" interference.

Let the receiver and recorder warm up for a few minutes before the program you wish to tape begins (with transistor equipment, a few seconds should suffice), and be sure you have the correct station and have tuned it in as best you can.

Always put more tape on your recorder than you think you'll need. At 7½ inches per second tape speed, a standard 1,200-foot reel of tape will record for half an hour. An hour-long program requires a reel with 2,400 feet of thin, double-play tape, two 1,200 feet reels and the assurance that the program will break in the middle for a commercial, giving you time to change them; or a switch to 3¾ ips tape speed with a single 1,200 feet tape reel. A four-track tape can be recorded in both directions, doubling its capacity. But don't forget to allow time to flip the tape over and record the other side—the *one-way* recording time per foot of tape remains the same as with two-track recording.

If a commercial in an hour-long show begins just before your first reel ends, take advantage of the break to switch to your second reel. Don't wait for all the tape on your first reel to run out—it may not happen till the next number is well begun, and you will lose whatever notes were played between the end of one reel and the beginning of the next. In live concert broadcasts, you will often find time enough for quick reel-changing during the break between movements of a long work.

If you change tapes in the middle of a work—even between movements—be sure to use the same variety of tape for both parts of the work. There may otherwise be a slight change in tone quality between the first and second

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tape, especially if you splice them together later into one continuous reel.

The signal level will usually remain fairly steady, and you should not have to adjust your recording level control often once you have established a satisfactory setting. Adjust your control so that your recorder's "magic eye" level indicator just closes or its meter flicks for an instant into the red on the loudest peaks of the music. Some stations, you'll find, broadcast both music and spoken announcements at the same level, making it easy for you to set your level while the announcer is leading into the piece. But others broadcast announcements at a lower level, for a more natural contrast with the music. (And still others seem to have no set policy.)

If you have to adjust the level again during the program—and you should do so only if the level reading is consistently too low or too high over a period of at least one minute and preferably several minutes—do it slowly and gently. Follow, don't fight the shape of the music: If the level is too low, raise it during a crescendo; if too high, lower it during a diminuendo.

A final caution: Use of off-the-air recordings is restricted to your personal pleasure and that of your friends. You may not use them *in any way* to make money, even to the point of playing them to customers or employees at your place of business, without breaking the U. S. copyright law. You may not copy them for resale, or charge admission to listeners. —Ivan Berger.

Recordings in Review

Continued from page 64

highly developed sense of tonal discrimination. It is this last factor, of course, which constitutes the real distinction of *Le Marteau*: for he has added something essentially Gallic to the largely Germanic experience to which he was exposed, and colored it Boulez.

Whether it points a direction that many, if any, others will follow can only be determined by events; but there is little doubt that he has evolved something of stature, taken a recognizable step beyond what existed prior to its composition. In the deft, delicate, and decidedly evocative performance he has achieved here, *Le Marteau* is inviting to the ear whether or not it is comprehensible to the mind (a deficiency that might have been repaired had Turnabout invested a little more in René Char's texts than merely quoting them in French). However, that is so considerably the inverse of the usual appeal of new works in these times, that it might well characterize *Le Marteau* as a masterpiece.

—Irving Kolodin.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 56

ingful contribution to the whole. On Berio's behalf, it should be added that he worked as productively on behalf of Monteverdi as he did on his own, and the whole reflected credit for calculated chance-taking by the Juilliard Opera Theater.

THE first novelty of the New York City Ballet's season in the New York State Theater was Jacques d'Amboise's *Prologue*, a pleasantly varied sequence of episodes in a Venetian background by Peter Larkin danced to works of English composers such as Byrd and Farnaby, and orchestrated by Robert Irving, who also conducted. Its slim thread of sequence tied together Arthur Mitchell as Othello and Mimi Paul as Desdemona in happenings presumed to have occurred prior to the action of Shakespeare's play (hence the title *Prologue*).

Where, it seemed to me, *Prologue* did not achieve its purpose as fully as it might have was in the relationship of Othello to Desdemona. As it worked toward its conclusion, the thought persisted, naggingly: Was d'Amboise really motivated by involvement with that background or was he merely trying to build a ballet around Mitchell as a focal force and hit upon the idea of the Moor as congruent in color, and thus suitable to his purpose? This is not to demand that a choreographer "tell a story" with his action. But if he chooses to associate the viewer's mind with specific persons, with well defined characters, it is reasonable for the viewer to require the association to be validated by what he sees.

Inasmuch as d'Amboise possesses the confidence and the encouragement of the company's elders (Lincoln Kirstein and George Balanchine) in his second career, it might be useful to engage in some analysis of the project, as revealed. Was the arched bridge at the rear theatrically valid, or merely a means of entrances and exits? In the latter respect, it interfered with the procession of monks as they entered, and rather crippled the final tableau with Iago mocking the exit of the "lovers." If these are liabilities of inexperience, they should be resolved prior to public performance.

Choreographically, d'Amboise, a brilliant dancer himself, showed more flair for male than female action. Formally, the work restricted itself to an introduction of the *dramatis personae* followed by a series of "variations" (solos and duets). Of all the arts, choreography is perhaps the most conspicuous example of learning by doing. D'Amboise's next will tell whether the profits to him were greater than those to the audience.

—Irving Kolodin.

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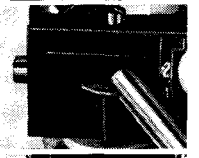

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Columbia's New Budget Label

AFTER MONTHS of rumor and speculation, Columbia has introduced the latest in the growing colony of challenging low-priced labels, a new subsidiary line called Odyssey. Little was leaked out about the new series during its planning period, but some exciting rumors began spreading a couple of months ago; if the initial release confirms them, it is nevertheless anything but anticlimatic.

Odyssey draws on—or will draw on—four different sources for its material, two for reissues and two for new recordings. The price is $2.49 per disc, mono or stereo (and one continues to wonder why there should be a stereo price differential at higher levels when it is not felt necessary at $1.98 and $2.49).

Odyssey's two sources of reissues yield entirely different kinds of material, both of them of exceptional interest. First, from Columbia's own vaults there are some unique performances of standard repertory, all in mono only (there will be no phony stereo on Odyssey). Nothing really ancient here, by any means—some quite recent deletions are included. In fact, Pablo Casals's recording of the Schumann Cello Concerto, which is on one of the new discs, is still listed in Schwann as available in its original Columbia format, only now scheduled for deletion. The Concerto, with the Prades Festival Orchestra under an unidentified conductor presumed to be Eugene Ormandy, was coupled with a handful of encore pieces on Columbia; on Odyssey it is paired with Schumann's *Fünf Stücke im Volkston*, with Leopold Mannes at the piano. This is the first Casals LP to be issued on a low-priced label, but there is every reason to hope for more in this series.

The other examples of Columbia reissues among the ten items of the initial Odyssey release are the still incomparable Mahler Fourth by Bruno Walter and the New York Philharmonic (with Desi Halban in the finale), a pair of Mozart symphonies—the *Jupiter* and the *Prague*—by Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic, and the Gieseking/Karajan *Emperor* Concerto.

Welcome as these are—not only for themselves, but for the promises they imply (Warfield in the Loewe ballads? Szell and the Budapest in the Mozart piano quartets? Schneider-Casals-Horszowski in Schubert's Opus 100?)—the other reissue category on Odyssey is more exciting still for its repertory, and it is in more contemporary sound, all superbly recorded in stereo between 1960 and 1962. Not one of these recordings has ever been listed in the Schwann Catalog, and among the titles involved are no fewer than seventeen Haydn symphonies not otherwise available. These, of course, are the recordings conducted by the late Max Goberman for his own label, the Library of Recorded Masterpieces.

LRM was never listed in Schwann because it was a mail-order subscription label. Each disc was packaged with the scores of its contents, and the read-and-listen combination was pegged at a hefty $10 (slightly less for subscription to an entire series). The Odyssey discs, at a quarter of that price, do not include the scores, but this is hardly likely to diminish their appeal to most listeners, for it was not merely the inclusion of the printed scores that made Goberman's Haydn special. Goberman put his substantial earnings as a Broadway conductor (*West Side Story*, *Milk and Honey*, etc.) into his own record company so he could perform a true labor of love. His Haydn series was made in consultation with the Haydn scholar H. C. Robbins Landon, and the performances incorporated all of Landon's latest corrections in the scores recorded. Goberman also evidently spent more time in rehearsal with the Vienna State Opera Orchestra than many of its conductors for the phonograph, with special sessions, for example, to drill the horns for their brilliant parts in the Symphony No. 51. This extra care is reflected in the polish of the playing, but did not in any way inhibit the affectionate exuberance of Goberman's readings.

Goberman set out to record all 106 Haydn symphonies, including the two "rediscoveries" (designated "A" and "B") that Landon's research added to the conventional canon of 104. He was almost halfway to his goal when he died in Vienna, at the age of fifty-one, on the last day of 1962. Thirty-one of the symphonies, plus two overtures and a "Parthia," had been issued on fifteen LRM discs as of three years ago; another seven symphonies were announced for release then; and six more (including Landon's "A") were awaiting tape-to-disc transfer. This last baker's dozen never materialized, and nothing came of the rumor that the Goberman material had been acquired by Deutsche Grammophon, but now, at last, all forty-four of the symphonies and the assorted short Haydn works Goberman recorded will be available through regular channels *and* at a bargain price. (And John McClure, producer of the Odyssey series for Columbia, has stated that, although Goberman did not complete the Haydn symphony cycle, Odyssey will.)

The original LRM couplings are not followed on Odyssey. Instead of having earlier and later works together on each disc, Odyssey is presenting the symphonies in strict numerical sequence, the first disc comprising Nos. 1, 2, and 3 and the Overture to *Lo speziale*. While this may make for somewhat less balanced programs on some of the discs, Odyssey will not allow any of the individual symphonies to stretch beyond a single record side, a distinct advantage

(*Continued on page* 77)

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THE OTHER SIDE

Boulez and Berlioz, Menuhin in India.

LONDON.

IT MAY not be in any way connected with Britain's current desire to enter Europe's Common Market, but here can be little doubt that British interest in French music is higher than it has ever been. Pierre Boulez is now a frequent and welcome visitor to these shores and, shortly before Christmas, he was recording music by Debussy—*La Mer, Jeux,* and the *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun*—for CBS. These sessions, involving the New Philharmonia, took place at the Barking Assembly Hall on London's eastern outskirts, and were marked by that atmosphere of calm and meticulous professionalism which always characterizes the work of this remarkable musician. No temperaments, no frayed nerves, just musicians and engineers setting about their joint task with cool, scientific precision, yet achieving results in *La Mer* which, as far as could be judged under these unnatural conditions, sounded quite outstanding.

The real focus of Britain's current passion for French music, however, is Berlioz, and our involvement reached a kind of climax during December, in the course of what someone jokingly described as "National Berlioz Week." This brought us not only Colin Davis's long-awaited two-part concert performance of *The Trojans* (we must call it that, since it was sung in English), but also the second Covent Garden presentation of *Benvenuto Cellini*—the first had taken place in June 1853, in the presence of Queen Victoria, and was a fiasco because of noisy demonstrations by partisans of the Italian Opera. This time the demonstrations were entirely enthusiastic, all performances were sold out, and the event proved that, whatever its shortcomings, *Cellini* is a score whose beauty and vitality far surpass that of many established repertory favorites.

Such a work needs to be handled with great imagination and resource, and Beni Montresor's visually attractive sets, John Dexter's generally lively production, and John Pritchard's affectionate but insufficiently taut conducting did not really do full justice to its artistic stature. Nevertheless, thanks to Nicolai Gedda's splendid assumption of the title role, Robert Massard's admirable Fieramosca, David Ward's amusing caricature of a Renaissance pontiff, and Yvonne Minton's charming *travesti* performance as Ascagne—but thanks above all to a score so fresh and so full of fire—one came away vainly seeking an explanation for its long neglect.

It is now rumored that in 1969, the centenary year of Berlioz's death, we may be able to see on London's operatic stages all three of his operas, for *Cellini* is now in the Covent Garden repertoire, *The Trojans* is due to be revived, and Sadler's Wells might undertake *Beatrice and Benedict.* Meanwhile, the concert performances of Berlioz's great Virgilian epic filled the Festival Hall to bursting point and, while *The Fall of Troy* suffered slightly from the miscasting of Kerstin Meyer as Cassandra, *The Trojans at Carthage* provided a truly unforgettable evening of inspired music, inspiringly performed. With an admirable cast that included Evelyn Lear (Dido), Ronald Dowd (Aeneas), Anna Reynolds (Anna), and Alexander Young (Iopas and Hylas), the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus played and sang with rare fervor, skill, and conviction under Colin Davis's incandescent direction. Only the stage action was missing, but even so the dramatic impact of this work is still overwhelming.

EMI's new January releases include a really magnificent recording of Mahler's *Lied von der Erde,* conducted by Klemperer and with an outstanding pair of soloists in the persons of Christa Ludwig and the late Fritz Wunderlich. The work must have been recorded over a lengthy period, for the label lists both the Philharmonia and New Philharmonia Orchestras, and this makes the sense of unity Klemperer achieves in his reading all the more remarkable, while the sound quality throughout the disc is uncommonly fine. The increasing interest in Indian classical music shown by Western audiences in recent years is reflected in two fine new HMV discs: one of them a "straight" recital of duets on Sitar and Shehnai (the latter a small wind instrument, bearing some resemblance to the oboe) by Vilayat Khan and Bismillah Khan, the other a fascinating collaboration between Yehudi Menuhin and the great Ravi Shankar which, under the title of *West meets East,* seeks to disprove Kipling's famous dictum. One side is devoted to Indian ragas, in two of which Menuhin takes part, the other contains Enesco's Sonata No. 3, in which Yehudi is joined by sister Hephzibah and in whose improvisatory Rumanian Gypsy elements he felt a certain kinship with oriental music.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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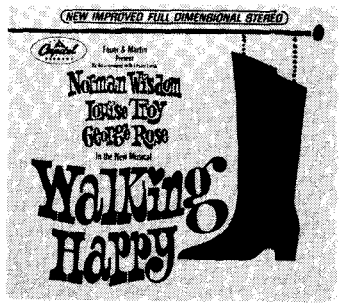

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Concerning Casals

THE FACE ON *SR*'s cover of December 31 haunts me as it did one night in the summer of 1965 when the camera came close at the United Nations, where Pablo Casals was conducting his own composition entitled, I believe, after a poem "The Manger." The occasion was a U.N. anniversary. . . .

Assuming that the composition would be available on records, I went downtown at once to find it—never have I wanted a record so badly before—and I was aghast to find that it has never been recorded. . . . It is almost incredible to me that this music has not come out, if at no other time, at the Christmas season. It is tender, exciting, amusing, sad—ah, I have just recalled a magnificent chorus.

Can you tell me whether the music was recorded abroad and if so where it could be procured.

ELIZABETH M. JENNINGS.
Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *So far as known, "El Pesebre" has never been recorded. It would be a worthy project for one of the government agencies concerned with cultural exchange, if none of the commercial companies could be interested.*

WHAT A MAGNIFICENT article was "The Big World of Don Pablo" [*SR*, Dec. 31] on the King of the Bow and the Baton. The study is so beautifully written and presents so many sides of Casals's greatness, it really amounts to an historical document.

It may be of interest to your many readers who may not already know it, to know that Casals was given his first opportunity in the United States by an American singer. It was Mme. Emma Nevada, then at the height of her fame, who brought Casals to America in her concert company, this being, I understand, his introduction—and a happy one it was!—to the American public. . . .

One of my proudest possessions—I first met the maestro in 1921—is a photograph of Casals which he inscribed to me in 1934: *"A Monsieur Irving Schwerké, ami des artistes, donc mon ami. Pablo Casals."*

IRVING SCHWERKE.
Appleton, Wis.

RICHARD FREED's Casals discography in your December 31 issue omitted Columbia ML-5449 (stereo MS-6122), which contains Haydn's *Farewell* and Mozart's *Linz* Symphonies, performed by the Festival Casals Orchestra of Puerto Rico under Casals's baton.

It might also be mentioned that the Casals-Thibaud-Cortot trio recorded both the Ravel A-Minor and Dvorák E-Minor (*Dumky*) trios, which are still unreleased. Casals, as the only surviving member of the group, is reportedly willing to have these performances released now, which would make it possible for EMI/Angel to issue them in the "Great Recordings of the Century" series.

DONALD MANILDI.
Seattle, Wash.

Transposed Identities

MAY I, most apologetically, ask you to print the following correct facts, which were transposed in my review "Two Centuries of Messiah" [*SR*, Dec. 10]?

The RCA Victor-Robert Shaw recording of *Messiah* lasts two hours, 27 minutes, 36 seconds; the Philips-Colin Davis recording, two hours, 19 minutes, 5 seconds. The number of choral voices in the Shaw recording is thirty-one, in the Davis, forty; the orchestral strings in the Shaw number twenty-two, in the Davis, thirty-one; the orchestral winds in the Shaw are ten, in the Davis, six.

None of this alters my opinion of either performance, but I am embarrassed to have related that opinion to facts that I confused when copying them from the brochures accompanying the records.

HERBERT WEINSTOCK.
New York, N. Y.

The Art of Dennis Brain

I WONDER if you could help me find a distributor who could get me copies of the new Dennis Brain record referred to in "The Other Side" [*SR*, Nov. 26]. None of my usual sources handle British records, and two friends and I who have most of Dennis Brain's recordings are anxious to acquire copies of this record. I would greatly appreciate any help you can give me.

MARILYN PATZWALD.
Rochester, N. Y.

REGARDING the article by Thomas Heinitz, I am interested in securing one of EMI's issues of a disc commemorating Dennis Brain. Does EMI have an American distributor?

G. C. NIEMEYER.
Danville, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For these and other correspondents who expressed an interest in the Dennis Brain recording it will be good news that the disc, which initiates a new series titled "Great Instrumentalists," of which it is Volume I, is available as an import bearing the number HQM 1033 from Capitol records. Says the distributor: "If you cannot locate a dealer near you, write to Capitol Records International Corporation, 1290 Avenue of Americas, New York, New York, 10019."*

Library of Congress Disc

UNDER RECORDINGS REPORTS: Folk and Blues LPs, by Lawrence Cohn, [*SR*, Nov. 26] a record is listed as follows: "Blind Willie McTell: *1940: Library of Congress Recordings*. McTell, vocals. Twelve string guitar. Melodeon MLP 7323." I have tried many places but I am unable to locate this record. I would appreciate your telling me where I can buy it or order it. Thank you.

(MRS.) BESSIE NUSSBAUM.
North Bellmore, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The surest source would be the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.*

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Columbia

Continued from page 74

over the original LRM format which required turning the record over for the finale in the case of Symphonies Nos. 60, 96, and 98, none of whose timings seemed to justify such treatment.

In addition to the Haydn recordings, Goberman was also engaged in recording, in both Vienna and New York, the complete works of Vivaldi and Corelli, and he made a few recordings of nineteenth-century material which were distributed by newspapers in certain cities. Odyssey is releasing some of these, too, beginning now with a disc of Vivaldi concertos for solo wind instruments and strings, a three-record set of the twelve *concerti grossi* of Corelli's Opus 6, and an unusual Schubert assortment: the *Unfinished* Symphony, including as much of the Scherzo as Schubert sketched, one of the *Rosamunde* overtures, and the only recording extant of the *Magnificat in C*. The Vivaldi concertos were recorded in New York, with Julius Baker (now the New York Philharmonic's principal flutist) among the soloists. The Corelli, of which only the first three concertos were issued on LRM, and the Schubert were done in Vienna.

As for the strictly new material, some—e.g., the collection of English madrigals and folk songs by the Deller Consort—comes from the catalogue of Harmonia Mundi, which thus becomes the latest of Europe's "class" producers to be represented here on a low-priced label, and some will be produced especially for Odyssey. There are no examples of the latter category in the initial release, nor is there any hint as to what may be expected in the future, except the sixty-two Haydn symphonies producer McClure intends to record to complete the cycle begun by Goberman.

Mr. McClure has not disclosed whether he has selected a conductor or conductors for the Haydn assignment, but a guess as good as any, in the absence of any information or clues, would be that the phonographically omnipresent Karl Ristenpart might handle at least part of it. Ristenpart does turn up, with his Saarland Radio Chamber Orchestra, on the final disc in the first Odyssey release, which, like the Deller mentioned above, was recorded by Harmonia Mundi. The program is all Baroque esoterica: three *sinfonie* for flute, oboe, and strings by Domenico Scarlatti; a *concerto grosso* for two flutes and strings by his father, Alessandro; a *Siciliana* for strings by Fiorenzi; and a sonata for flute and strings by Sarri. —Richard Freed.

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State of Affairs

Continued from page 16

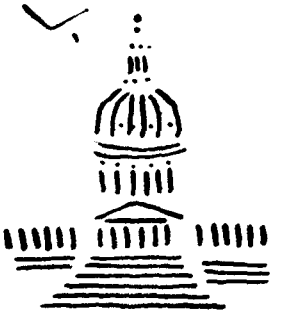
these two may be similar to the argument of those in Washington who are promoting a thin screen against China. But basically the Russians have always been very defense-minded. It springs from history, from military tradition, and from their experiences in World War II, and it already has led the Soviet Union to spend two and a half times more on its defense against manned bombers—which is now largely obsolete—than the United States.

When Soviet Premier Kosygin's attention was drawn to the problem by one or two foreign statesmen recently, he remained noncommittal. He said that he was aware of the possible destabilizing effects an ABM defense could have on the world balance of power, but that no specific conclusions had yet been reached. Yet there are various indications, including budgetary ones, that the Russian military has convinced the civilian leadership that everything must be attempted to protect Russian cities against long-range missiles; that they are going ahead with building an ABM defense, even if it is still experimental.

There are some in this capital who argue in favor of building a full-fledged ABM defense system partly on the grounds that it will help to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons. This reasoning is fallacious. Obviously, India or Israel or Egypt would not develop nuclear weapons to attack either the United States or Russia, but only to threaten their more immediate neighbors and enemies, and an ABM defense in the United States or in the Soviet Union would have no effect whatsoever on their calculations.

The vital issue is that we have reached the beginning of a new phase in the arms race. Dangerous pressures give it momentum both in Washington and Moscow, and even though there is every reason to assume that the offensive missiles still have the advantage and will keep it for a long time, every effort should be made between the United States and the Soviet Union to discuss and clarify this problem and to seek a moratorium on ABM defense systems.

—Henry Brandon.



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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1712

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Made affidavit.	107 168 2 22 98 85
B. Celebrity-lover in *Pickwick Papers* (2 wds.)	206 170 135 111 5 8 44 185 146
C. Increase (2 wds.)	11 76 166 199 205
D. Freshly equipped with tires (comp.)	127 60 144 154 82 46 9
E. Specifying furniture of a certain ruler's period.	186 48 23 172 103 106 112
F. Short for certain linens, whiskies, etc. emanating from the same country.	66 124 14 118 140 145 153
G. Cut through the backbone of.	36 151 1 136 141
H. Hacking.	164 31 61 152 84 42
I. Greatest Inca ruler of Peru (1487-1525; 2 wds.)	43 108 188 202 148 95 155 195 122 83 174
J. In a state of restless activity (3 wds.)	69 35 183 80 123 73 115
K. Late Dame of the British Empire, an actress of renown (1865-1948).	179 97 130 79 116 3
L. Half the academic year.	54 37 120 110 125 100 181 19
M. Writer of pithy truths.	18 158 65 143 32 128 13 149
N. Combination wardrobe and chest of drawers, of U.S. invention.	51 101 198 129 169 56 99 25 204 180
O. Even these might initiate wrong steps (2 wds.)	171 160 194 184 178 87 20 92 159
P. Anything's termination (3 wds.)	28 173 78 150 138 134 39
Q. Controversy.	197 77 49 102 96 175
R. How "all the little oysters stood and waited" (3 wds.)	192 91 132 156 40 113
S. To speak as if spitting out the words.	200 30 53 45 139 187 12
T. Epithet of Artemis; one of the many birds named for its call.	142 191 119 165 176 34
U. Watering place in France, also famous in ancient Roman days for sulfur baths (comp.)	62 38 29 17 121 201 104 52 167 193 27
V. Train.	93 81 163 157 196 74 105
W. *Annona squamosa.*	67 70 55 117 190 109 126 10
X. John Donne's condition by which certain humans may resemble "stiff twin compasses" (4 wds.; *Valediction).*	147 15 133 59 71 63 47 177 161 88 86
Y. Flap the wings rapidly without taking flight.	57 189 26 58 64 50 114
Z. Having a frontier forming a natural defense.	89 72 131 75 6 24 182 33 137 41 162
Z¹. Writing composed of words not having a certain letter or letters.	21 7 68 4 90 94 16 203

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

	1 G	2 A		3 K	4 Z¹	5 B		6 Z	7 Z¹	8 B	9 D		10 W	11 C	12 S	13 M	14 F
15 X	16 Z¹	17 U		18 M		19 L	20 O	21 Z¹	22 A	23 E	24 Z	25 N	26 Y	27 U		28 P	29 U
30 S	31 H	32 M	33 Z	34 T	35 J	36 G	37 L		38 U	39 P		40 R	41 Z	42 H	43 I	44 B	
45 S	46 D		47 X	48 E		49 Q	50 Y	51 N	52 U	53 S	54 L	55 W		56 N	57 Y		58 Y
59 X	60 D		61 H	62 U	63 X		64 Y	65 M	66 F	67 W		68 Z¹	69 J	70 W	71 X	72 Z	
73 J	74 V	75 Z	76 C	77 Q	78 P		79 K	80 J	81 V		82 D	83 I	84 H	85 A		86 X	87 O
	88 X	89 Z	90 Z¹	91 R	92 O	93 V		94 Z¹	95 I	96 Q	97 K	98 A	99 N		100 L	101 N	102 Q
103 E		104 U	105 V	106 E	107 A	108 I	109 W	110 L		111 B	112 E		113 R	114 Y	115 J	116 K	117 W
	118 F	119 T	120 L	121 U		122 I	123 J	124 F	125 L	126 W	127 D	128 M	129 N	130 K	131 Z	132 R	133 X
134 P	135 B	136 G		137 Z	138 P		139 S	140 F	141 G		142 T	143 M	144 D	145 F	146 B		147 X
148 I	149 M	150 P		151 G	152 H	153 F		154 D	155 I	156 R	157 V	158 M	159 O		160 O	161 X	162 Z
	163 V	164 H	165 T		166 C	167 U	168 A	169 N	170 B	171 O	172 E	173 P	174 I	175 Q		176 T	177 X
178 O	179 K	180 N	181 L	182 Z		183 J	184 O	185 B		186 E	187 S	188 I	189 Y		190 W	191 T	192 R
193 U	194 O		195 I	196 V	197 Q		198 N	199 C	200 S		201 U	202 I	203 Z¹	204 N	205 C	206 B	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 19 of this issue.

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